

THE *D Wolfe*
WORKS

OF

Mr. *William Congreve.*

Volume *the* FIRST.

CONTAINING

The OLD BATCHELLOR. } } LOVE for LOVE.
The DOUBLE DEALER } } And *The*
MOURNING BRIDE.



DUBLIN: Printed, by THEO. JONES,
For GEORGE RISK, at *Shakespear's Head*, GEORGE
EWING, at the *Angel and Bible*, and WILLIAM
SMITH, at the *Hercules*, in *Dame-street*, Booksellers,
M,DCC,XXXVI.

THE

WORKS





P R E F A C E.



HERE is no Occasion to say any thing in relation to these Plays, which some time since have been every way made Publick: And consequently, are already plac'd in that Degree of Reputation, (whatever it be) which their Auditors and Readers, have thought fit to allow them.

This Edition of them, therefore, is only recommended as the least faulty Impression,
A 2 which

P R E F A C E.

which has yet been printed ; in which, Care has been taken both to Revise the Press, and to Review and Correct many Passages in the Writing.

Notwithstanding which Care, it must be confess'd, too many *Errata* in both kinds, still remain ; those of the Press, are to be reckoned amongst Things, which no Diligence can prevent. Mr. *Bayle*, in his Preface to the first Edition of his Dictionary, speaks of the Vexation of ineffectual supervising the Press, in Terms so feeling, that they move Compassion in his Reader ; and concludes the Paragraph touching it, in these Words, “ *Je l'oublie autant que Je puis,*
“ *animus meminisse horret.*”

The

P R E F A C E.

The Tragedy of the *Mourning Bride*, in this Edition, is reformed in its *Numbers*, and by several little Variations and Transpositions in the Expression, intirely cast into blank Verse; in respect of which Measure, it was before, in many Places, defective. Some few Verses are also, in one or two Places, inserted or substituted in the Room of others, it is hoped for the better.

It will hardly be deny'd, that it is both a Respect due to the Publick, and a Right which every Man owes to himself, to endeavour that what he has written, may not appear with any Faults, which he is capable of avoiding. This Consideration alone,

P R E F A C E.

lone, were sufficient to have occasion'd this Edition; but it has been hasten'd by another Motive, which is, that these five Plays have lately undergone a spurious Impression, and have been very faultily, as well as very indirectly Published; in Prejudice both to the Author, and the bookseller who has the Property of the Copy.

In the Second Volume there is an Opera, which has never yet appear'd; of which, there is little to be said in this Place, but that the Musick to it is excellently well compos'd by Mr. *John Eccles*.

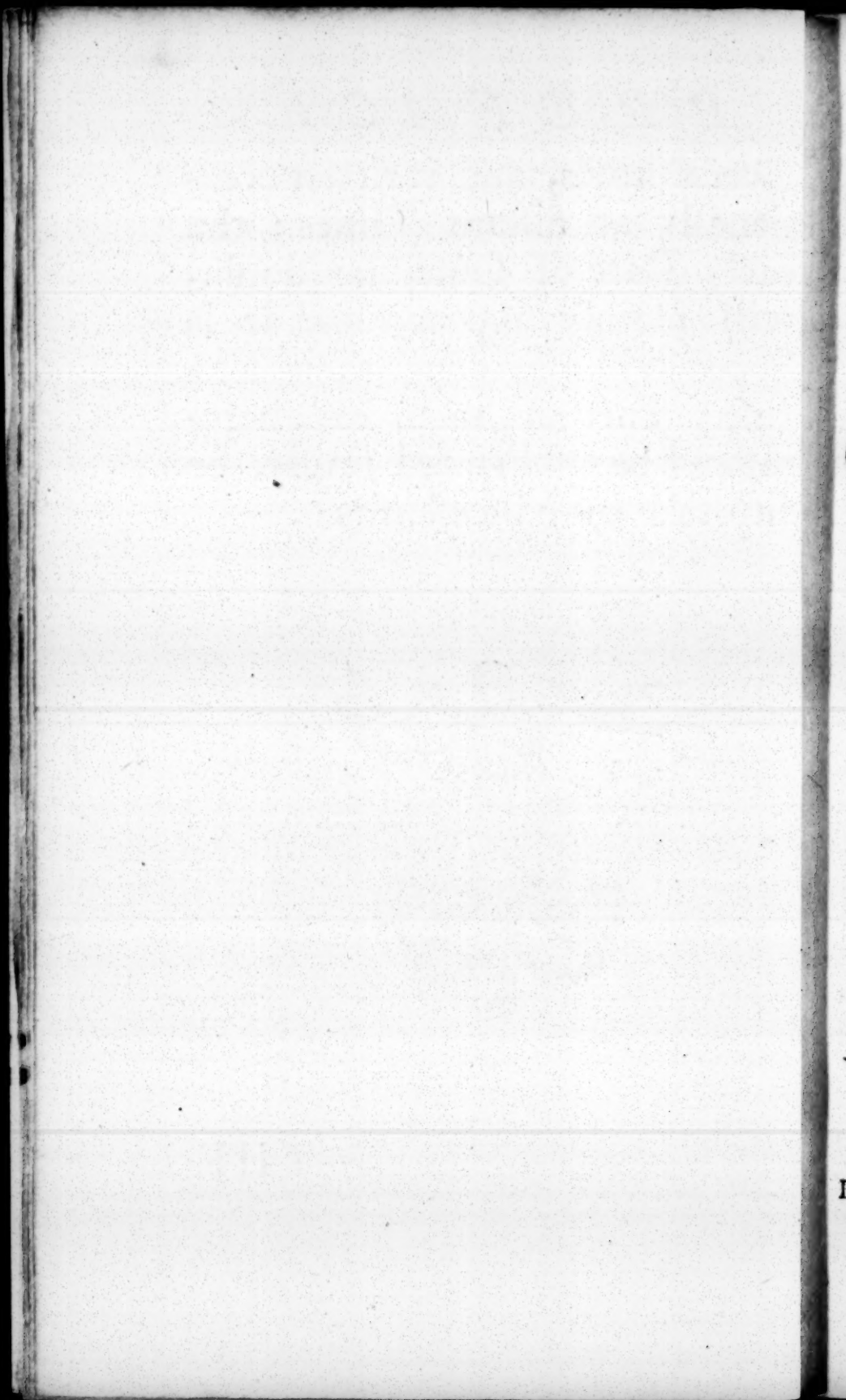
The Miscellaneous Verses, which conclude this Work, are
of

P R E F A C E.

several kinds, and written occasionally at distant Times ; the early Date of some, no doubt, will plainly appear, and it is hoped will also plead their Excuse. Part of them has heretofore been Printed singly, or dispers'd in Miscellanies.



THE



THE
Old Batchelor.
A
COMEDY.

*Quem tulit ad Scenam ventoso gloria Curru,
Exanimat lentus Spectator; sedulus inflat.
Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit, aut reficit——*

Horat. Epist. I. Lib. II.



DUBLIN:

Printed, by THEO. JONES,

For GEORGE RISK, at *Shakespear's Head*, GEORGE
EWING, at the *Angel and Bible*, and WILLIAM
SMITH, at the *Hercules*, in *Dame-street*, Booksellers.
MDCC,XXXV.

Old Bachelor

COMEDY

3
V
n
fi
V
(
t
P
t
n



To the Right Honourable

CHARLES *Lord* Clifford,

O F

LANESBOROUGH, &c.

My LORD.



It is with a great deal of Pleasure, that I lay hold on this first Occasion, which the Accidents of my Life have given me of Writing to your Lordship: For since at the same time, I write to all the World, it will be a Means of publishing (what I would have every Body know) the Respect and Duty which I owe and pay to you. I have so much Inclination to be yours, that I need no other Engagement: But the particular Ties, by which

DEDICATION.

I am bound to your Lordship and Family, have put it out of my Power to make you any Compliment; since all Offers of my self, will amount to no more than an honest Acknowledgment, and only shew a Willingness in me to be grateful.

I am very near wishing, That it were not so much my Interest to be your Lordship's Servant, that it might be more my Merit; not that I would avoid being obliged to you, but I would have my own Choice to run me into the Debt; that I might have it to boast, I had distinguish'd a Man, to whom I would be glad to be obliged, even without the Hopes of having it in my Power ever to make him a Return.

It is impossible for me to come near your Lordship, in any kind, and not to receive some Favour; and while in Appearance I am only making an Acknowledgment (with the usual under-hand Dealing of the World) I am at the same time, insinuating my own Interest. I cannot give your Lordship your Due, without tacking a Bill of my own Privileges. 'Tis true, if a Man never committed a Folly, he would never stand in need of a Protection; But then Power would have nothing to do, and Good-nature no Occasion to shew it self; and
where

DEDICATION.

where those Qualities are, 'tis pity they should want Objects to shine upon. I must confess this is no Reason, why a Man should do an idle thing, nor indeed any good Excuse for it, when done; yet it reconciles the Uses of such Authority and Goodness, to the Necessities of our Follies; and is a Sort of Poetical Logick, which at this Time I would make use of, to argue your Lordship into a Protection of this Play. It is the first Offence I have committed in this Kind, or indeed in any Kind of Poetry, tho' not the first made Publick; and, therefore, I hope will the more easily be pardoned: But had it been Acted, when it was first Written, more might have been said in its behalf; Ignorance of the Town and Stage, would then have been Excuses in a young Writer, which now, almost four Years Experience, will scarce allow of. Yet I must declare myself sensible of the Good-nature of the Town, in receiving this Play so kindly, with all its Faults, which I must own were, for the most part, very industriously cover'd by the Care of the Players; for, I think, scarce a Character but receiv'd all the Advantage it would admit of, from the Justness of the Action.

DEDICATION.

As for the Criticks, my Lord, I have nothing to say, to, or against, any of them of any Kind; from those who make just Exceptions, to those who find fault in the wrong Place. I will only make this general Answer in behalf of my Play, (an Answer, which *Epietetus* advises every Man to make for himself, to his Censurers) viz. *That if they who find some Faults in it, were as intimate with it as I am, they would find a great many more.* This is a Confession, which I needed not to have made; but however, I can draw this Use from it, to my own Advantage, that I think there are no Faults in it but what I do know; which, as I take it, is the first Step to an Amendment.

Thus I may live in hopes (some time or other) of making the Town amends; but You, My Lord, I never can, tho' I am ever

Your LORDSHIP's

most Obedient, and

most Humble Servant,

WILL. CONGREVE.



T O

Mr. CONGREVE.

WHEN *Virtue in pursuit of Fame appears,*
And forward shoots the growth beyond the Years,
We timely Court the rising Hero's Cause :
And on his side, the Poet wisely draws ;
Bespeaking him hereafter, by Applause.
The Days will come when we shall all receive
Returning Interest, from what now we give ;
Instructed, and supported by that Praise,
And Reputation, which we strive to raise.
Nature so coy, so hardly to be woo'd,
Flies like a Mistress, but to be pursu'd.
O Congreve ! boldly follow on the Chace ;
She looks behind, and wants thy strong Embrace :
She yields, she yields, surrenders all her Charms,
Do you but force her gently to your Arms :
Such Nerves, such Graces, in your Lines appear,
As you were made to be her Ravisher.
Dryden has long extended his Command,
By Right Divine, quite through the Muses Land,
Absolute Lord ; and holding now from none,
But great Apollo, his undoubted Crown :
(That Empire settled, and grown old in Pow'r)
Can wish for nothing, but a Successor :
Not to enlarge his Limits, but maintain
Those Provinces which he alone could gain.
His eldest Wicherly, in wise Retreat,
Thought it not worth his Quiet to be Great.
Loose, wand'ring Etherge, in wild Pleasures lost,
And foreign Int'rests, to his Hopes long lost :
Poor Lee and Otway dead ! Congreve appears,
The Darling, and last Comfort of his Years :
May'st thou live long in thy great Master's Smiles,
And growing under him, adorn these Isles :

}
}

TO MR. CONGREGVE.

*But when———when part of him (be that but late)
His Body yielding must submit to Fate,
Leaving his deathless Works, and Thee behind,
(The natural Successor of his Mind)
Then may'st thou finish what he has begun :
Heir to his Merit, be in Fame his Son.
What thou hast done, shews all is in thy Pow'r ;
And to write better, only must write more.
'Tis something to be willing to commend ;
But my best Praise, is, that I am your Friend.*

THO. SOUTHERNE.



TO MR. CONGREGVE.

THE Danger's great in these censorious Days,
When Chriticks are so rife, to venture Praise :
When the infectious and ill-natur'd Brood
Behold, and damn the Work, because 'tis good ;
And with a proud, ungenerous Spirit, try
To pass an Ostracism on Poetry.
But you, my Friend, your Worth does safely bear
Above their Spleen ; you have no Cause for Fear ;
Like a well-mettled Hawk, you took your Flight
Quite out of reach, and almost out of Sight.
As the strong Sun, in a fair Summer's Day,
You rise, and drive the Mists and Clouds away,
The Owls and Bats, and all the Birds of Prey.
Each Line of yours, like polish'd Steel's so hard,
In Beauty safe, it wants no other Guard.
Nature her self's beholden to your Dress,
Which tho' still like, much fairer you express.
Some vainly striving Honour to obtain,
Leave to their Heirs the Traffick of their Brain,
Like China under Ground, the ripening Ware,
In a long time, perhaps grows worth our Care :
But you now reap the Fame, so well you've sown ;
The Planter tastes his Fruit to Ripeness grown.

To Mr. CONGREGVE.

*As a fair Orange-tree at once is seen,
Big with what's ripe, yet springing still with green :
So at one time, my worthy Friend appears,
With all the sap of Youth, and weight of Years.
Accept my pious Love, as forward Zeal,
Which tho' it ruins me I can't conceal :
Expos'd to Censure for my weak Applause,
I am pleas'd to suffer in so just a Cause :
And tho' my Offering may unworthy prove,
Take, as a Friend, the Wishes of my Love.*

J. MARSH.

To Mr. CONGREGVE, on his Play call- led *The Old Batchelor*.

WIT, like true Gold refin'd from all Allay,
Immortal is, and never can decay,
'Tis in all Times and Languages the same ;
Nor can an ill Translation quench the Flame :
For tho' the Form and Fashion don't remain,
Th' intrinsic Value still it will retain.
Then let each studied Scene be writ with Art :
And Judgment sweet to form the labour'd Part :
Each Character be just, and Nature seem ;
Without th' Ingredient, Wit, 'tis all but Phlegm.
For that's the Soul which all the Mass must move,
And wake our Passions into Grief, or Love.
But you, too Bounteous, sow your Wit so thick,
We are surpriz'd, and know not where to pick :
And while with Clapping, we are just to you,
Our selves we injure, and lose something new.
What mayn't we then, great Youth, of thee presage,
Whose Art and Wit so much transcend thy Age ?
How, wilt thou shine at thy Meridian height ?
Who at thy Rising giv'st so vast a Light.
When Dryden dying, shall the World deceive,
Whom we Immortal, as his Works, believe ;
Thou shalt succeed, the Glory of the Stage,
Adorn and entertain the coming Age.



PROLOGUE intended for The OLD BATCHELOR.

Written by the Lord FALKLAND.

MOST Authors on the Stage at first appear
Like Widdows Bridegrooms, full of Doubt and Fear :
They judge, from the Experience of the Dame,
How hard a task it is to quench her Flame :
And who falls short of furnishing a Course,
Up to his brawny Predecessor's Force ;
With utmost rage from her Embraces thrown,
Remains convicted as an empty Drone.
Thus often, to his Shame, a pert Beginner,
Proves in the end, a miserable Sinner.

As for our Youngster, I am apt to doubt him :
With all the Vigour of his Youth about him :
But he more Sanguine trusts in one and twenty,
And impudently hopes he shall content you :
For tho' his Batchelor be worn and Cold,
He thinks the Young may club to help the Old :
And what alone can be atchiev'd by neither,
Is often brought about by both together.
The briskest of you all have felt Alarms,
Finding the Fair one prostitute her Charms
With broken Sighs, in her old Fumbler's Arms.
But for our Spark, he swears he'll ne'er be jealous
Of any Rivals, but young lusty Fellows.
Faith let him try his Chance, and if the Slave,
After his Bragging, prove a washy Knave,
May he be banish'd to some lonely Den,
And never more have leave to dip his Pen :
But if he be the Champion he pretends,
Both Sexes sure will joyn to be his Friends ;
For all agree, where all can have their Ends.
And you must own him for a Man of Might,
If he holds out to please you the third Night.

PRO-



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

HOW this vile World is chang'd ! in former Days,
Prologues were serious Speeches before Plays ;
Grave solemn Things, as Graces are to Feasts ;
Where Poets begg'd a Blessing from their Guests.
But now, no more like Suppliants we come ;
A Play makes War, and Prologue is the Drum :
Arm'd with keen Satire, and with pointed wit,
We threaten you who do for Judges sit,
To save our Plays, or else we'll damn your Pit.
But for your Comfort, it falls out to-day,
We've a young Author, and his first born Play ;
So, standing only on his good Behaviour,
He's very civil, and entreats your Favour.
Not but the Man has Malice, wou'd he show it,
But on my Conscience he's a bashful Poet ;
You think that strange---no matter he'll outgrow it.
Well, I'm his Advocate--- by me he prays you,
(I don't know whether I shall speak to please you)
He prays-----O bless me ! what shall I do now,
Hang me if I know what he prays, or how !
And 'twas the prettiest Prologue as he wrote it !
Well, the deuce take me, if I han't forgot it,
O Lord, for Heav'n's sake excuse the Play,
Because, you know, if it be damn'd to-day,
I shall be hang'd for wanting what to say.
For my sake then-----but I'm in such Confusion,
I cannot stay to hear your Resolution.

[Runs off.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Heartwell, a surly Old Batchelor, pretending to slight Women, secretly in Love with *Sylvia*.

Bellmour, in Love with *Belinda*.

Vainlove, capricious in his Love; in Love with *Araminta*.

Sharper.

Sir *Joseph Wittoll*.

Captain *Bluffe*.

Fondlewife, a Banker.

Setter, a Pimp.

Servant to *Fondlewife*.

W O M E N.

Araminta, in Love with *Vainlove*.

Belinda, her Cousin, an affected Lady, in Love with *Bellmour*.

Lætitia, Wife to *Fondlewife*,

Sylvia, *Vainlove*'s forsaken Mistress,

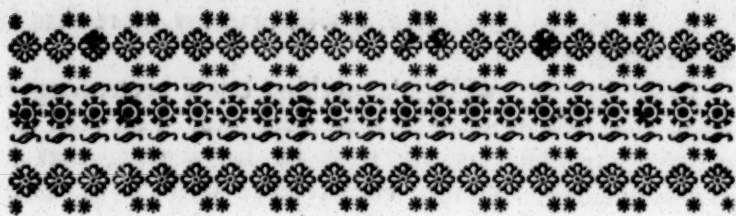
Lucy, her Maid.

Betty.

Boy and Footmen.

S C E N E, L O N D O N.

T H E



THE OLD BATCHELOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Street.*

BELLMOUR and VAINLOVE meeting.

Bell.



Ainlove, and abroad so early ! good-morrow ; I thought a contemplative lover could no more have parted with his bed in a morning, than he could have slept in it.

Vain. *Bellmour*, good-morrow--

Why truth on't is, these early sallies are not usual to me ; but business, as you see, sir,---- [*Shewing letters.*] And business must be follow'd, or be lost.

Bell. Business ! And so must time, my friend, be close pursued, or lost. Business is the rub of life, perverts our aim, casts off the bias, and leaves us wide and short of the intended mark.

Vain. Pleasure, I guess you mean.

Bell. Ay, what else has meaning ?

Vain, Oh, the wife will tell you----

VOL. I.

Bell.

Bell. More than they believe---or understand.

Vain. How, how, *Ned*, a wise man say more than he understands?

Bell. Ay, ay, wisdom's nothing but a pretending to know and believe more than we really do. You read but of one wise man, and all that he knew was, that he knew nothing. Come, come, leave business to idlers, and wisdom to fools; they have need of 'em; wit be my faculty; and pleasure my occupation; and let father time shake his glass. Let low and earthly souls grovel till they have work'd themselves six foot deep into a grave---business is not my element---I rowl in a higher orb, and dwell---

Vain. In castles i'th' air of thy own building: That's thy element, *Ned*---Well as high a flyer as you are, I have a lure will make you stoop. [*Flings a letter.*]

Bell. I marry, fir, I have a hawk's eye at a woman's hand---There's more elegancy in the false spelling of this superscription [*Takes up the letter*] than in all *Cicero*---let me see---How now! *Dear perfidious Vainlove.* [*Reads:*

Vain. Hold, hold, s'life that's the wrong.

Bell. Nay let's see the name (*Sylvia*!) How canst thou be ungrateful to that creature? She's extreamly pretty, and loves thee entirely----I have heard her breath such raptures about thee---

Vain. Ay or any body that she's about-----

Bell. No faith *Frank* you wrong her; she has been just to you.

Vain. That's pleasant, by my troth, from thee who hast enjoy'd her,

Bell. Never-----her affections: 'tis true by heaven, she own'd it to my face; and blushing like the virgin morn when it disclosed the cheat, which, that trusty bawd of nature, night had hid, confess'd her soul was true to you; tho' I by treachery had stol'n the bliss---

Vain. So was true as turtle---in imagination, *Ned*, ha? preach this doctrine to husbands, and the married women will adore thee.

Bell. Why faith I think it will do well enough-----If the husband be out of the way, for the wife to shew her fondness and impatience of his absence, by choot-
ing

ing a lover as like him as she can, and what is unlike she may help out with her own fancy.

Vain. But is it not an abuse to the lover to be made a blind of? For she only stalks under him to take aim at her husband.

Bell. As you say the abuse is to the lover, not the husband: For 'tis an argument of her great zeal towards him, that she will enjoy him in effigie.

Vain. It must be a very superstitious country, where such zeal passes for true devotion. I doubt it will be damn'd by all our protestant husbands for flat idolatry.—But if you can make alderman *Fondlewife* of your persuasion, this letter will be needless.

Bell. What, the old banker with the handsome wife?

Vain. Ay.

Bell. Let me see, *Lætitia*! Oh 'tis a delicious morsel. Dear *Frank*, thou art the truest friend in the world.

Vain. Ay, am I not? to be continually starting of hares for you to course. We were certainly cut out for one another; for my temper quits an amour, just where thine takes it up.—But read that, it is an appointment for me, this evening; when *Fondlewife* will be gone out of town, to meet a master of a ship, about the return of a venture which he's in danger of losing. Read, read.

Bell. (Reads.) Hum, hum——*Out of town this evening, and talks of sending for Mr. Spintext to keep me company; but I'll take care he shall not be at home. Good Spintext!* Oh the fanatick one-ey'd parson!

Vain. Ay.

Bell. (Reads.) Hum, hum — *That your conversation will be much more agreeable, if you can counterfeit his habit to blind the servants.* Very good! then I must be disguised——With all my heart——it adds a gusto to an amour, gives it the greater resemblance of theft; and among us lewd mortals, the deeper the sin the sweeter. *Frank*, I'm amaz'd at thy good nature——

Vain. Faith I hate love when 'tis forc'd upon a man, as I do wine——and this business is none of my seeking; I only happened to be once or twice, where *Lætitia* was the handsomest woman in company, so consequently apply'd my self to her—and it seems she has taken me at my word --- Had you been there or any body, 't had been the same,

Bell

Bell. I wish I may succeed as the same.

Vain. Never doubt it; for if the spirit of cuckoldom be once raised up in a woman, the devil can't lay it, till she has don't.

Bell. Prithee, what sort of a fellow is *Fondlewife*?

Vain. A kind of mungril zealot, sometimes very precise and peevish: But I have seen him pleasant enough in his way; much addicted to jealousy, but more to fondness: So that as he is often jealous without a cause, he's as often satisfied without reason.

Bell. A very even temper, and fit for my purpose. I must get your man *Setter* to provide my disguise.

Vain. Ay, you may take him for good and all if you will, for you have made him fit for no body else---Well--

Bell. You're going to visit in return of *Silvia's* letter. --Poor rogue. Any hour of the day or night will serve her---But do you know nothing of a new rival there?

Vain. Yes; *Heartwell*, that surly, old, pretended woman-hater thinks her virtuous: that's one reason why I fail her: I would have her fret her self out of conceit with me, that she may entertain some thoughts of him. I know he visits her ev'ry day.

Bell. Yet rails on still, and thinks his Love unknown to us; a little time will swell him so, he must be forc'd to give it birth, and the discovery must needs be very pleasant from himself, to see what pains he will take; and how he will strain to be deliver'd of a secret, when he has miscarried of it already.

Vain. Well, good-morrow, let's dine together, I'll meet at the old place.

Bell. With all my heart, it lies convenient for us to pay our afternoon's services to our mistresses; I find I am damnably in love; I'm so uneasy for not having seen *Belinda* yesterday.

Vain. But I saw my *Araminta* yet am as impatient.

(Exit

Bell. Why, what a cormorant in love am I! who not contented with the slavery of honourable love in one place, and the pleasure of enjoying some half a score of mistresses of my own acquiring; must yet take *Vainlove's* business upon my hands, because it lay too heavy upon his? So am not only forc'd to lie with other mens wives
for

for 'em, but must also undertake the harder task of obliging their mistresses—— I must take up, or I shall never hold out ; flesh and blood cannot bear it always.

Enter Sharper.

Sharp. I'm sorry to see this, *Ned*: Once a Man comes to his soliloquies I give him for gone.

Bell. *Sharper*, I'm glad to see thee.

Sharp. What, is *Belinda* cruel, that you are so thoughtful ?

Bell. No faith, not for that---but there's a business of consequence fall'n out to day that requires some consideration.

Sharp. Prithee what mighty business of consequence canst thou have ?

Bell. Why you must know, 'tis a piece of work towards the finishing of an alderman ; it seems I must put the last hand to it, and dub him cuckold, that he may be of equal dignity with the rest of his brethren : So I must beg *Belinda's* pardon——

Sharp. Faith e'en give her over for good-and-all ; you can have no hopes of getting her for a mistress, and she is too proud, too inconstant, too affected, and too witty, and too handsome for a wife.

Bell. But she can't have too much money—There's twelve thousand pound *Tom*----- 'Tis true she is excessively foppish and affected ; but in my conscience I believe the baggage loves me ; for she never speaks well of me her self, nor suffers any body else to rail at me. Then as I told you there's twelve thousand pound—Hum—Why faith upon second thoughts, she does not appear to be so very affected neither---Give her her due, I think the woman's a woman, and that's all. As such I'm sure I shall like her ; for the devil take me if I don't love all the sex.

Sharp. And here comes one who swears as heartily he hates all the sex.

Enter Heartwell.

Bell. Who, *Heartwell*, Ay, but he knows better things—How now *George*, where hast thou been snarling odious truths, and entertaining company like a physician, with discourse of their diseases and infirmities ? What fine lady hast thou been putting out of conceit with her self, and perswading that the face she had been making all the morn-

morning was none of her own? For I know thou art as unmanerly and as unwelcome to a woman, as a looking-glass after the small-pox.

Heart. I confess I have not been sneering fulsome lies and nauseous flattery; fawning upon a little tawdry whore, that will fawn upon me again, and entertain any puppy that comes, like a tumbler with the same tricks over and over: For such I guess may have been your late employment.

Bell. Would thou hadst come a little sooner, *Vainlove* would have wrought thy conversation, and been a champion for the cause.

Heart. What, has he been here? that's one of love's april-fools, is always upon some errand that is to no purpose, ever embarking in adventures, yet never comes to harbour.

Sharp. That's because he always sets out in foul weather, loves to buffet with the winds, meet the tide, and sail in the teeth of opposition.

Heart. What has he not dropt anchor at *Araminta*?

Bell. Truth on'tis, she fits his temper best; is a kind of floating island; sometimes seems in reach, then vanishes and keeps him busied in the search.

Sharp. She had need have a good share of sense to manage so capricious a lover.

Bell. Faith I don't know, he's of a temper the most easie to himself in the world; he takes as much always of an amour as he cares for, and quits it when it grows stale or unpleasant.

Sharp. An argument of very little passion, very good understanding, and very ill nature.

Heart. And proves that *Vainlove* plays the fool with discretion.

Sharp. You *Bellmour* are bound in gratitude to stickle for him; you with pleasure reap that fruit, which he takes pains to sow: He does the drudgery in the mine, and you stamp your image in the gold.

Bell. He's of another opinion, and says I do the drudgery in the mine: well, we have each our share of sport, and each that which he likes best; 'tis his diversion to set, 'tis mine to cover the partridge.

Heart. And it should be mine to let 'em go again.

Sharp.

Sharp. Not till you had mouth'd a little, *George*, I think that's all thou art fit for now.

Heart. Good Mr. young-fellow, you are mistaken ; as able as your self, and as nimble too, tho' I mayn't have so much mercury in my limbs. 'Tis true indeed, I don't force appetite, but wait the natural call of my lust, and think it time enough to be lewd, after I have had the temptation.

Bell. Time enough ! ay too soon, I should rather have expected, from a person of your gravity.

Heart. Yet it is oftentimes too late with some of you young, termagant flashy sinners-----you have all the guilt of the intention, and none of the pleasure of the practice-----'tis true you are so eager in pursuit of the temptation, that you save the devil the trouble of leading you into it. Nor is it out of discretion, that you don't swallow that very hook your selves have baited, but you are cloy'd with the preparative, and what you mean for a whet, turns the edge of your puny stomachs. Your love is like your courage which you shew for the first year or two upon all occasions ; till in a little time, being disabled or disarm'd, you abate of your vigour ; and that daring blade which was so often drawn, is bound to the peace for ever after.

Bell. Thou art an old fornicator, of a singular good principle indeed ! and art for encouraging youth, that they may be as wicked as thou art at thy years.

Heart. I am for having every body be what they pretend to be ; a whoremaster be a whoremaster ; and not like *Vainlove*, kifs a lap-dog with passion, when it would disgust him from the lady's own lips.

Bell. That only happens sometimes, where the dog has the sweeter breath, for the more cleanly conveyance. But *George*, you must not quarrel with little gallantries of this nature : Women are often won by 'em. Who would refuse to kifs a lap-dog, if it were preliminary to the lips of his lady ?

Sharp. Or omit playing with her fan, and cooling her if she were hot, when it might entitle him to the office of warming her when she should be cold ?

Bell. What is it to read a play in a rainy day, when it may be the means of getting into a fair ladies books ;
though

though you should be now and then interrupted in a witty scene, and she perhaps preserve her laughter, till the jest were over ; even that may be born with, considering the reward in prospect.

Heart. I confess you that are womens asses bear greater burdens, are forced to undergo dressing, dancing, singing, sighing, whining, rhyming, flattering, lying, grinning, cringing, and the drudgery of loving to boot.

Bell. O Brute, the drudgery of loving !

Heart. Ay ; why, to come to love through all these incumbrances, is like coming to an estate overcharg'd with debts, which by the time you have pay'd, yields no further profit than what the bare tillage and manuring of the land will produce at the expence of your own sweat.

Bell. Prithee how dost thou love ?

Sharp. He ! he hates the Sex.

Heart. So I hate physick too——yet I may love to take it for my health.

Bell. Well come off *George*, if at any time you should be taken straying.

Sharp. He has need of such an excuse, considering the present state of his body.

Heart. How d'ye mean ?

Sharp. Why if whoring be purging, as you call it, then I may say marriage is an intire course of physick.

Bell. How now *George*, does the wind blow there ?

Heart. It will as soon blow north and by south——marry quotha ! I hope in heaven I have a greater portion of grace, and I think I have bated too many of those traps, to be caught in one my self.

Bell. Who the devil would have thee ? unless 'twere an oyster woman, to propagate young fry for *Byllinggate*——thy talent will never recommend thee to any thing of better quality.

Heart. My talent is chiefly that of speaking truth, which I don't expect should ever recommend me to people of quality——I thank heaven I have very honestly purchas'd the hatred of all the great families in town.

Sharp. And you in return of spleen hate them : But could you hope to be receiv'd into the alliance of a noble family.——

Heart.

Heart. No, I hope I shall never merit that affliction--- to be punish'd with a wife of birth-----be a flag of the first head and bear my horns aloft, like one of the supporters of my wife's coat. S'death I would not be a cuckold to e'er an illustrious whore in *England*.

Bell. What not to make your family man ! and provide for your children ?

Sharp. For her children you mean ?

Heart. Ay, there you've nickt it ----- there's the devil upon devil ----- Oh the pride and joy of heart 'twould be to me, to have my son and heir resemble such a duke-----to have a fleering coxcomb scoff and cry, Mr. your son's mighty like his grace, has just his smile and air of's face. Then replies another---methinks he has more of the Marquess of such a place, about his nose and eyes ; though he has my lord what-d'ye calls mouth to a tittle-----Then I to put it off as unconcern'd, come chuck the infant under the chin, force a smile and cry, ay, the boy takes after his mother's relations-----when the devil and she knows, 'tis a little compound of the whole body of nobility.

Bell.

Sharp.

} Ha ! ha ! ha !

Bell. Well but *George*, I have one question to ask you---

Heart. Pshaw, I have prattled away my time --- I hope you are in no haste for an answer ----- for I shan't stay now. *(looking on his watch.*

Bell. Nay prithy *George* -----

Heart. No, besides my business, I see a fool coming this way. Adieu.

Bell. What does he mean ? Oh here he comes, stand close, let 'em pass.

Sir Joseph Wittoll and Capt. Bluffe cross the Stage.

Sharp. What in the name of wonder is it ?

Bell. Why a fool.

Sharp. 'Tis a tawdry outside.

Bell. And a very beggarly lining ----- yet he may be worth your acquaintance -- ----- a little of thy chymistry *Tom*, may extract gold from that dirt.

Sharp. Say you so ? faith I am as poor as a chymist, and would be as industrious. But what was he that follow'd him ?

him? is not he a dragon that watches those golden pippins?

Bell. Hang him, no, he a dragon? if he be 'tis a very peaceful one? I can ensure his anger dormant; or should he seem to rouse, 'tis but well lashing him, and he would sleep like a top.

Sharp. Ay, is he of that kidney?

Bell. Yet is ador'd by that biggot Sir *Joseph Wittoll*, as the image of valour: he calls him his back, and indeed they are never asunder ----- yet last night, I know not by what mischance, the knight was alone, and had fallen into the hands of some night-walkers, who I suppose would have pillag'd him: but I chanced to come by and rescued him, though I believe he was heartily frightened; for as soon as ever he was loose, he ran away without staying to see who had help'd him.

Sharp. Is that bully of his in the army?

Bell. No, but he is a pretender, and wears the habit of a soldier, which now a-days as often cloaks cowardice, as a black gown does atheism ----- you must know he has been abroad-----went purely to run away from a campaign; enrich'd himself with the plunder of a few oaths; ----- and here vents 'em against the general, who slighting men of Merit, and preferring only those of interest has made him quit the service.

Sharp. Wherein no doubt he magnifies his own performances.

Bell. Speaks miracles; is the drum to his own praise ----- the only implement of a soldier he resembles, like that, being full of blustering noise and emptiness-----

Sharp. And like that, of no use but to be beaten.

Bell. Right, but then the comparison breaks, for he will take a drubbing with as little noise as a pulpit cushion.

Sharp. His name, and I have done?

Bell. Why that, to pass it current too, he has gilded with a title; he is call'd Capt. *Bluffe*.

Sharp. Well, I'll endeavour his acquaintance ----- you steer another Course, are bound

For Love's Island: I, for the Golden Coast.

May each succeed in what he wishes most. (Exeunt.)



ACT II. SCENE I.

Sir JOSEPH WITTOLL, SHARPER *following*.

SHARPER.

SURE that's he, and alone.

Sir Jo. Um—Ay this, this is the very damn'd place, the inhumane cannibals, the bloody-minded villains would have butcher'd me last night: No doubt, they would have flea'd me alive, have fold my skin, and devour'd my members.

Sharp. How's this!

Sir Jo. And it hadn't been for a civil gentleman as came by and frighten'd 'em away—but agad I durst not stay to give him thanks.

Sharp. This must be *Bellmour* he means—! ha, I have a thought----

Sir Jo. Zooks, would the Captain would come; the very remembrance makes me quake; agad I shall never be reconciled to this place heartily.

Sharp. 'Tis but trying, and being where I am at worst, now luck! ---- curs'd fortune! this must be the place, this damn'd unlucky place----

Sir Jo. Agad and so 'tis----- why here has been more mischief done I perceive.

Sharp. No, 'tis gone, 'tis lost --- ten thousand devils on that chance which drew me hither; ay here, just here, this spot to me is hell; nothing to be found, but the despair of what I've lost.

(*Looking about as in search.*)

Sir Jo. Poor Gentleman----by the Lord Harry I'll stay no longer, for I have found too---

Sharp. Ha! who's that has found? what have you found? restore it quickly, or by---

Sir

Sir Jo. Not I Sir, not I, as I've a soul to be sav'd, I have found nothing but what has been to my loss, as I may say, and as you was saying, fir.

Sharp. O your Servant fir, you are safe then it seems; 'tis an ill wind that blows no body good: Well you may rejoyce over my ill fortune, since it pay'd the price of your ranfome.

Sir Jo. I rejoyce! agad not I fir; I'm very sorry for your loss, with all my heart, blood and guts, fir; and if you did but know me, you'd ne'er say I were so ill-natur'd.

Sharp. Know you! why can you be so ungrateful to forget me?

Sir Jo. O Lord, forget him! No, no fir, I don't forget you——because I never saw your face before, agad. Ha, ha, ha.

Sharp. How!

(*Angriiy.*

Sir Jo. Stay, stay fir let me recollect —— he's a damn'd angry fellow —— I believe I had better remember him, till I can get out of his sight; but out o' sight out o' mind agad.

(*Aside.*

Sharp. Methought the service I did you you last night, fir, in preserving you from those ruffians, might have taken better root in your shallow memory.

Sir Jo. Gads-Daggers-Belts-Blades and Scabbards, this is the very gentleman! how shall I make him a return suitable to the greatness of his merit---I had a pretty thing to that purpose, if he han't frightened it out of my memory. Hem! hem! Sir, I most submissively implore your pardon for my transgression of ingratitude and omission; having my intire dependance, fir, upon the superfluity of your goodness, which, like an inundation will, I hope, totally immerge the recollection of my error, and leave me floating in your sight, upon the full blown bladders of repentance---by the help of which, I shall once more hope to swim into your favour.

(*Bows.*

Sharp. So --- ho, O Sir, I am easily pacify'd, the acknowledgment of a gentleman ---

Sir Jo. Acknowledgment! Sir I am all over acknowledgment! and will not stick to show it in the greatest extremity, by night, or by day, in sickness, or in health,
winter,

winter, or summer, all seasons and occasions shall testify the reality and gratitude of your superabundant humble Servant Sir *Joseph Wittol* Knight. Hem ! hem !

Sharp. Sir *Joseph Wittol* !

Sir *Jo.* The same sir, of *Wittol-hall* in *Commitatu Bucks.*

Sharp. Is it possible ! Then I am happy to have obliged the mirror of knighthood and pink of courtesie in the age. Let me embrace you.

Sir *Jo.* O Lord Sir !

Sharp. My loss, I esteem as a trifle repay'd with interest, since it has purchas'd me the friendship and acquaintance of the person in the world, whose character I admire.

Sir *Jo.* You are only pleas'd to say so, sir——But pray if I may be so bold what is that loss you mention ?

Sharp. O term it no longer so sir. In the scuffle last night, I only dropt a bill of a hundred pound, which I confess, I came half despairing to recover ; but thanks to my better fortune——

Sir *Jo.* You have found it, sir, then it seems ; I profess I'm heartily glad ——

Sharp. Sir your humble servant——I don't question but you are ; that you have so cheap an opportunity of expressing your gratitude and generosity. Since the refunding so trivial a sum, will wholly acquit you, and doubly engage me.

Sir *Jo.* What a dickens does he mean by a trivial sum (*aside.*) But han't you found it, sir !

Sharp. No otherwise I vow to gad but in my hopes in you, sir.

Sir *Jo.* Humh.

Sharp. But that's sufficient —— 'Twere injustice to doubt the honour of Sir *Jo. Wittol.*

Sir *Jo.* O lord, sir.

Sharp. You are above, I'm sure, a thought so low, to suffer me to lose what was ventur'd in your service ; Nay 'twas in a manner——paid down for your deliverance ; 'twas so much lent you —— And you scorn I'll say that for you——

Sir *Jo.* Nay I'll say that for myself, with your leave I do scorn a dirty thing, But agad I'm a little out of pocket at present.

Sharp. Pshaw you can't want a hundred pound. Your word is sufficient any where: 'Tis but borrowing so much dirt; you have large acres, and can soon repay it—money is but dirt Sir *Joseph*——Meer dirt.

Sir *Jo.* But I profess, 'tis a dirt I have washed my hands of at present, I have laid it all out upon my back.

Sharp. Are you so extravagant in cloaths Sir *Joseph*?

Sir *Jo.* Ha, ha, ha, a very good jest I profess; ha, ha, ha, a very good jest; and I did not know that I had said it, and that's a better jest than t'other. 'Tis a sign you and I han't been long acquainted; you have lost a good jest for want of knowing me——I only mean a friend of mine whom I call my back; he sticks as close to me, and follows me through all dangers——he is indeed back, breast, and headpiece as it were to me——agad he's a brave fellow——Pauh, I am quite another thing when I am with him: I don't fear the devil (bless us) if he be by. Ah——had he been with me lastnight——

Sharp. If he had fir, what then? he could have done no more, nor perhaps have suffer'd so much——had he a hundred pound to lose? (*Angrily.*)

Sir *Jo.* O lord, fir, by no means (but I might have fav'd a hundred pound) I meant innocently as I hope to be fav'd fir (a damn'd hot fellow) only as I was saying, I let him have all my ready money to redeem his great sword from limbo.-----But fir, I have a letter of credit to alderman *Fondlewife*, as far as two hundred pound, and this afternoon you shall see I am a person, such a one as you would wish to have met with.

Sharp. That you are I'll be sworn (*aside.*) Why that's great and like your self.

Enter BLUFFE.

Sir *Jo.* O here a comes----- Ay, my hector of *Troy* welcome my bully, my back, agad my heart has gone a pit-pat for thee.

Bluff. How now, my young knight? not for fear I hope; he that knows me must be a stranger to fear.

Sir *Jo.* Nay agad I hate fear, ever since I had like to have dy'd of a fright. But-----

Bluff. But! look you here boy, here's your antidote, here's your jesuits powder for a shaking fit - ----But who
had

hast thou got with thee, is he of mettle?

(Laying his Hand upon his Sword.

Sir Jo. Ay bully, a devilish smart fellow, a'will fight like a cock.

Bluff. Say you so? then I honour him ----- But has he been abroad? for every cock will fight upon his own dunghil.

Sir Jo. I don't know, but I'll present you—

Bluff. I'll recommend my self--sir I honour you; I understand you love fighting, I reverence a man that loves fighting sir, I kiss your hilts.

Sharp. Sir your servant, but you are misinform'd, for unless it be to serve my particular friend, as sir Joseph here, my country, or my religion, or in some very justifiable cause, I'm not for it.

Bluff. O Lord I beg your pardon sir, I find you are not of my pallate, you can't relish a dish of fighting without sweet sawce. Now I think —— Fighting for fighting's sake's sufficient cause; fighting to me's religion and the laws.

Sir Jo. Ah, well said my hero; was not that great sir; by the lord Harry he says true; Fighting is meat, drink, and cloth to him. But back, this gentleman is one of the best friends I have in the world, and saved my life last night--- You know I told you.

Bluff. Ay! then I honour him again----- Sir, may I crave your Name?

Sharp. Ay sir, my name's Sharper.

Sir Jo. Pray Mr. Sharper embrace my back ----very well---by the Lord Harry Mr. Sharper he's as brave a fellow as cannibal, are not you bully--- back?

Sharp. Hannibal I believe you mean sir Joseph.

Bluff. Undoubtedly he did, sir; faith Hannibal was a very pretty fellow ----- but Sir Joseph, comparisons are odious, Hannibal was a very pretty fellow in those days it must be granted---but alas sir! were he alive now, he would be nothing, nothing in the earth.

Sharp. How sir! I make a doubt, if there be at this day a greater general breathing.

Bluff. O excuse me, Sir; have you serv'd abroad sir?

Sharp. Not I really, sir.

Bluff, Oh I thought so ----- Why then you can know nothing sir : I'm afraid you scarce know the history of the late war, in *Flanders*, with all its particulars ?

Sharp. Not I, sir, no more than publick letters, or gazets tell us.

Bluff. Gazette! Why there again now ----- Why, sir, there are not three words of truth, the year round put into the gazette---I'll tell you a strange thing now as to that---You must know, sir, I was resident in *Flanders* the last campaign ; had a small post there, but no matter for that --- perhaps, sir, there was scarce any thing of moment done but an humble servant of yours, that shall be nameless, was an eye-witness of --- I won't say had the greatest share in't. Tho' I might say that too, since I am no body you know---Well Mr. *Sharper*, would you think it ? In all this time---as I hope for a truncheon---this rascally gazette-writer never so much as once mention'd me--- Not once by the wars --- Took no more notice, than as if *Nel. Bluffe* had not been in the land of the living.

Sharp. Strange !

Sir *Jo*. Yet by the lord *Harry* 'tis true Mr. *Sharper*, for I went every day to coffee-houses to read the gazette my self.

Bluff. Ay, ay, no matter---You see Mr. *Sharper* after all I am content to retire --- Live a private person --- *Scipio* and others have done it.

Sharp. Impudent rogue.

(*aside*.)

Sir *Jo*. Ay this damn'd modesty of yours --- Agad if he would put in for't, he might be made general himself yet.

Bluff. Oh fy, no Sir *Joseph*---You know I hate this.

Sir *Jo*. Let me but tell Mr. *Sharper* a little, how you eat fire once out of the mouth of a cannon---agad he did ? those impenetrable whiskers of his have confronted flames-----

Bluff. Death, what do you mean, Sir *Joseph* ?

Sir *Jo*. Look you now, I tell you he's so modest, he'll own nothing.

Bluff. Pish you have put me out, I have forgot what I was about, pray hold your Tongue, and give me leave.

Angrily.

Sir

Sir Jo. I am dumb.

Bluff. This Sword I think I was telling you of Mr. Sharper---This Sword I'll maintain to be the best divine, anatomist, lawyer, or casuist in *Europe*; it shall decide a controverſie or ſplit a cauſe-----

Sir Jo. Nay now I muſt ſpeak; it will ſplit a hair, by the Lord *Harry* I have ſeen it.

Bluff. Zouns Sir, it's a lie, you have not ſeen it, nor ſhan't ſee it; Sir I ſay you can't ſee; what d'ye ſay to that now?

Sir Jo. I am blind.

Bluff. Death, had any other Man interrupted me---

Sir Jo. Good Mr. Sharper ſpeak to him; I dare not look that way.

Sharp. Captain, Sir *Joſeph's* penitent.

Bluff. O I am calm Sir, calm as a diſcharged culverin-----But 'twas indiſcreet when you know what will provoke me-----Nay come Sir *Joſeph*, you know my heat's ſoon over.

Sir Jo. Well I am a fool ſometimes-----But I'm forry.

Bluff. Enough.

Sir Jo. Come we'll go take a glaſs to drown animofities, Mr. Sharper will you partake?

Sharp. I wait on you, Sir? nay, pray captain-----
You are Sir *Joſeph's* back. [Exeunt.]

SCENE Changes to Lodgings.

Enter ARAMINTA, BELINDA.

BELINDA.

A Y! nay Dear---prithee good, dear ſweet couſin no more, Oh gad, I ſwear you'd make one ſick to hear you.

Aram. Bleſs me! what have I ſaid to move you thus.

Belin. Oh, you have raved, talked idly, and all in commendation of that filthy, awkward, two leg'd creature,

B 3

Man---

Man———you don't know what you said, your fever has transported you.

Aram. If love be the fever which you mean, kind heav'n avert the cure : Let me have oil to feed that flame, and never let it be extinct, till I my self am ashes.

Belin. There was a whine---O Gad I hate your horrid fancy---This love is the devil, and sure to be in love is to be possess'd---'Tis in the head, the heart, the blood, ---All over--- O Gad you are quite spoil'd---I shall loath the sight of mankind for your sake.

Aram. Fie, this is gross affectation———A little of *Bellmour's* company would change the scene.

Belin. Filthy fellow ! I wonder cousin———

Aram. I wonder cousin you should imagine, I don't perceive you love him.

Belin. Oh, I love your hideous fancy ! Ha, ha, ha, love a man !

Aram. Love a man ! yes, you would not love a beast.

Belin. Of all beasts, not an ass——— Which is so like your *Vainlove*———Lard I have seen an ass look to chagrin, Ha, ha, ha, (you must pardon me I can't help laughing) that an absolute lover would have concluded the poor creature to have had darts, and flames, and altars, and all that in his breast. *Araminta*, come I'll talk seriously to you now ; could you but see with my eyes, the buffoonry of one scene of address, a lover, set out with all his equipage and appurtenances ; O gad ! sure you would———But you play the game, and consequently can't see the miscarriages obvious to every stander-by.

Aram. Yes, yes, I can see something near it when you and *Bellmour* meet. You don't know that you dream't of *Bellmour* last night, and call'd him aloud in your sleep ?

Belin. Pish I can't help dreaming of the devil sometimes ; would you from thence infer I love him ?

Aram. But that's not all ; you caught me in your Arms when you named him and press'd me to your bosom---- Sure if I had not pinch'd you till you wak'd, you had stifled me with kisses.

Belin. O barbarous aspersions !

Aram. No aspersions, Cousin, we are alone——— Nay, I can tell you more.

Belin.

Belin. I deny it all.

Aram. What, before you hear it ?

Belin. My denial is premeditated like your malice---
Lard, cousin, you talk odly---Whatever the matter is,
O my fol, I'm afraid you'll follow evil courfes.

Aram. Ha, ha, ha ; this is pleasant.

Belin. You may laugh, but-----

Aram. Ha, ha, ha.

Belin. You may think the malicious grin becomes you--
The devil take *Bellmour*-----Why do you tell me of
him ?

Aram. Oh is it come out now----now you are angry,
I am fure you love him.
I tell no body else cousin-----I have not betrayed
you yet.

Belin. Prithee tell it all the World, it's false.

Aram. Come then, kifs and friends.

Belin. Pifh.

Aram. Prithee don't be fo peevifh.

Belin. Prithee don't be fo impertinent. *Betty.*

(Calls.

Aram. Ha, ha, ha.

Enter BETTY.

Betty. Did your ladyfhip call, madam ?

Belin. Get my hoods and tippet, and bid the foot-
man call a chair. (Exit Betty.

Aram. I hope you are not going out in dudgeon,
cousin ?

Enter Footman.

Foot. Madam, there are-----

Belin. Is there a Chair ?

Foot. No, Madam there are Mr. *Bellmour*, and Mr.
Vainlove to wait upon your ladyfhip.

Aram. Are they below ?

Foot. No madam, they fent before, to know if you
were at home.

Belin. The vifit's to you, cousin, I fuppofe I am at
my liberty.

Aram. Be ready to fhow 'em up. (Exit, Footman.
I can't tell, cousin, I believe we are equally concern'd :

but if you continue your Humour, it won't be very entertaining—— (I know she'd fain be persuaded to stay.

(Aside.

Belin. I shall oblige you, in leaving you to the full and free enjoyment of that conversation you admire.

Enter BETTY, with Hoods and Looking-glass.

Belin. Let me see; hold the glass—— Lard I look wretchedly to day.

Aram. Betty, why don't you help my cousin?

(Putting on her Hoods.

Belin. Hold off your fists, and see that he gets a chair with a high roof, or a very low seat—— Stay, come back here you Mrs. Fidget—— You are so ready to go to the footman—— Here take 'em all again, my mind's chang'd, I won't go.

(Exit Betty with the things.

Aram. So, this I expected—— You won't oblige me then, cousin, and let me have all the company to my self?

Belin. No; upon deliberation, I have too much charity to trust you to your self. The devil watches all opportunities, and in this favourable disposition of your mind, heav'n knows how far you may be tempted, I am tender of your reputation.

Aram. I am oblig'd to you—— but who's malicious now, *Belinda*?

Belin. Not I, witness my heart, I stay out of pure affection.

Aram. In my conscience I believe you.

Enter BELLMOUR, VAINLOVE.

Bell. So fortune be prais'd! To find you both within, ladies, is——

Aram. No miracle, I hope?

Bell. Not o' your side, madam, I confess--But my tyrant there and I, are two buckets that can never come together.

Belin. Nor are ever like—— Yet we often meet and clash.

Bell. How never like! marry *Hymen* forbid. But this it is to run so extravagantly in debt, I have laid out such a world of love in your service, that you think you can never be able to pay me all: so shun me for the same reason that you would a dun.

Belin.

Belin. Ay, on my conscience, and the most impertinent and troublesome of duns———A dun for money will be quiet, when he sees his debtor has not wherewithal———But a dun for love is an eternal torment that never rests———

Bell. Till he has created love where there was none, and then gets it for his pains. For importunity in love, like importunity at court, first creates it's own interest, and then pursues it for the favour.

Aram. Favours that are got by impudence and importunity, are like discoveries from the rack, when the afflicted person, for his ease, sometimes confesses secrets his heart knows nothing of.

Vain. I should rather think favours so gain'd, to be due rewards to indefatigable devotion———For as love is a deity, he must be serv'd by pray'r.

Belin. O gad! would you would all pray to love then, and let us alone.

Vain. You are the temples of love, and 'tis through you, our devotion must be convey'd.

Aram. Rather poor silly idols of your own making, which upon the least displeasure you forsake, and set up new———Every man now, changes his mistress and his religion, as his humour varies or his interest.

Vain. O madam———

Aram. Nay come I find we are growing serious, and then we are in great danger of being dull———If my musick-master be not gone, I'll entertain you with a new song, which comes pretty near my own opinion of love and your Sex———Who's there? (Calls.

Enter Footman.

Is Mr. Gavot gone?

Foot. Only to the next door, madam; I'll call him.

[Exit.

Bell. Why, you won't hear me with patience.

Aram. What's the matter cousin?

Bell. Nothing, madam, only———

Belin. Prithee hold thy tongue———Lard, he has so pester'd me with flames and stuff———I think I shan't endure the sight of a fire this twelvemonth.

Bell. Yet all can't melt that cruel frozen heart.

Belin. O gad I hate your hideous fancy——You said that once before--If you must talk impertinently, for heav'ns sake let it be with variety ; don't come always like the devil, wrapt in flames.—I'll not hear a sentence more that begins with an, I burn.—Or an, I beseech you, madam.

Bell. But tell me how you would be ador'd ?—I am very tractable.

Belin. Then know, I would be ador'd in silence.

Bell. Humph, I thought so, that you might have all the talk to your self—you had better let me speak ; for if my thoughts fly to any pitch, I shall make villainous signs.

Belin. What will you get by that to make such signs as I won't understand ?

Bell. Ay, but if I'm tongue ty'd, I must have all my actions free to----quicken your apprehension----and I gad let me tell you, my most prevailing argument is expressed in dumb shew.

Enter Musick-Master.

Aram. O I am glad we shall have a song to divert the discourse----Pray oblige us with the last new song.

S O N G.

I.

*Thus to a ripe, consenting Maid,
Poor, old, repenting Delia said,
Would you long preserve your Lover,
Would you still his Goddess reign,
Never let him all discover,
Never let him much obtain.*

II.

*Men will admire, adore and dye,
While wishing at your feet they lye :
But admitting their embraces,
Wakes 'em from the golden dream ;
Nothing's new besides our faces,
Every Woman is the same.*

Aram

Aram. So, how d'ye like the song gentlemen?

Bell. O very well perform'd---but I don't much admire the words.

Aram. I expected it-----there's too much truth in 'em : If Mr. *Garrot* will walk with us in the garden, we'll have it once again---You may like it better at second hearing. You'll bring my cousin.

Bell. Faith, madam, I dare not speak to her, but I'll make signs.

[*Addresses Belinda in dumb shew.*

Belin. O fough, your dumb rhetoric is more ridiculous, than your talking impertinence ; as an ape is a much more troublesome animal than a parrot.

Aram. Ay, cousin and 'tis a sign the creatures mimick nature well ; for there are few men but do more silly things than they say.

Bell. Well, I find my apishness has paid the ransom for my speech, and set it at liberty----Tho', I confess, I could be well enough pleas'd to drive on a love bargain, in that silent manner----'twould save a man a world of lying and swearing at the year's end. Besides I have had a little experience, that brings to my mind-----

*When wit and reason both have fail'd to move,
Kind Looks and actions from success, do prove,
E'en silence may be eloquent in love.*

[*Exeunt Omnes,*



ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street.

SILVIA and LUCY.

Silv. WILL he not come then?

Lucy. Yes, yes, come, I warrant him, if you will go in, and be ready to receive him.

Silv. Why did you not tell me?-----Whom mean you?

Lucy. Whom you should mean, *Heartwell*.

Silv.

Silv. Senseless creature, I meant my *Vainlove*.

Lucy. You may as soon hope to recover your own maidenhead, as his love. Therefore e'en set your heart at rest, and in the name of opportunity mind your own business. Strike *Heartwell* home before the bait's worn off the hook. Age will come. He nibbled fairly yesterday, and no doubt will be eager enough to day, to swallow the temptation.

Silv. Well, since there's no remedy—Yet tell me—For I would know, though to the anguish of my soul; how did he refuse? Tell me—how did he receive my letter, in anger or in scorn?

Lucy. Neither; but what was ten times worse, with damn'd, senseless indifference. By this light I could have spit in his face—Receive it! why he receiv'd it, as I would one of your lovers that should come empty handed; as a court lord does his mercer's bill, or a begging dedication:—he receiv'd it, as if't had been a letter from his wife.

Silv. What did he not read it?

Lucy. Hum'd it over, gave you his respects, and said, he would take time to peruse it—but then he was in haste.

Silv. Respects, and peruse it! He's gone, and *Araminta* has bewitch'd him from me—Oh how the name of rival fires my blood—I could curse 'em both. Eternal jealousy attend her love; and disappointment meet his lust. Oh that I could revenge the torment he has caus'd—Methinks I feel the woman strong within me, and vengeance kindles in the room of love.

Lucy. I have that in my head may make mischief.

Silv. How, dear *Lucy*?

Lucy. You know *Araminta*'s dissembled coyness has won, and keeps him hers—

Silv. Could we persuade him that she loves another—

Lucy. No, you're out; could we persuade him, that she dotes on him, himself—Contrive a kind letter as from, her, 'twould disgust his nicety, and take away his stomach.

Silv. Impossible, 'twill never take.

Lucy. Trouble not your head. Let me alone—

I will inform my self of what past between 'em to day, and about it freight——Hold. I'm mistaken, or that's *Heartwell*, who stands talking at the corner——'tis he——go get you in madam, receive him pleasantly, dress up your face in innocence and smiles ; and dissemble the very want of dissimulation——You know what will take him.

Silv. 'Tis as hard to counterfeit love, as it is to conceal it : But I'll do my weak endeavour, tho' I fear I have not art.

Lucy. Hang art, madam, and trust to nature for dissembling.

Man was by nature woman's cully made :

We, never are but by ourselves betray'd. [Exeunt.

Enter *HEARTWELL*, *VAINLOVE* and *BELLMOUR* following.

Bell. Hift, hift, is not that *Heartwell* going to *Silvia* ?
Vain He's talking to himself, I think ; prithee let's try if we can hear him.

Heart. Why whither in the devil's name am I going now ? Hum——Let me think——Is not this *Silvia*'s house, the cave of that enchantress, and which consequently I ought to shun as I would infection ? To enter here, is to put on the envenom'd shirt to run into the embraces of a fever, and in some raving fit, be led to plunge my self into that more consuming fire, a woman's arms. Ha ! well recollected, I will recover my reason, and be gone.

Bell. Now *Venus* forbid !

Vain. Hum——

Heart. Well, why do you not move ? Feet do your office——Not one inch ; no, foregad I'm caught——There stands my north, and thither my needle points——Now could I curse my self, yet cannot repent. O thou delicious, damn'd, dear, destructive woman ! S'death, how the young fellows will hoot me ! I shall be the jest of the town : nay in two days, I expect to be chronicled in ditty, and sung in woeful ballad, to the tune of the superannuated maiden's comfort, or the batchelor's fall ; and upon the third, I shall be hang'd in effigie, pasted up for the exemplary ornament of necessary houses and coblers stalls——Death, I can't think on't——I'll run into the danger to lose the apprehension,

[Goes in.
Bell.

Bell. A very certain remedy, *probatum est*———Ha, ha, ha, poor *George* thou art i'th' right, thou hast sold thyself to laughter; the ill-natur'd town will find the jest just where thou hast lost it. Ha, ha, how a' struggled, like an old lawyer, between two fees.

Vain. Or a young wench, between pleasure and reputation.

Bell. Or as you did to-day, when half afraid you snatch'd a kiss from *Araminta*.

Vain. She has made a quarrel on't.

Bell. Pauh, Women are only angry at such offences, to have the pleasure of forgiving 'em.

Vain. And I love to have the pleasure of making my peace—I should not esteem a pardon if too easily won.

Bell. Thou dost not know what thou wouldst be at; whether thou wouldst have her angry or pleas'd. Could'st thou be content to marry *Araminta*?

Vain. Cou'd you be content to go to heav'n?

Bell. Hum, not immediately, in my conscience not heartily! I'd do a little more good in my generation first, in order to deserve it.

Vain. Nor I to marry *Araminta* till I merit her.

Bell. But how the devil dost thou expect to get her, if she never yield?

Vain. That's true; but I would———

Bell. Marry her without her consent; thou'rt a riddle beyond woman———

Enter SETTER.

Trusty *Setter* what tidings! how goes the Project?

Setter. As all lewd projects do sir, where the devil prevents our endeavours with success.

Bell. A good hearing, *Setter*.

Vain. Well, I'll leave you with your engineer. [*Exit.*

Bell. And hast thou provided necessaries?

Setter. All, all sir; the large sanctified hat, and the little precise band, with a swinging long spiritual cloak, to cover carnal knavery———not forgetting the black patch, which tribulation *Spintext* wears as I am informed upon one eye, as a penal mourning for the ogling offences of his vouth; and some say, with that eye he first discover'd the frailty of his wife.

Bell.

Bell. Well, in this fanatick father's habit, will I confess *Lætitia*.

Setter. Rather prepare her for confession, fir, by helping her to sin.

Bell. Be at your master's lodging in the evening, I shall use the robes. [Exit *Bell*.

Setter. I shall fir——I wonder to which of these two gentlemen I do most properly appertain——the one uses me as his attendant, the other, being the better acquainted with my parts, employs me as a pimp, why that's much the more honourable employment—by all means—I follow one as my master, but the other follows me as his conductor.

Enter *Lucy*.

Lucy. There's the hang-dog his man—I had a power over him in the reign of my mistress, but he is too true a *Valet de chambre* not to affect his master's faults; and consequently is revolted from his allegiance.

Setter. Undoubtedly 'tis impossible to be a pimp and not a man of parts. That is without being politick, diligent, secret, wary and so forth——and to all this valiant as *Hercules*——That is, passively valiant, and actively obedient. Ah! *Setter*, what a treasure is here lost for want of being known.

Lucy. Here's some villainy a foot he's so thoughtful; may be I may discover something in my mask—Worthy fir, a word with you. [Puts on her Mask.

Setter. Why if I were known I might come to be a great man-----

Lucy. Not to interrupt your meditation----

Setter. And I should not be the first that has procur'd his greatness by pimping.

Lucy. Now poverty and the pox light upon thee, for a contemplative pimp.

Setter. Ha! what art, who thus maliciously hast awaken'd me from my dream of glory? speak thou vile disturber----

Lucy. Of thy most vile cogitations---thou poor, conceited wretch, how wert thou valuing thy self, upon thy master's employment. For he's the head pimp to Mr. *Bellmour*.

Setter.

Setter. Good words, damsel, or I shall----But how dost thou know my master or me?

Lucy. Yes, I know both Master and man to be----

Setter. To be men perhaps? nay faith like enough? I often march in the rear of my master, and enter the breaches which he has made.

Lucy. Ay, the breach of faith which he has begun: Thou traytor to thy lawful princefs.

Setter. Why how now! prithee who art? lay by that worldly face and produce your natural vizard.

Lucy. No firrah, I'll keep it on to abuse thee and leave thee without hopes of revenge.

Setter. Oh! I begin to smooke ye, thou art some forsaken *Abigal*, we have dallied with heretofore----and art come to tickle thy imagination with remembrance of iniquity past.

Lucy. No, thou pitiful flatterer of thy master's imperfections, thou maukin made up of the shreds and pairings of his superfluous fopperies.

Setter. Thou art thy mistresses foul self, composed of her sullied iniquities and cloathing.

Lucy. Hang thee---Beggar's cur---Thy master is but a mumper in love; lies canting at the gate, but never dares presume to enter the house.

Setter. Thou art the wicket to thy mistresses gate, to be opened for all comers. In fine thou art the high road to thy mistress, as a clap is to the pox.

Lucy. Beast, filthy toad, I can hold no longer; look and tremble.

[*Unmasks.*]

Setter. How, Mrs. *Lucy*?

Lucy. I wonder thou hast the impudence to look me in the face.

Setter. Adsbud who's in the fault, mistress of mine? who flung the first stone? who undervalued my function? and who the devil could know you by instinct?

Lucy. You could know my office by instinct, an be hang'd, which you have slander'd most abominably. It vexes me not what you said of my person, but that my innocent calling should be expos'd and scandaliz'd---I cannot bear it.

[*Cries.*]

Setter. Nay faith *Lucy* I'm sorry; I'll own my self to blame,

blame, though we were both in fault as to our offices——
Come I'll make you any reparation.

Lucy. Swear.

Setter. I do swear to the utmost of my power.

Lucy. To be brief then; what is the reason your master did not appear to-day according to the summons I brought him?

Setter. To answer you as briefly, he has a cause to be try'd in another court.

Lucy. Come, tell me in plain terms, how forward he is with *Araminta*.

Setter. Too forward to be turn'd back——though he's a little in disgrace at present about a kifs which he forced. You and I *Lucy* can kifs without all that.

Lucy. Stand off——He's a precious jewel.

Setter. And therefore you'd have him set in your Lady's Locket.

Lucy. Where is he now.

Setter. He'll be in the *Piazza* presently.

Lucy. Remember to-day's behaviour. Let me see you with a penitent face.

Setter. What, no token of amity, *Lucy*? you and I don't use to part with dry lips.

Lucy. No, no, avaunt——I'll not be flabber'd and kifs'd now——I'm not i'th' humour. [*Exit.*]

Setter. I'll not quit you so—I'll follow and put you into humour. [*Exit after her.*]

Enter Sir JOSEPH WITTOL, BLUFFE.

Bluffe. And so out of your unwonted generosity——

Sir Jo. And good nature, back; I am good natur'd and I can't help it.

Bluffe. You have given him a note upon *Fondlewife* for a hundred pound.

Sir Jo. Ay, ay, poor fellow, he ventur'd fair for't.

Bluffe. You have disoblig'd me in it—for I have occasion for the Money; and if you would look me in the face again and live, go and force him to re-deliver you the Note; go and bring it me hither. I'll stay here for you.

Sir Jo. You may stay till the day of Judgment then, by the Lord *Harry* I know better things than to be run through the

the Guts for a hundred Pound——why I gave that hundred pound for being fav'd, and d'ye think, an there were no danger, I'll be so ungrateful to take it from the gentleman again.

Bluff. Well, go to him from me----Tell him, I say, he must refund—or Bilbo's the word, and slaughter will ensue——if he refuse, tell him—but whisper that——tell him——I'll pink his soul——but whisper that softly to him.

Sir *Jo.* So softly that he shall never hear on't I warrant you——why, what a devil's the matter, bully, are you mad? or d'ye thinst I'm mad? Agad for my part, I don't love to be the messenger of ill news; 'tis an ungrateful office——So tell him your self.

Bluff. By these Hilts I belive he frightened you into this Composition; I believe you gave it him out of fear, pure paultry fear——confess.

Sir *Jo.* No, no, hang't I was not afraid neither----tho' I confess he did in a manner snap me up----yet I can't say that it was all together out of fear, but partly to prevent Mischief——for he was a devilish cholerick fellow: and if my choler had been up too, agad there would have been mischief done that's flat. And yet I believe if you had been by, I would as soon have let him a' had a hundred of my teeth. Ads heart if he should come just now when I'm angry, I'd tell him——Mum.

Enter SHARPER, BELLMOUR.

Bell. Thou'rt a lucky rogue; there's your benefactor, you ought to return him thanks now you have receiv'd the favour.

Sharp. Sir *Joseph*——your note was accepted, and the money paid at sight: I'm come to return my thanks-----

Sir *Jo.* They won't be accepted, so readily as the bill, Sir.

Bell. I doubt the knight repents, *Tom*----He looks like the knight of the sorrowful face.

Sharp. This is a double generosity-----do me a kindness and refuse my thanks-----but I hope you are not offended that I offer'd 'em?

Sir *Jo.*

Sir Jo. May be I am Sir, may be I am not Sir ; may be I am both ; what then ? I hope, I may be offended without any offence to you Sir.

Sharp. Hey dey ! Captain, what's the matter ? you can tell.

Bluff. Mr. Sharper, the matter is plain-----Sir Joseph has found out your trick, and does not care to be put upon, being a man of honour.

Sharp. Trick, Sir ?

Sir Jo. Ay trick, Sir, and won't be put upon Sir, being a man of Honour Sir, and so Sir !-----

Sharp. Hearkee, Sir Joseph a word with ye----- In consideration of some favours lately receiv'd, I would not have you draw yourself into a premunire, by trusting to that sign of a man there----- that pot-gun charg'd with wind.

Sir Jo. O Lord, O Lord, Captain, come justify yourself ----I'll give him the lie if you'll stand to it.

Sharp. Nay then I'll be before-hand with you take that Oase. [Cuffs him.

Sir Jo. Captain, will you see this ? won't you pink his soul.

Bluff. Husht, 'tis not so convenient now-----I shall find a time.

Sharp. What do you mutter about a time, rascal---you were the incendiary---there's to put you in mind of your time-----a memorandum. [Kicks him.

Bluff. Oh this is your time Sir, you had best make use on't

Sharp. I Gad and so I will: there's again for you.

[Kicks him.

Bluff. You are obliging Sir, but this is too publick a place to thank you in : but in your ear, you are to be seen again ?

Sharp. Ay thou inimitable coward, and to be felt---As for Example. [Kicks him.

Bell. Ha, ha, ha, prithee come away, 'tis scandalous to kick this puppy, unless a man were cold and had no other way to get himself a heat. [Ex Bell. Sharp.

Bluff. Very well-----Very fine-----but 'tis no matter-----Is not this fine, Sir Joseph ?

Sir Jo. Indifferent, agad in my opinion, very indifferent-----I'd rather go plain all my life, then wear such Finery.

Bluff.

Bluff. Death and hell to be affronted thus ! I'll die before I'll suffer it. *(draws.*

Sir *Jo.* O Lord, his anger was not raised before——
Nay, dear captain, don't be in a passion now, he's gone——
Put up, put up, dear back ; 'tis your Sir *Joseph*
begs ; come let me kiss thee ; so, so, put up, put up.

Bluff. By heav'n 'tis not to be put up.

Sir *Jo.* What, Bully ?

Bluff. The affront.

Sir *Jo.* No agad, no more 'tis, for that's put up already ; thy sword I mean.

Bluff. Well Sir *Joseph*, at your entreaty--- But were not you my friend, abus'd, and cuff'd and kickt ?

(Putting up his sword.

Sir *Jo.* Ay, ay, so were you too ; no matter 'tis past.

Bluff. By the immortal thunder of great guns, tis false——
He sucks not vital air, who dares affirm it to this face. *(Looks big.*

Sir *Jo.* To that face I grant you captain ---- No, no, I grant you ---- Not to that face by the Lord *Harry* ---- If you had put on your fighting face before, you had done his business ----- he durst as soon have kiss you, as kickt you to your face ----- But a man can no more help what's done behind his back, than what's said ----- come we'll think no more of what's past.

Bluff. I'll call a council of war within, to consider of my revenge to come. *(Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to Silvia's Lodgings.

Enter HEARTWELL, SILVIA.

S O N G.

I.

*As Amoret and Thyrsis lay
Melting the hours in gentle play ;
Joining Faces, mingling kisses,
And exchanging harmless blisses :
He trembling, cry'd with eager haste,
O let me feed as well as taste,
I die if I'm not wholly blest.*

}
The

II.

The fearful nymph reply'd---Forbear :

I cannot, dare not, must not hear

Dearest *Thyrsis*, do not move me,

Do not--do not--if you love me.

O let me--still the shepherd said ;

But while she fond resistance made,

The hasty joy, in struggling fled.

III.

Vex'd at the pleasure she had mist,

She frown'd and blush'd, then sigh'd and kist,

And seem'd to moan in sullen cooing

The sad Miscarriage of their wooing :

But vain alas ! were all her charms ;

For Thyrsis deaf to love's alarms,

Baffled and senseless, tir'd her arms.

After the Song a dance of Anticks.

Silv. Indeed it is very fine--I could look upon 'em all day.

Heart. Well has this prevail'd for me ? and will you look upon me ?

Sil. If you could sing and dance so, I should love to look upon you too.

Heart. Why 'twas I sung and danc'd ; I gave musick to the voice, and life to their measures---look you here *Silvia*, [*Pulling out a Purse and chinking it.*] here are songs and dances, poetry and musick-----hark ! how sweetly one guinea rhymes to another-----and how they dance to the musick of their own chink. This buys all the other---and this thou shalt have ; this and all that I am worth for the purchase of thy love-----Say, is it mine then, ha ? speak syren---Oons why do I look on her ? Yet I must----speak dear angel, devil, faint, witch ; do not rack me with suspense ?

Silv. Nay, don't stare at me so---you make me blush---I cannot look.

Heart. Oh manhood, where art thou ! What am I come to ? a Woman's toy at these years ! death, a bearded baby for a girl to dandle. O dotage, dotage ! that ever that noble passion *Lust*, should ebb to this degree---no reflux of vigorous blood : but milky love supplies the empty channels, and prompts me to the softness of a child---a meer infant and would suck. Can you love me *Silvia* ? speak.

Silv.

Silv. I dare not speak 'till I believe you; and indeed I'm afraid to believe you yet.

Heart. Death, how her innocence torments and pleases me! lying, child, is indeed the art of love; and men are generally masters in it; but I'm so newly entered; you cannot distrust me of any skill in the treacherous mystery——Now by my soul I cannot lie, though it were to serve a friend or gain a mistress.

Silv. Must you lie then, if you say you love me?

Heart. No no dear ignorance, thou beauteous changeling --- I tell thee I do love thee, and tell it for a truth, a naked truth which I am ashamed to discover.

Silv. But love they say is a tender thing, that will smooth frowns, and make calm an angry face; will soften a rugged temper, and make ill-humour'd people good: you look ready to fright one, and talk as if your passion were not love but anger.

Heart. 'Tis both; for I am angry with my self, when I am pleas'd with you----and a pox upon me for loving thee so well----yet I must on----'tis a bearded arrow, and will more easily be thrust forward than drawn back.

Silv. Indeed if I were well assured you lov'd; but how can I be well assur'd?

Heart. Take the symptoms----and ask all the Tyrants of thy sex, if their fools are not known by this party coloured livery --- I am melancholy when thou art absent, look like an ass when thou art present, wake for you when I should sleep, and even dream of you when I am awake; sigh much, drink little, eat less, court solitude, am grown very entertaining to my self, and (as I am informed) very troublesome to every body else. If this be not love, it is madness, and then it is pardonable --- nay yet a more certain sign than all this, I give thee my money.

Silv. Ay, but that is no sign, for they say gentlemen will give money to any naughty woman to come to bed to them---O *Gemini*, I hope you don't mean so---for I won't be a whore.

Heart. The more is the pity.

(*Aside.*

Silv. Nay, if you'll marry me you should not come to bed to me --- you have such a beard, and would so prick

prickle one. But do you intend to marry me;

Heart. That a fool should ask such a malicious Question! death, I shall be drawn in, before I know where I am—However, I find I am pretty sure of her consent, if I am put to it. (*Aside.*) Marry you! no, no, I'll love you.

Silv. Nay, but if you love me, you must marry me; what, don't I know my father lov'd my mother, and was married to her;

Heart. Ay, ay, in old days people married where they lov'd; but that fashion is chang'd, child.

Silv. Never tell me that, I know 'tis not chang'd, by my self; for I love you, and would marry you.

Heart. I'll have my beard shav'd, it shan't hurt thee, and we'll go to bed ———

Silv. No, no, I'm not such a fool neither but I can keep my self——honest——Here, I won't keep any thing that's yours, I hate you now (*Throws the Purse.*) and I'll never see you again, 'cause you'd have me naught. (*Going.*)

Heart. Damn her, let her go, and a good riddance——Yet so much tenderness and Beauty——and honesty together is a jewel——stay *Silvia*! but then to marry——Why every man plays the fool once in his life: But to marry, is playing the fool all one's life long.

Silv. What did you call me for?

Heart. I'll give thee all I have; and thou shalt live with me in every thing so like my wife, the world shall believe it: Nay, thou shalt think so thy self——Only let me not think so.

Silv. No, I'll die before I'll be your whore—as well as I love you.

Heart. aside.) A woman, and ignorant, may be honest, when 'tis out of obstinacy and contradiction——But S'death it is but a may-be, and upon scurvy terms---Well, farewell then-- --if I can get out of fight, I may get the better of my self.

Silv. Well——good buy. (*Turns and weeps.*)

Heart. Ha! Nay come, we'll kiss at parting. (*kisses her.*) By heav'n her kiss is sweeter than liberty.—I will marry thee——There thou hast don't, all my resolves melted in that kiss——once more.

Silv.

Silv. But when?

Heart. I'm impatient till it be done; I will not give my self liberty to think, lest I should cool---I will about a licence straight-----in the evening expect me---One kiss more to confirm me mad; so! (Exit.

Silv. Ha, ha, ha, an old fox trap.

Enter Lucy.

Bless me! you frightened me! I thought he had been come again, and had heard me.

Lucy. Lord, madam, I met your lover in as much haste, as if he had been going for a midwife.

Silv. He's going for a parson, girl, the forerunner of a midwife, some nine months hence----Well, I find dissembling to our sex is as natural as swimming to a *Negro*; we may depend upon our skill to save us at a plunge, tho' till then we never make the experiment. But how hast thou succeeded?

Lucy. As you would wish. Since there is no reclaiming *Vainlove*, I have found out a picque she has taken at him, and have fram'd a letter, that makes her sue for reconciliation first. I know that will do --- walk in and I'll show it you. Come madam, you're like to have a happy time on't, both your love and anger satisfied!-----All that can charm our sex conspire to please you.

*That woman sure enjoys a blessed night,
Whom love and vengeance both at once delight.*

(*Exeunt.*



A C T



ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter BELLMOUR in Fanatick habit, SETTER.

BELLMOUR.

'TIS pretty near the hour. (*Looking on his watch*) well and how *Setter*, hæ, does my Hypocrisy fit me. hæ ? does it sit easy on me ?

Sett. O most religiously well, Sir.

Bell. I wonder why all our young fellows should glory in an opinion of atheism, when they may be so much more conveniently lewd under the coverlet of religion.

Sett. S'bud sir, away quickly, there's *Fondlewife* just turn'd the corner, and's coming this way.

Bell. Gads so, there he is, he must not see me. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter FONDLEWIFE and BARNABY.

Fond. I say, I will tarry at home.

Bar. But, sir.

Fond. Good lack I profess the spirit of contradiction hath possess'd the lad --- I say I will tarry at home---*Varlet.*

Bar. I have done sir, then farewell 500 pound.

Fond. Ha, how's that? Stay, stay, did you leave word say you with his wife ? with *Comfort* her self.

Bar. I did; and *Comfort* will send *Tribulation* hither as soon as ever he comes home---I could have brought young Mr. *Prig* to have kept my mistress company in the mean time ; but you say——

Fond. How, how, say *Varlet*! I say let him not come near my doors. I say, he is a wanton young *Levite*, and pampereth himself up with dainties, that he may look lovely in the eyes of women——Sincerely I am afraid he hath already defiled the tabernacle of our sister *Comfort* ;

while her good husband is deluded by his godly appearance
---I say, that even lust doth sparkle in his eyes, and glow
upon his Cheeks, and that I would as soon trust my wife
with a lord's high-fed chaplain.

Bar. Sir, the hour draws nigh---And nothing will
be done there 'till you come.

Fond. And nothing can be done here 'till I go---So
that I'll tarry, d'ye see.

Bar. And run the hazard to lose your affair sir!

Fond. Good lack, good lack---I profess it is a very
sufficient vexation, for a man to have a handsome wife.

Bar. Never, sir, but when the man is an insufficient
husband. 'Tis then indeed, like the vanity of taking a
fine house, and yet be forced to let lodgings to help to
pay the rent.

Fond. I profess a very apt comparison, *Varlet*. Go in
and bid my cocky come out to me, I will give her some
instructions, I will reason with her before I go, (*Exit Bar-*
naby.) and in the mean time, I will reason with my self--
'Tell me *Isaac*, why art thee jealous? Why art thee distrust-
ful of the wife of thy bosom? ---Because she's young and
vigorous, and I'm old and impotent ---Then why
didst thee marry *Isaac*? ---Because she was beautiful and
tempting, and because I was obstinate and doating; so
that my inclination was, and is still, greater than my pow-
er---And will not that which tempted thee, also tempt o-
thers, who will tempt her *Isaac*? ---I fear it much--
But does not thy Wife love thee, nay doat upon thee? ---
Yes-- Why then! --- Ay, but to say truth, she's fonder of
me, than she has reason to be; and in the way of trade,
we still suspect the smoothest dealers of the deepest de-
signs---And that she has some designs deeper than thou
canst reach, th' hast experimented *Isaac*---but mum.

Enter LÆTITIA.

Lat. I hope my dearest jewel is not going to leave me---
Are you *Nykin*?

Fond. Wife---Have you thoroughly considered how de-
testable, how heinous, and how crying a sin, the sin of
adultery is? Have you weigh'd it I say? For it is a very
weighty sin; and although it may lye heavy upon thee,
yet

yet thy husband must also bear his part : For thy iniquity will fall upon his head.

Læt. Bless me, what means my dear ?

Fond. Aside.) I profess she has an alluring eye ; I am doubtful, whether I shall trust her, even with *Tribulation* himself——Speak, I say, have you considered, what it is to cuckold your husband ?

Læt. Aside.) I'm amazed : sure he has discover'd nothing——Who has wrong'd me to my dearest ? I hope my jewel does not think, that ever I had any such thing in my head, or ever will have ?

Fond. No, no, I tell you I shall have it in my head--- You will have it some where else.

Læt. Aside.) I know not what to think. But I'm resolv'd to find the meaning of it---Unkind dear ! was it for this you sent to call me ? is it not affliction enough that you are to leave me, but you must study to encrease it by unjust suspicions ? (*Crying*) Well---Well---You know my fondness, and you love to tyrannize----Go on cruel man, do, triumph over my poor heart, while it holds ; which cannot be long, with this usage of yours---But that's what you want---Well---You will have your ends soon---You will---You will---Yes, it will break to oblige you, (*Sighs.*

Fond. Verily I fear I have carried the jest too far---Nay look you now if she does not weep---'tis the fondest fool---Nay, cocky, cocky, nay, dear cocky, don't cry, I was but in jest, I was not ifeck.

Læt. Aside.) O then all's safe. I was terribly affrighted---My affliction is always your jest, barbarous man ! Oh that I should love to this degree ! yet——

Fond. Nay, cocky.

Læt. No, no, you are weary of me, that's it--that's all, you would get another wife---another fond fool, to break her heart---well be as cruel as you can to me, I'll pray for you ; and when I am dead with grief, may you have one that will love you as well as I have done : I shall be contented to lie at peace in my cold grave---since it will please you. (*Sighs.*

Fond. Good lack, good lack, she would melt a heart of oak---I profess I can hold no longer---Nay dear cocky---Ifeck you'll break my heart---Ifeck you will---See you

have made me weep—made poor *Nykin* weep—Nay come kifs, bufs poor *Nykin*—and I won't leave thee—I'll lose all first.

Læt. Aside) How! heav'n forbid! that will be carrying the jest too far indeed.

Fond. Won't you kifs *Nykin*?

Læt. Go naughty *Nykin* you don't love me.

Fond. Kifs, kifs, ifeck I do.

Læt. No you don't. (*She kiffes him.*)

Fond. What not love cocky!

Læt. No---h. (*Sighs.*)

Fond. I profess I do love thee better than 500 pound-- And so thou shalt say, for I'll leave it to stay with thee.

Læt. No you shan't neglect your business for me---No, indeed you sant *Nykin*—If you don't go, I'll think you have been dealous of me still.

Fond. He, he, he, wilt thou poor fool? Then I will go, I won't be dealous—Poor cocky, kifs *Nykin*, kifs *Nykin*, ee, ee, ee—Here will be the good man anon, to talk to cocky and teach her how a wife ought to behave herself.

Læt. (aside) I hope to have one that will show me how a husband ought to behave himself—I shall be glad to learn to please my jewel (*Kifs.*)

Fond. That's my good dear—Come kifs *Nykin* once more, and then get you in—So—Get you in, get you in. By, by.

Læt. By, *Nykin*.

Fond. By, cocky.

Læt. By, *Nykin*.

Fond. By, cocky, by, by, (*She goes in.*)

(*Exit.*)

Enter VAINLOVE, SHARPER.

Sharp. How! *Araminta* lost!

Vain. To confirm what I have said, read this.

(*Gives a Letter.*)

Sharp. reads) *Hum, bum*—And what then appear'd a fault, upon reflection, seems only an effect of a too powerful passion. I'm afraid I give too great a proof of my own at this time--I am in disorder for what I have writ-

ten;

ten; but something, I know not what, forced me. I only beg a favourable censure of this and your Araminta.

Sharp. Lost! pray heav'n thou hast not lost thy wits; here, here, she's thy own man, sign'd and seal'd too---to her man---a delicious mellon, pure, and consenting ripe, and only waits thy cutting up---She has been breeding love to thee all this while, and just now she's deliver'd of it.

Vain. 'Tis an untimely fruit, and she has miscarried of her love.

Sharp. Wilt thou never leave this damn'd, ill-natur'd whimsey, *Frank*? thou hast a sickly peevish appetite; only to chew love and cannot digest it.

Vain. Yes, when I feed my self---But I hate to be cramm'd---by heav'n there's not a woman will give a man the pleasure of a chase: My sport is always balkt, or cut short---I stumble over the game I would pursue---'Tis dull and unnatural to have a hare run full in the hounds mouth, and would distaste the keenest hunter---I would have overtaken, not have met my game.

Sharp. However I hope you don't mean to forsake it? that will be but a kind of a mungril cur's trick. Well, are you for the mall?

Vain. No, she will be there this evening---Yes---I will go too---And she shall see her error in---

Sharp. In her choice I gad---But thou canst not be so great a brute as to slight her.

Vain. I should disappoint her if I did not---By her management I shou'd think she expects it.

All naturally fly what does pursue:

'Tis fit Men shou'd be coy when women wooe.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE Changes to a Room in Fondlewife's House.

A Servant introducing Bellmour in a Fanatick Habit, with a Patch upon one Eye, and a Book in his Hand.

Servant.

Here's a chair, sir, if you please to repose your self.
I'll call my mistress.

(Exit Servant.)

Bell.

Bell. Secure in my disguise, I have out-fac'd suspicion, and even dar'd discovery---This cloak my sanctity, and trusty *Scaron's* novels my prayer-book---Methinks I am the very picture of *Montufar* in the *Hypocrites*---Oh! she comes.

Enter LÆTITIA,

*So breaks Aurora through the veil of night, } Throwing off
Thus fly the clouds, divided by her light, } his Cloak,
And every eye receives a new-born sight. } Patch, &c.*

Læt. Thus strow'd with blushes, like---Ah! heav'n de-fend me! Who's this (Discovering him starts.)

Bell. Your lover.

Læt. *Vainlove's* friend! I know his face and he has betray'd me to him. (Aside.)

Bell. You are surpris'd. Did you not expect a lover, madam? those eyes shone kindly on my first appearance, tho' now they are o'er cast

Læt. I may well be surpris'd at your person and impudence; they are both new to me---You are not what your first appearance promised: The piety of your habit was welcome, but not the hypocrisy.

Bell. Rather the hypocrisy was welcome, but not the hypocrite. (Aside.)

Læt. Who are you, Sir? You have mistaken the house sure.

Bell. I have directions in my pocket, which agree with every thing but your unkindness.

(Pulls out the Letter.)

Læt. My letter! Base *Vainlove*! Then 'tis too late to dissemble. (Aside.) 'Tis plain then you have mistaken the person. (Going.)

Bell. If we part so, I'm mistaken---Hold, hold, madam---I confess I have run into an error---I beg your pardon a thousand times--What an eternal blockhead am I! can you forgive me the disorder I have put you into--But it is a mistake which any body might have made.

Læt. What can this mean! 'Tis impossible he should be mistaken after all this---A handsome fellow if he had not surpriz'd me; methinks, now I look on him again, I would not have him mistaken. (Aside.) We are all liable

to

to mistakes, Sir : If you own it to be so : there needs no farther apology.

Bell. Nay 'faith, madam, 'tis a pleasant one, and worth your hearing. Expecting a friend, last night, at his lodgings, till 'twas late, my intimacy with him gave me the freedom of his bed ; he not coming home all night, a letter was deliver'd to me by a servant, in the morning ; upon the perusal I found the contents so charming, that I could think of nothing all day, but putting 'em in practice---till just now, (the first time I ever look'd upon the superscription.) I am the most surpriz'd in the world to find it directed to Mr. *Vainlove*. Gad, madam, I ask you a million of pardons, and will make you any satisfaction.

Læt. I am discover'd---And either *Vainlove* is not guilty, or he has handsomely excused him. (*Aside.*)

Bell. You appear concern'd, madam ?

Læt. I hope you are a gentleman ;---and since you are privy to a weak woman's failing, won't turn it to the prejudice of her reputation. You look as if you had more honour.---

Bell. And more love ; or my face is a false witness, and deserves to be pillory'd.---No, by heav'n, I swear---

Læt. Nay, don't swear, if you'd have me believe you ; but promise---

Bell. Well, I promise---A promise is so cold---Give me leave to swear---by those eyes, those killing eyes ; by those healing lips.---Oh ! press the soft charm close to mine,---and seal 'em up for ever.

Læt. Upon that condition. (*He kisses her.*)

Bell. Eternity was in that moment---One more, upon any condition.

Læt. Nay now---I never saw any thing so agreeably impudent. (*Aside.*)

Won't you censure me for this, now ?---but 'tis to buy your silence. (*Kiss.*)

Oh, but what am I doing !

Bell. Doing ! No tongue can express it---not thy own ; nor any thing but thy lips. I am faint with the excess of bliss : Oh, for love-sake, lead me any whither, where I may lie down ; quickly, for I'm afraid I shall have a fit.

Lat. Bless me ! What fit ?

Bell. Oh, a convulsion---I feel the symptoms.

Lat. Does it hold you long ? I'm afraid to carry you into my chamber.

Bell. Oh, No : Let me lie down upon the bed ;---
the fit will be soon over. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE *changes to St. James's Park.*

ARAMINTA and BELINDA *meeting.*

Belinda.

LARD, my dear : I am glad I have met with you--I have been at the *Exchange* since, and am so tir'd----

Aram. Why, what's the matter ?

Belin. Oh the most inhuman, barbarous hackney-coach ! I am jolted to a jelly---Am I not horridly touz'd !

(Pulls out a Pocket-Glass.)

Aram. Your head's a little out of order.

Bell. A little ! O frightful ! What a furious fiz I have ? O most rueful ! Ha, ha, ha : O gad, I hope no body will come this way, 'till I put my self a little in repair-----

Ah ! my dear-----I have seen such unhewn creatures since-----Ha, ha, ha, I can't for my soul help thinking that I look just like one of 'em-----Good dear, pin this, and I'll tell you-----Very well-----So, thank you my dear---But as I was telling you-----Pish, this is the untoward't lock,-----So, as I was telling you-----How d'ye like me now ? Hideous, ha ? Frightful still ? Or how ?

Aram. No, no, you're very well as can be.

Belin. And so-----But where did I leave off, my dear ? I was telling you-----

Aram. You were about to tell me something, child----but you left off before you began.

Belin. Oh ! a most comical sight : A country squire, with the equipage of a wife and two daughters, came to Mrs. *Snipewell's* shop, while I was there-----But oh gad ! Two such unlick'd cubs !

Aram. I warrant, plump, cherry-cheek'd country girls.

Bell.

Bell. Ay, O my conscience, fat as barn-door-fowl : But so bedeck'd, you would have taken 'em for *Friezland* hens, with their Feathers growing the wrong way -- O such out-landish creatures! Such *Tramontanæ*, and foreigners to the fashion, or any thing in practice! I had not patience to behold— I undertook the modelling of one of their fronts, the more modern structure.--

Aram. Bless me, cousin ; why would you affront any body so? They might be gentlewomen of a very good family---

Belin. Of a very antient one, I dare swear, by their dress—Affront! Pshaw, how you're mistaken! The poor creature, I warrant, was as full of courtesies, as if I had been her godmother. The truth on't is, I did endeavour to make her look like a Christian--and she was sensible of it; for she thank'd me, and gave me two apples, piping hot, out of her under-peticoat-Pocket--Ha, ha, ha: And t'other did so stare and gape-- I fancied her like the front of her father's hall, her eyes were the two jut-windows, and her mouth the great door, most hospitably kept open, for the entertainment of travelling flies.

Aram. So then you have been diverted. What did they buy?

Belin. Why the father brought a powder-horn, and an almanack, and a comb-case; the mother, a great fruz-tower, and a fat-amber-necklace; the daughters only tore two pair of kid gloves, with trying 'em on— Oh gad, here comes the fool that din'd at my lady *Free-love's* t' other day.

Enter Sir JOSEPH and BLUFFE.

Aram. May be he may not know us again.

Belin. We'll put on our masks to secure his ignorance.

(They put on their Masks.)

Sir *Jo.* Nay, gad, I'll pick up; I'm resolv'd to make a night on't—I'll go to alderman *Fondlewife* by and by, and get fifty pieces more from him. Adflidikins, *Bully*, we'll wallow in wine and Women. Why, this same *Madera* wine has made me as light as a grasshopper—Hift, hift, bully, dost thou see those tearers? *(Sings)*

Look you what here is——Toll——loll——dera——toll——loll—— A gad, t' other glass of *Madera*, and I durst have attack'd 'em in my own proper person, without your help.

Bluffe. Come on then, knight——But dy'e know what to say to 'em?

Sir *Jo*. Say: Pooh, pox, I've enough to say——never fear it——that is, if I can but think on't: Truth is I have but a treacherous memory.

Belin. O frightful! Cousin, what shall I do? These things come toward us.

Aram. No matter——I see *Vainlove* coming this way——and, to confess my failing, I am willing to give him an opportunity of making his peace with me——and to rid me of these coxcombs, when I seem oppress'd with 'em, will be a fair one.

Bluffe. Ladies, by these hilts you are well met.

Aram. We are afraid not.

Bluffe. What says my pretty little knapsack carrier?

(*To Bellinda*.)

Belin. O monstrous filthy fellow! Good slovenry captain *Huffe*, *Bluffe*, (what's your hideous name?) be gone: You stink of brandy and tobacco, most Soldier-like. Foh.

(*Spits*.)

Sir *Jo*. Now am I slap-dash down in the mouth, and have not one word to say!

(*Aside*.)

Aram. I hope my fool has not confidence enough to be troublesome.

(*Aside*.)

Sir *Jo*. Hem! Pray, madam, which way's the wind?

Aram. A pithy Question——Have you sent your wits for a venture, sir, that you enquire?

Sir *Jo*. Nay, now I'm in——I can prattle like a Magpye.

(*Aside*.)

Enter SHARPER and VAINLOVE at a distance.

Belin, Dear *Araminta*, I'm tir'd,

Aram. 'Tis but pulling off our masks, and obliging *Vainlove* to know us; I'll be rid of my fool by fair means——Well, Sir *Joseph*, you shall see my face-- but be gone immediately——I see one that will be jealous

to find me in discourse with you --- Be discreet — No reply, but away. *(Unmasks.)*

Sir Jo. The great fortune, that din'd at my lady Free-love's! Sir Joseph, thou art a madman. Agad, I'm in love up to the ears. But I'll be discreet, and husht. *(Aside.)*

Bluffe. Nay, by the world, I'll see your face.

Belin. You shall. *(Unmasks.)*

Sharp. Ladies, your humble servant. -- We were afraid, you would not have given us leave to know you.

Aram. We thought to have been private. — But we find fools have the same advantage over a face in a mask, that a coward has, while the sword is in the scabbard— So were forc'd to draw in our own defence.

Bluffe. My blood rises at that fellow: I can't stay where he is; and I must not draw in the park.

(To Sir Joseph.)

Sir Jo. I wish I durst stay to let her know my lodging.

(Exeunt Sir Joseph and Bluffe.)

Sharp. There is in true beauty, as in courage, somewhat which narrow souls cannot dare to admire.—And see, the owls are fled, as at the break of day.

Belin. Very courtly. — I believe Mr. Vainlove has not rubb'd his eyes since break of day neither, he looks as if he durst not approach Nay,— come cousin, be friends with him—I swear, he looks so very simple, ha, ha, ha, —Well, a lover in the state of separation from his mistress, is like a body without a soul. Mr. Vainlove, shall I be bound for your good behaviour for the future?

Vain. Now must I pretend ignorance equal to hers, of what she knows as well as I. *(Aside.)* Men are apt to offend ('tis true) where they find most goodness to forgive-----But, madam, I hope I shall prove of a temper, not to abuse mercy, by committing new offences.

Aram. So cold!

(Aside.)

Belin. I have broke the ice for you, Mr. Vainlove, and so I leave you. Come, Mr. Sharper, you and I will take a turn, and laugh at the vulgar-- both the great vulgar and the small—— Oh Gad! I have a great Passion for Cowley.--- Don't you admire him?

Sharp. Oh madam! He was our English Horace.

Belin. Ah so fine! so extremely fine! so every thing

in the world that I like.———Oh lord, walk this way---I see a couple, I'll give you their history.

(*Ex. Bel. and Sharp.*)

Vain. I find, madam, the formality of the law must be observ'd, tho' the penalty of it be dispens'd with; and an offender must plead to his arraignment, tho' he have his pardon in his pocket.

Aram. I am amaz'd; this insolence exceeds the other; ————whoever has encourag'd you to this assurance---- presuming upon the easiness of my temper, has much deceiv'd you, and so you shall find.

Vain. Hey day! Which way now? Here's fine doubling. (*Aside.*)

Aram. Base man! Was it not enough to affront me with your saucy passion?

Vain. You have given that passion a much kinder Epithet than saucy, in another place.

Aram. Another place! Some villainous design to blast my honour———But tho' thou hadst all the treachery and malice of thy sex, thou canst not lay a blemish on my fame———No, I have not err'd in one favourable thought of mankind———How time might have deceiv'd me in you, I know not; my opinion was but young, and your early baseness has prevented its growing to a wrong belief———Unworthy, and ungrateful! be gone, and never see me more.

Vain. Did I dream? or do I dream? shall I believe my eyes, or ears? the vision is here still---- Your passion, Madam, will admit of no farther reasoning——— But here is a silent witness of your acquaintance———

(*Takes out the letter, and offers it: She snatches it, and throws it away.*)

Aram. There's poison in every thing you touch---blisters will follow.———

Vain. That tongue, which denies what the hands have done———

Aram. Still mystically senseless and impudent: I find I must leave the place.

Vain. No, madam, I'm gone- she knows her name's to it, which she will be unwilling to expose to the censure of the first finder.

(*Exit.*)

Aram

The Old B A T C H E L O R. 49

Aram. Woman's obstinacy made me blind, to what woman's curiosity now tempts me to see.

(Takes up the Letter, and Exit.)

Enter BELINDA, SHARPER.

Bell. Nay, we have spared no body, I swear. Mr. *Sharper*, you're a pure man; where did you get this excellent talent of railing?

Sharp. Faith, madam, the talent was born with me: I confess, I have taken care to improve it; to qualify me for the society of ladies.

Bell. Nay, sure railing is the best qualification in a woman's man.

Sharp. The second best——indeed I think.

Enter Footman.

Belin. How now *Pace*? Where's my cousin?

Foot. She's not very well, madam, and has sent to know if your ladyship would have the coach come again for you?

Belin. O lord, no, I'll go along with her. Come, Mr. *Sharper*. *(Exit.)*

SCENE *changes to a Chamber in Fondlewife's House.*

Enter LÆTITIA and BELLMOUR, *his Cloak, Hat, &c. lying loose about the Chamber.*

BELLMOUR.

HERE's no body, nor no noise; ——'twas nothing but your fears.

Læt. I durst have sworn, I had heard my monster's voice--- I swear I was heartily frightened——Feel how my heart beats.

Bell. 'Tis an alarm to love——Come in again, and let us——

Fond. without. Cocky, cocky, where are you, cocky? I'm come home.

Læt. Ah; there he is, make haste, gather up your things.

Fond. Cocky, cocky, open the door.

Bell.

Bell. Pox choak him, would his horns were in his throat. My patch, my patch.

(Looking about, and gathering up his things.

Læt. My jewel, art thou there? No matter for your patch——You s'an't tum in, *Nykin*——Run into my chamber, quickly, quickly. You s'an't tum in.

(Bell. goes in.

Fond. Nay, prithee dear, ifeck I'm in haste.

Læt. Then I'll let you in. *(Opens the door.*

Enter Fondlewife and Sir Joseph.

Fond. Kifs, dear——I met the master of the Ship by the way——and I must have my papers of accounts out of your cabinet.

Læt. Oh, I'm undone. *(Aside.*

Sir Jo. Pray, first let me have fifty pound, good alderman, for I'm in haste.

Fond. A hundred has already been paid by your order. Fifty! I have the sum ready in gold, in my closet.

(Goes into his closet.

Sir Jo. Agad, its a curious, fine, pretty, rogue; I'll speak to her——Pray, madam, what news d'ye hear?

Læt. Sir, I seldom stir abroad.

(Walks about in disorder.

Sir Jo. I wonder at that, madam, for 'tis most curious fine weather.

Læt. Methinks, 'thas been very ill weather.

Sir Jo. As you say, madam, 'tis pretty bad weather, and has been so a great while.

Enter Fondlewife.

Fond. Here are fifty pieces in this purse, *Sir Joseph*——If you will tarry a moment, till I fetch my papers, I'll wait upon you down stairs.

Læt. Ruin'd past redemption! What shall I do-- Ha! this fool may be of use. *(Aside)* Stand off, rude ruffian. Help me, my dear——O blefs me! Why will you leave me alone with such a satyr.

(As Fond. is going into the chamber, she runs to Sir Jo. almost pushes him down, and cries out.

Fond. Blefs us! what's the matter? what's the matter?

Læt. Your back was no sooner turn'd, but like a lion he came open mouth'd upon me, and would have ravish'd a kifs from me by main force.

Sir Jo.

Sir Jo. O Lord! O terrible! Ha, ha, ha, is your wife mad, alderman?

Læt. Oh! I am sick with the fright; won't you take him out of my sight?

Fond. Oh traitor! I'm astonished. O bloody minded traitor!

Sir Jo. Hey day! traitor your self——by the lord Harry I was in the most danger of being ravish'd, if you go to that.

Fond. Oh, how the blasphemous wretch swears! Out of my house, thou son of the whore of *Babylon*; offspring of *Bell* and the *Dragon*——Bless us! ravish my wife! my *Dinah*! Oh *Schechemite*! Be gone I say.

Sir Jo. Why, the devil's in the people, I think. (*Exit.*)

Læt. Oh! won't you follow, and see him out of doors, my dear?

Fond. I'll shut the door, to secure him from coming back.—Give me the key of your cabinet, cocky — ravish my wife before my face! I warrant he is a papist in his heart, if not, at least a *Frenchman*.

Læt. What can I do now! (*Aside.*) Oh! my Dear, I have been in such a fright, that I forgot to tell you, poor Mr. *Spintext* has a sad fit of the cholick, and is forced to lie down upon our bed ----You'll disturb him; I can tread softer.

Fond. Alack poor man ----No, no ----you don't know the papers---I won't disturb him; Give me the key.

[*She gives him the key, goes to the chamber door, and speaks aloud.*]

Læt. 'Tis no body but Mr. *Fondlewife*, Mr. *Spintext*, lie still on your stomach, lying on your stomach will ease you of the cholick,

Fond. Ay ay, lie still, lie still; dont let me disturb you.

(*goes in.*)

Læt. Sure when he does not see his face, he won't discover him. Dear fortune help me but this once, and I'll never run in thy debt again——But this opportunity is the devil.

Fondlewife returns with Papers.

Fond. Good lack! good lack!——I profess the poor man is in great torment, he lies as flat——Dear you should heat a trencher, or a napkin----Where's *Deborah*?

borah ? let her clap a warm thing to his stomach, or chafe it with a warm hand, rather than fail. What book's this?

(*Sees the book that Bellmour forgot.*

Læt. Mr. *Spintext's* prayer-book, dear ——— Pray heav'n it be a prayer-book. (*Aside.*

Fond. Good man ! I warrant he dropt it on purpose that you might take it up, and read some of the pious ejaculations. (*Taking up the book*) O blefs me ! O monstrous ! A prayer-book ? Ay, this is the devil's *Pater-noster*. Hold let me see ; *The innocent adultery*.

Læt. Misfortune ! now all's ruin'd again. (*Aside.*

Bell. (*Peeping.*) Damn'd chance ! If I had gone a whoring with the *Praetise of Piety* in my pocket, I had never been discover'd.

Fond. Adultery, and innocent ! O Lord ! here's doctrine ! ay, here's discipline !

Læt. Dear husband, I'm amaz'd : ——— sure it is a good book, and only tends to the speculation of sin.

Fond. Speculation ! No, no ; something went farther than speculation when I was not to be let in----where is this apocryphal elder ? i'll ferret him.

Læt. I'm so distracted, I can't think of a lye. (*Aside.*
Fondlewife balling out Bellmour.

Fond. Come out here, thou *Annianias* incarnate ---who, how now, who have you here ?

Læt. Ha ! (*Shrieks as surpriz'd.*

Fond. Oh, thou falacious woman ! am I then brutified ? ay, I feel it here ; I sprout, I bud, I blossom, I am ripe-horn-mad. But who in the devil's name are you ? Mercy on me for swearing. But. ———

Læt. Oh, goodness keep us ! who's this ? who are you ? what are you ?

Bell. Soh.

Læt. In the name of the----oh ! good my dear, don't come near it, I'm afraid 't's the devil ; indeed it has hoofs, dear.

Fond. Indeed, and I have horns, dear. The devil, no, I'm afraid, 'tis the flesh thou harlot. Dear, with the pox. Come *Syren*, speak, confess, who is this reverend brawny pastor ?

Læt. Indeed and indeed now my dear *Nykin*----I never saw this wicked man before.

Fond.

Fond. O, it is a man then, it seems.

Læt. Rather, sure it is a wolf in the cloathing of a sheep.

Fond. Thou art a devil in his proper cloathing, woman's flesh. What you know nothing of him, but his fleece here!--You don't love mutton?--- you *Magdalene* unconverted.

Bell. Well, now I know my cue---That is, very honourably to excuse her, and very impudently accuse my self. [*Aside.*

Læt. Why then, I wish I may never enter into the heaven of your embraces again, my dear, if ever I saw his face before?

Fond. O lord! O strange! I am in admiration of your impudence. Look at him a little better; he is more modest, I warrant you than to deny it. Come, were you two never face to face before? Speak.

Bell. Since all artifice is vain-----and I think my self obliged to speak the truth in justice to your wife---No.

Fond. Humph.

Læt. No, indeed dear.

Fond. Nay I find you are both in a story; that I must confess. But what---not to be cur'd of the cholick? Don't you know your patient, Mrs *Quack*? Oh, lie upon your stomach; lying upon your stomach will cure you of the cholick. Ah! I wish he has not lain upon *ro* bodies stomach but his own. Answer me that *Jezebel*?

Læt. Let the wicked man answer for himself; does he think that I have nothing to do but excuse him; 'tis enough, if I can clear my own Innocence to my own dear.

Bell. By my troth, and so 'tis-----I have been a little too backward that's the truth on't.

Fond. Come, fir, who are you, in the first place? and what are you?

Bell. A whoremaster.

Fond. Very concise.

Læt. O beastly, impudent creature!

Fond. Well fir, and what came you hither for?

Bell. To lie with your wife.

Fond. Good again---a very civil person this is, and I believe speaks truth.

Læt.

Læt. Oh, insupportable impudence!

Fond. Well, fir,---Pray be cover'd---and you have---
Heh! You have finish'd the matter? Heh? And I am,
as I should be, a sort of a civil perquisite to a whore-mas-
ter, call'd a *Cuckold*, Heh? Is it not so? Come, I'm in-
clining to believe every word you say.

Bell. Why, faith I must confess, so I design'd you---
But, you were a little unlucky in coming so soon, and
hindred the making of your own fortune.

Fond. Humph. Nay, if you mince the matter once,
and go back of your word, you are not the person I took
you for. Come, come, go on boldly---What, don't be
asham'd of your profession---Confess, confess, I shall
love thee the better for't---I shall, ifeek---
What, dost think I don't know how to behave my self
in the employment of a cuckold, and have been three
years apprentice to matrimony? Come, come, plain-
dealing is a jewel.

Bell. Well, since I see you are a good honest fellow,
I'll confess the whole matter to thee.

Fond. Oh, I am a very honest fellow---You never lay
with an honest man's wife in your life.

Læt. How my heart akes! All my comfort lies in his
impudence, and heav'n be praised he has a considerable
portion. *(Aside.)*

Bell. In short then, I was informed of the opportunity
of your absence, by my spy, (for faith, honest *Ijaac* I
have a long time design'd thee this favour) I knew *Spin-
text* was to come by your direction.---But I laid a
trap for him, and procured his habit; in which, I pass'd
upon your servants, and was conducted hither. I pre-
tended a fit of the cholick, to excuse my lying down up-
on your bed; hoping that when she heard of it, her good
nature would bring her to administer remedies for my di-
stemper.---You know what might have follow'd.---But
like an uncivil Person, you knock'd at the door, before
your wife was come to me.

Fond. Ha! This is apocryphal; I may chuse whether
I will believe it or no.

Bell. That you may, faith; and I hope you won't
believe a word on't---But I cant help telling the truth, for
my life.

Fond.

Fond. How ! wou'd not you have me believe you, say you ?

Bell. No ; for then you must of consequence part with your wife, and there will be some hopes of having her upon the publick : then the encouragement of a separate maintenance——

Fond. No, no ; for that matter,——when she and I part, she'll carry her separate maintenance about her.

Læt. Ah, cruel dear, how can you be so barbarous ? You'll break my heart, if you talk of parting. (*Cries.*

Fond. Ah, dissembling vermin !

Bell. How can'st thou be so cruel, *Isaac* ? Thou hast the heart of a mountain-tyger. By the faith of a sincere sinner, she's innocent for me. Go to him, madam, fling your snowy arms about his stubborn neck ; bathe his relentless face in your salt trickling tears.---So ; a few soft words, and a kifs, and the good man melts. See how kind nature works, and boils over in him.

(*She goes and hangs upon his Neck, and kisses him.*

Bell. *kisses her Hand behind Fondlewife's back.*

Læt. Indeeed, my dear, I was but just come down stairs, when you knock'd at the door ; and the maid told me Mr. *Spintext* was ill of the cholick upon our bed. And won't you speak to me, cruel *Nykin* ? Indeed I'll die, if you don't.

Fond. Ah ! No, no, I cannot speak my heart's so full--- I have been a tender husband, a tender yoke-fellow ; you know I have---But thou hast been a faithless *Dalilah*, and the *Philistines* have been upon thee. Heh ! Art thou not vile and unclean, Heh ? Speak.

[*Weeping.*

Læt. Noh.

[*Sighing.*

Fond. Oh, that I could believe thee !

Læt. Oh, my heart will break. [*Seeming to faint.*

Fond. Heh, how ! No, stay, stay, I will believe thee, I will---Pray bend her forward, fir.

Læt. Oh ! Oh ! Where is my dear ?

Fond. Here, here ; I do believe thee.——I won't believe my own eyes.

Bell. For my part, I am so charm'd with the love of your turtle to you, that I'll go and solicit matrimony with all my might and main.

Fond.

Fond. Well, well, fir ; as long as I believe it, 'tis well enough. No thanks to you, fir, for her virtue.——
But, I'll show you the way out of my house, if you please. Come, my dear. Nay, I will believe thee, I do, ifeek.

Bell. See the great blessing of an easy faith ; opinion cannot err.

*No husband, by his wife, can be deceiv'd
She still is virtuous, if she's so believ'd.*

[Exeunt.



A C T V. S C E N E I.

The Street.

Enter BELLMOUR in Fanatick Habit, and SETTER.

B E L L M O U R.

S E T T E R ! Well encounter'd.

Setter. Joy of your return, fir. Have you made a good voyage ? or have you brought your own lading back ;

Bell. No, I have brought nothing but ballast back---made a delicious voyage *Setter* ; and might have rode at anchor in the port till this time, but the enemy surpriz'd us——I would unrig.

Setter. I attend you, fir.

(*Heartwell and Lucy appear at Silvia's Door.*

Bell. Ha ! is not that *Heartwell* at *Sylva's* door ? Be gone quickly, I'll follow you :—I would not be known (*Exit. Setter*) pox take 'em they stand just in my way.

Heart. I'm impatient till it's done.

Lucy. That may be, without troubling your self to go again for your brother's chaplain. Don't you see that staking form of godliness ?

Heart. O pox ; he's a fanatick.

Lucy.

Lucy. An executioner qualified to do your business. He has been lawfully ordain'd.

Heart. I'll pay him well, if you'll break the matter to him.

Lucy. I warrant you----Do you go and prepare your bride. [*Ex. Heart.*]

Bell. Humph. fits the wind there?----What a lucky rogue am I! Oh, what sport will be here, if I can persuade this wench to secrecy?

Lucy. Sir: Reverend sir.

Bell. Madam.

[*Discovers himself.*]

Lucy. Now, goodness have mercy upon me! Mr. *Bellmour*! is it you?

Bell. Even I-----What dost think?

Lucy. Think! that I should not believe my eyes, and that you are not what you seem to be.

Bell. True. But to convince thee who I am, thou know'st my old token. [*Kisses her.*]

Lucy. Nay, Mr. *Bellmour*, O lard! I believe you are a parson in good earnest, you kiss so devoutly.

Bell. Well, your business with me, *Lucy*?

Lucy. I had none but through mistake.

Bell. Which mistake you must go through with, *Lucy*-----Come, I know the intrigue between *Heartwell* and your mistress; and you mistook me for *Tribulation Spintext*, to marry 'em---Ha? Are not matters in this posture?-----Confess.-----Come I'll be faithful: I will ifaith.-----What diffide in me *Lucy*?

Lucy. Alas-a-day, you and Mr. *Vainlove*, between you, have ruin'd my poor mistress: You have made a gap in her Reputation; and can you blame her if she stop it up with a Husband?

Bell. Well, is it as I say?

Lucy. Well, it is then: But you'll be secret?

Bell. Phuh, secret, ay And---to be out of thy debt, I'll trust thee with another secret. Your Mistress must not marry *Heartwell Lucy*.

Lucy. How! O Lord!-----

Bell. Nay, don't be in a Passion, *Lucy*:---I'll provide a fitter Husband for her.-----Come here's earnest of my good intentions for thee too: Let this mollifie --- (gives her money) Look you, *Heartwell* is my friend; and tho'

tho' he be blind, I must not see him fall into the snare, and unwittingly marry a whore.

Lucy. Whore! I'd have you to know, my mistress scorns——

Bell. Nay, nay: Look you, *Lucy*; there are whores of as good quality-----But to the purpose, if you will give me leave to acquaint you with it.----Do you carry on the mistake of me: I'll marry 'em.----Nay, don't pause: If you do, I'll spoil all----I have some private reasons for what I do, which I'll tell you within.----In the mean time, I promise----and rely upon me,----to help your mistress to a husband: Nay, and thee too, *Lucy*.-----Here's my hand, I will; with a fresh assurance.

(*Gives her more money.*)

Lucy. Ah the devil is not so cunning.----you know my easie Nature.----Well, for once I'll venture to serve you; but if you do deceive me, the curse of all kind, tender-hearted women light upon you.

Bell. That's as much as to say, *The pox take me*-----well lead on. (Exit.)

Enter VAINLOVE, SHARPER and SETTER.

Sharp. Just now, say you, gone in with *Lucy*?

Sett. I saw him, sir; and stood at the corner where you found me, and overheard all they said. Mr. *Bellmour* is to marry 'em.

Sharp. Ha ha, 'twill be a pleasant cheat-----I'll plague *Heartwell* when I see him. Prithy *Frank*, let's teaze him; make him fret 'till he foam at the mouth, and disgorge his matrimonial oath with interest-----come, thou'rt so musty-----

Sett. to *Sharper.*) Sir, a word with you.

(*Whispers him.*)

Vain. *Sharper* swears, she has forsworn the letter-----I'm sure he tells me truth; ---but I am not sure she told him truth: --- Yet she was unaffectedly concern'd, he says, and often blush'd with anger and surprize: ----- and so I remember in the park.-----She had reason, if I wrong her.---I begin to doubt.

Sharp. Say'st thou so!

Sett. This afternoon, sir, about an hour before my master received the letter.

Sharp.

Sharp. In my conscience like enough.

Sett. Ay, I know her, fir; at least, I'm sure I can fish it out of her. She's the very sluice to her lady's secrets. 'Tis but setting her mill a going, and I can drein her of 'em all.

Sharp. Here, *Frank*, your blood-hound has made out the fault: This letter that so sticks in thy maw, is counterfeit; only a trick of *Silvia*, in revenge, contriv'd by *Lucy*.

Vain. Ha! it has a colour——but how do you know it, firrah?

Sett. I do suspect as much——because why, fir, she was pumping me about how your worship's affairs stood towards madam *Araminta*. As when you had seen her last, when you were to see her next; and, where you were to be found at that time; and such like.

Vain. And where did you tell her?

Sett. In the *Piazza*.

Vain. There I receiv'd the letter——it must be so—— And why did you not find me out, to tell me this before, sot?

Sett. I was pimping for Mr. *Bellmour*.

Sharp. You were well employ'd——I think there is no objection to the excuse.

Vain. Pox o' my sawcy credulity——If I have lost her I deserve it. But if confession and repentance be of force, I'll win her, or weary her into a forgiveness. (*Exit.*)

Sharp. Methinks I long to see *Bellmour* come forth.

Enter BELLMOUR.

Sett. Talk of the devil——See where he comes.

Sharp. Hugging himself in his prosperous mischief—— No real fanatick can look better pleas'd after a successful sermon of sedition.

Bell. *Sharper*! Fortifie thy spleen: such a jest! Speak when thou art ready.

Sharp. Now were I ill-natur'd, would I utterly disappoint thy mirth: Hear thee tell thy mighty jest, with as much gravity as a bishop hears venereal causes in his spiritual court: Not so much as wrinkle my face with one smile; but let thee look simply and laugh by thy self.

Bell. Pshaw, No: I have a better opinion of thy wit Gad, I despise thee——

Sharp.

Sharp. Were it not lots of time, you should make the experiment. But honest *Setter* here over-heard you with *Lucy*, and has told me all.

Bell. Nay, then I thank thee for not putting me out of countenance. But to tell you something you don't know — I got an opportunity, after I had married 'em, of discovering the cheat to *Sylvia*. She took it at first, as another woman would the like disappointment; but my promise to make her amends quickly with another husband, somewhat pacify'd her.

Sharp. But how the devil do you think to acquit your self of your promise? will you marry her your self?

Bell. I have no such intentions at present — Prithee, wilt thou think a little for me? I am sure the ingenious Mr. *Setter* will assist.

Sett. O lord, Sir!

Bell. I'll leave him with you, and go shift my habit.

(*Exit.*)

Enter Sir JOSEPH and BLUFFE.

Sharp. Heh! Sure fortune has sent this fool hither on purpose. *Setter* stand close; seem not to observe 'em; and, hark ye. (*whispers.*)

Bluff. Fear him not——I am prepar'd for him now; and he shall find he might have safer rous'd a sleeping lyon.

Sir Jo. Hush, hush: Don't you see him?

Bluff. Shew him to me. Where is he?

Sir Jo. Nay, don't speak so loud——I don't jest as I did a little while ago——Look yonder——Agad, if he should hear the lion roar, he'd cudgel him into an ass, and his primitive braying. Don't you remember the story in *Æsop's Fables*, *Bully*? Agad there are good morals to be pickt out of *Æsop's Fables*, let me tell you that; and *Reynard the Fox* too.

Bluff. Damn your morals.

Sir Jo. Prithee don't speak so loud.

Bluff. Damn your morals: I must revenge th' affront done to my honour. (*In a low Voice.*)

Sir Jo. Ay; do, do, captain, if you think fitting—You may dispose of your own flesh as you thinkest fitting
d'ye

d'ye see :—But by the lord Harry, I'll leave you.

(*Stealing away upon his Tiptoes.*)

Bluff. Prodigious ! What will you forsake your friend in his extremity ! You can't in honour refuse to carry him a challenge.

(*Almost whispering and treading softly after him.*)

Sir Jo. Prithee, what do you see in my face, that looks as if I would carry a challenge ? honour is your province, captain ; take it—All the world know me to be a knight and a man of worship.

Sett. I warrant you sir, I'm instructed.

Sharp. Impossible ! *Araminta* take a liking to a fool !

(*Aloud.*)

Sett. Her head runs on nothing else, nor she can talk of nothing else.

Sharp. I know she commended him all the while we were in the park ; but I thought it had been only to make *Vainlove* jealous.——

Sir Jo. How's this ! good bully, hold your breath, and let's hearken. A-gad this must be I---

Sharp. Death, it can't be ! —— An oaf an idiot, a wittal !

Sir Jo. Ay, now it's out ; 'tis I my own individual person.

Sharp. A wretch that has flown for shelter to the lowest shrub of mankind, and seeks protection from a blasted coward.

Sir Jo. That's you, *Bully*, back.

(*Blusse frowns upon Sir Jo.*)

Sharp. She has given *Vainlove* her promise to marry him before to-morrow morning.— Has she not ?

(*To Setter.*)

Sett. She has Sir ; —— And I have it in Charge to attend her all this Evening in order to conduct her to the Place appointed.

Sharp. Well, I'll go and inform your master ; and do you press her to make all the haste imaginable. (*Exit.*)

Sett. Were I a rogue now, what a noble prize could I dispose of ! a goodly pinnace, richly laden, and to launch forth under my auspicious Convoy. Twelve thousand pound, and all her rigging ; besides what lies conceal'd under hatches.——Ha ! all this committed to my

care! ——— Avaunt temptation--- *Setter*, shew thy self a person of worth; be true to thy trust, and be reputed honest. Reputed honest! hum: is that all? Ay: For to be honest is nothing; the reputation of it is all. Reputation! what have such poor rogues as I to do with reputation? 'tis above us; and for men of quality, they are above it; so that Reputation is e'en as foolish a thing as honesty. And for my part, if I meet sir *Joseph* with a purse of gold in his hand, I'll dispose of mine to the best advantage.

Sir *Jo*, Heh, heh, heh: Here 'tis for you, i'faith Mr. *Setter*. Nay, I'll take you at your word.

(*Chinking a purse.*)

Sett. Sir *Joseph* and the captain too! undone! undone, I'm undone, my master's undone, my lady's undone, and all the business is undone.

Sir *Jo*. No no, never fear, man, the lady's business shall be done. What ——— come Mr. *Setter*, I have overheard all, and to speak, is but loss of time; but if there be occasion let these worthy gentlemen intercede for me.

(*Gives him Gold.*)

Sett. O Lord, sir, what d'ye mean; corrupt my honesty! — They have indeed very perswading faces. But —

Sir *Jo*. 'Tis too little, there's more, man. There, take all ——— Now ———

Sett. Well, Sir *Joseph* you have such a winning way with you ———

Sir *Jo*. And how, and how, good *Setter*, did the little rogue look, when she talk'd of Sir *Joseph*? did not her eyes twinkle, and her mouth water? Did not she pull up her little bubies? And ——— agad, I'm so overjoy'd — And stroke down her belly; and then slept aside to tie her garter, when she was thinking of her love? Heh, *Setter*.

Sett. Oh, yes sir.

Sir *Jo*. How now, bully? what, melancholy because I'm in the ladies favour? ——— No matter, I'll make your peace — I know they were a little smart upon you ——— But I warrant I'll bring you into the ladies good graces.

Bluff. Pshaw, I have petitions to shew, from other guests-toys than she. Look here: these were sent me this morning ——— There, read, (*Shows letters*) that ——— that's a scrawl of quality. Here, here's from a countess too.

Hum

Hum ——— No, hold— that's from a knight's wife, she sent it me by her Husband— But here, both these are from persons of great quality.

Sir Jo. They are either from persons of great quality or no quality at all, 'tis such a damn'd ugly hand.

(While Sir Joseph reads, Bluff whispers Setter.

Sett. Captain, I would do any thing to serve you ; but this is so difficult——

Bluff. Not at all. Don't I know him ?

Sett. You'll remember the conditions ?

Bluff. I'll giv't you under my hand— In the mean time here's earnest. (Gives him money.) Come, knight ; —— I'm capitulating with Mr. Setter for you.

Sir Jo. Ah, honest Setter ; —— Sirrah I'll give thee any thing but a night's lodging. (Exeunt.

Enter SHAPER and HEARTWELL.

Sharp. Nay, pr'ythee leave railing, and come along with me : may be she mayn't be within. 'Tis but to yond corner-house.

Heart. Whither ? whither ? which corner-house ?

Sharp. Why, there. The two white posts.

Heart. And who would you visit there, say you ? Oons, how my heart akes.

Sharp. P'shaw, thou'rt so troublesome and inquisitive--- why, I tell you : 'tis a young creature that *Vainlove* debauch'd, and has forsaken. Did you never hear *Bellmour* chide him about *Silvia*.

Heart. Death and hell, and marriage ! my Wife !

(Aside.

Sharp. Why, thou art as musty as a new-married man, that had found his wife knowing the first night.

Heart. Hell, and the devil ! does he know it ? But, hold : —— If he should not, I were a fool to discover it— I'll dissemble and try him (Aside) Ha, ha, ha. Why, *Tom* ; is that such an occasion of melancholy ? Is it such an uncommon mischief ?

Sharp. No, faith ; I believe not —— few women, but have their year of probation, before they are cloistered in their narrow joys of wedlock. But prithee come

along with me, or I'll go and have the lady to my self.
B'w'y George. *(Going.*

Heart. O torture ! how he racks and tears me ? —
Death ! shall I own my shame, or wittingly let him go and
whore my wife ? No, that's insupportable — oh,
Sharper.

Sharp. How now ?

Heart. Oh I am ——— married.

Sharp. Now hold spleen. Marry'd !

Heart. Certainly, irrecoverably married.

Sharp. Heav'n forbid, man. How long.

Heart. Oh, an age, an age : I have been married these
two hours.

Sharp. My old batchelor married ! That were a jest.
Ha, ha, ha.

Heart. Death : d'ye mock me ? heark-ye : if either
you esteem my friendship, or your own safety ———
come not near that house ——— that corner-house ———
that hot brothel. Ask no questions. *(Exit.*

Sharp. Mad by this light.

*Thus grief still treads upon the Heels of Pleasure,
Marry'd in haste, we may repent at Leisure.*

SETTER *Entering.*

Sett. Some by experience find these words misplac'd :

At leisure married, they repent in haste.

As I suppose my master *Heartwell.*

Sharp. Here, again, in *Mercury* !

Sett. Sublimate, if you please, sir : I think my atchive-
ments do deserve the Epithet — *Mercury* was a pimp too ;
but tho' I blush to own it at this time, I must confess I
am somewhat fall'n from the dignity of my function ; and
do condescend to be scandalously employ'd in the promo-
tion of vulgar matrimony.

Sharp. As how, dear dextrous pimp ?

Sett. Why, to be brief, for I have weighty affairs depen-
ding : — Our stratagem succeeded as you intended — *Bluffe*
turns arrant traitor ; bribes me to make a private con-
veyance of the lady to him, and put a sham settlement
upon sir *Joseph.*

Sharp. O Rogue ! well, but I hope ———

Sett.

Sett. No, no; never fear me, fir——I privately inform'd the knight of the treachery; who has agreed seemingly to be cheated, that the captain may be so in reality.

Sharp. Where's the bride?

Sett. Shifting cloaths for the purpose at a friend's house of mine. Here's company coming, if you'll walk this way, fir, I'll tell you. *(Exeunt.)*

Enter Bellmour, belinda, Araminta, and Vainlove.

Vain. Oh, 'twas frenzy all: Cannot you forgive it?—Men in madness have a title to your pity.

(To Araminta.)

Aram.——Which they forfeit when they are restor'd to their senses.

Vain. I am not presuming beyond a pardon.

Aram. You who could reproach me with one counterfeit, how insolent would a real pardon make you? But there's no need to forgive what is not worth my anger.

Belin. O my conscience, I cou'd find in my heart, to marry thee, purely to get rid of thee—At least, thou art so troublesome a lover, there's hope thou'lt make a more than ordinary quiet husband *(To Bellmour.)*

Bell. Say you so;——Is that a maxim among ye?

Belin. Yes: You fluttering men of the mode have made marriage a meer *French* dith.

Bell. I hope there's no *French* sawce. *(Aside.)*

Belin. You are so curious in the preparation, that is, your courtship, one would think you meant a noble entertainment:—But when we come to feed, 'tis all froth, and poor, but in show. Nay, often, only remains, which have been, I know not how many times warm'd for other company, and at last serv'd up cold to the wife.

Bell. That were a miserable wretch, indeed, who cou'd not afford one warm dish for the wife of his bosom——But you timorous virgins, form a dreadful chimaera of a husband, as of a creature contrary to that soft, humble, pliant, easie thing, a lover; so guess at plagues in matrimony, in opposition to the pleasures of courtship. Alas courtship to Marriage, is but as the musick

musick in the play-house, till the curtain's drawn; but that once up, then opens the scene of pleasure.

Belin. Oh, foh——no: Rather, courtship to marriage, is a very witty prologue to a very dull play.

Enter SHARPER.

Sharp. Hift, — *Bellmour:* If you'll bring the ladies, make haste to *Silvia's* lodgings, before *Heartwell* has fretted himself out of breath. — I'm in haste now, but I'll come in at the catastrophe. *(Exit.*

Bell. You have an Opportunity now, madam, to revenge yourself upon *Heartwell*, for affronting your squirrel. *(To Belinda.*

Belin. O the filthy rude beast.

Aram. 'Tis a lasting quarrel: I think he has never been at our house since.

Bell. But give your selves the trouble to walk toth at corner-house, and I'll tell you by the way what may divert and surprize you. *(Exeunt.*

S C E N E *Changes to SILVIA's Lodgings*

Enter HEARTWELL and Boy

Heart. Gone forth, say you, with her maid?

Boy. There was a man too that fetch'd 'em out.——

Setter I think they call'd him.

Heart. Soh,—That precious pimp too.——Damn'd, damn'd strumpet! Cou'd she not contain her self on her wedding-day! Not hold out till night! Leave me.

(Exit Boy.

O cursed state! How wide we err, when apprehensive of the load of life, —— We hope to find

That help which nature meant in woman-kind,

To man that supplemental self design'd:

But proves a burning caustick when apply'd;

And *Adam*, sure, cou'd with more ease abide

The bone when broken, than when made a bride.

Enter

Enter Bellmour, Belinda, Vainlove, Araminta.

Bell. Now *George*, what rhyming! I thought the chimes of verse were past, when once the doleful marriage knell was rung.

Heart. Shame and confusion. I am expos'd.

(Vainlove and Araminta talk apart.)

Belin. Joy, joy Mr. bridegroom; I give you joy, sir.

Heart. 'Tis not in thy nature to give me joy——A woman can as soon give immortality.

Belin. Ha, ha, ha, O gad, men grow such clowns when they are married.

Bel. That they are fit for no company but their wives,

Belin. Nor for them neither, in a little time—I swear, at the month's end, you shall hardly find a married man, that will do a civil thing to his wife, or say a civil thing to any body else. *Jesu!* how he looks already. Ha, ha, ha.

Bell. Ha, ha, ha.

Heart. Death, am I made your laughing-stock? For you, sir, I shall find a time; but take off your wasp here, or the clown may grow boistrous, I have a fly flap.

Belin. You have occasion for't, your wife has been blown upon.

Bell. That's home.

Heart. Not fiends or furies could have added to my vexation, or any thing, but another woman——You've wrack'd my patience; be gone, or by——

Bell. Hold, hold. What the devil, thou wilt not draw upon a woman.

Vain. What's the matter?

Aram. Bless me! What have you done to him?

Belin. Only touch'd a gall'd beast 'till he winch'd.

Vain. *Bellmour*, Give it over; you vex him too much; 'tis all serious to him.

Belin. Nay, I swear, I begin to pity him my self.

Heart. Damn your pity.——But let me be calm a little——How have I deserv'd this of you? Any of ye; sir, have I impair'd the honour of your house? promis'd your sister marriage, and whor'd her? Wherein have I injur'd you? Did I bring a physician to your father when he lay expiring, and endeavour to prolong his life, and you one

and twenty? Madam, have I had an opportunity with you and bauk'd it? Did you ever offer me the favour that I refus'd it? Or——

Belin. Oh foh! What does the filthy fellow mean? Lard, let me be gone.

Aram. Hang me, if I pity you? you are right enough serv'd.

Bell. This is a little scurrilous tho'.

Vain. Nay, 'tis a fore of your own scratching--Well *George.*

Heart. You are the principal cause of all my present ills. If *Silvia* had not been your mistress, my wife might have been honest.

Vain. And if *Silvia* had not been your Wife, my mistress might have been just.——There we are even—But have a good Heart, I heard of your Misfortunes, and come to your relief.

Heat. When Execution's over, you offer a reprieve.

Vain. What would you give?

Heart. Oh! any thing, every thing, a leg or two, or an arm, nay, I would be divorc'd from my virility, to be divorced from my wife.

Enter SHARPER.

Vain. Faith, that's a sure way.---But here's one can tell you freedom better cheap.

Sharp. *Vainlove*, I have been a kind of a godfather to you, yonder. I have promis'd and vow'd some things in your name, which I think you are bound to perform.

Vain. No signing to a blank, friend.

Sharp. No, I'll deal fairly with you——'Tis a full and free discharge to sir *Joseph Wittol* and captain *Bluffe*; for all injuries whatsoever, done unto you by them, until the present date hereof.——How say you?

Vain. Agreed. come in gentlemen and ladies.

Sharp. Then, let me beg these Ladies to wear their masques a moment.

Heart. What the devil's all this to me;

Vain. Patience.

Re-

Re-enter SHARPER, with Sir JOSEPH, BLUFFE, SILVIA, LUCY, SETTER.

Bluffe. Ill injuries whatsoever, Mr. *Sharper*?

Sir Jo. Ay, ay, whatsoever, captain; stick to that; whatsoever!

Sharp. 'Tis done, those gentlemen are witnesses to the general release.

Vain. Ay, ay, to this instant moment. ——— I have past an Act of oblivion.

Bluffe. 'Tis very generous, sir, since I needs must own ———

Sir Jo. No, no, captain, you need not own, Heh, heh, heh. 'Tis I must own ———

Bluffe. ——— That you are over-reach'd too, ha, ha, ha, only a little Art military used—only undermined, or so, as shall appear by the fair *Araminta*, my wife's permission. Oh, the devil, cheated at last!

(*Lucy unmasks.*)

Sir Jo. Only a little art-military trick, captain, only countermin'd, or so so—— Mr. *Vainlove*, I suppose you know whom I have got ——— now? but all's forgiven.

Vain. I know whom you have not got; pray ladies convince him.

(*Aram. and Belin unmasks.*)

Sir Jo. Ah! O lord, my heart akes.— Ah! *Setter*, a rogue of all sides.

Sharp. Sir *Joseph* you had better have pre-engag'd this gentleman's pardon: For though *Vainlove* be so generous to forgive the loss of his mistress ——— I know not how *Heartwell* may take the loss of his wife.

(*Silvia unmasks.*)

Heart. My wife! By this light 'tis she, the very cockatrice—Oh *Sharper*! Let me embrace thee.—But art thou sure she is really married to him?

Set. Really and lawfully married. I am witness.

Sharp. *Bellmour* will unriddle to you.

(*Heartwell goes to Bellmour.*)

Sir Jo. Pray, madam, who are you? For I find, you and I are like to be better acquainted.

Silv. The worst of me is that I am your wife——

Sharp. Come, Sir *Joseph*, your fortune is not so bad as you fear ——— A fine lady, and a lady of very good quality.

Sir *Jo.* Thanks to my knighthood, she's a lady ———

Vain. ——— That deserves a fool with a better title.

——— Pray use her as my relation, or you shall hear on't.

Bluff. What, are you a woman of quality too, spouse?

Sett. And my relation; pray let her be respected accordingly ——— Well, honest *Lucy*, fare thee well ——— I think, you and I have been play-fellows off and on, any time this seven years.

Lucy. Hold your prating ——— I'm thinking what vocation I shall follow while my spouse is planting lawrels in the Wars.

Bluff. No more wars, spouse, no more wars. While I plant lawrels for my head abroad, I may find the branches sprout at home.

Heart. Bellmour, I approve thy mirth, and thank thee ——— And I cannot in gratitude (for I see which way thou art going) see thee fall into the same snare, out of which thou hast delivered me.

Bell. I thank thee, *George*, for thy good intention. ——— But there is a fatality in marriage ——— For I find I'm resolute.

Heart. Then good counsel will be thrown away upon you. ——— For my part I have once escap'd ——— And when I wed again, may she be ——— Ugly as an old bawd.

Vain. ——— Ill natur'd, as an old maid. ———

Bell. Wanton, as a young widow. ———

Sharp. And jealous, as a barren wife.

Heart. Agreed.

Bell. Well, 'midst of these dreadful denunciations, and notwithstanding the warning and example before me, I commit my self to lasting durance.

Belin. Prisoner make much of your fetters.

(Giving her hand.)

Bell. Frank, will you keep us in countenance?

Vain. May I presume to hope so great a blessing?

Aram. We had better take the advantage of a little of our friends experience first.

Bell.

The Old BACHELOR. 71

Bell. O my conscience she dares not consent for fear he shou'd recant. (*Aside.*) Well, we shall have your company to church in the morning : ——— May be it may get you an appetite to see us fall to before ye. *Setter*, did not you tell me ; ———

Sett. They're at the door : I'll call 'em in.

A DANCE.

Bell. Now set me forward on a journey for life : ——— Come take your fellow travellers. Old *George*, I'm sorry to see thee still plod on alone.

HEARTWELL.

With gaudy plumes and gingling bells made proud,
The youthful beast sets forth, and neighs aloud.
A morning-sun his tinsell'd harness gilds,
And the first stage a down-hill green-sword yields.
But, Oh———

What rugged ways attend the noon of life !
Our sun declines, and with what anxious strife,
What pain we tug that galling load, a wife.
All courfers the first heat with vigour run ;
But 'tis with whip and Spur the race is won.

}

Exeunt Omnes



E P I-



EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. BARRY.

AS a rash Girl, who will all hazards run,
And be enjoy'd tho' sure to be undone;
Soon as her Curiosity is over,
Would give the World she could her Toy recover:
So fares it with our Poet; and I'm sent
To tell you, he already does repent:
Would you were all as forward to keep lent.
Now the Deed's done, the Giddy-thing has Leisure
To think o'th' Sting, that's in the Tail of Pleasure.
Methinks I hear him in Consideration?
What will the World say? where's my Reputation?
Now that's at stake ---- No, Fool, 'tis out o' Fashion
If loss of that should follow want of Wit,
How many undone Men were in the Pit!
Why that's some Comfort to an Author's Fears,
If he's an Ass, he will be try'd by's Peers.
But hold ——— I am exceeding my Commission;
My Business here, was humbly to Petition:
But were so us'd to rail on these Occasions,
I could not help one Tryal of your Patience:
For 'tis our way (you know) for fear o'th' worst,
To be before-hand still, and cry Fool first.
How say you, Spark? How do you stand affected?
I swear young Bays within is so dejected,
'Twill grieve your Hearts to see him; shall I call him?
But then you cruel Criticks would so maul him!
Yet may be, you'll encourage a Beginner:
But how? ——— Just as the Devil does a Sinner.
Women and Wits are us'd e'en much at one,
You gain your Ends, and damn 'em when you've done.

THE

T H E

Double-Dealer.

A

C O M E D Y.

Interdun tamen, & vocem Comædia tollit.

Hor. Ar. Po.

*Huic equidem Consilio Palmam do: hic me magnifice ef-
fero, qui vim tantam in me & potestatem habeam
tantæ astutiæ, vera dicendo ut eos ambos fallam.*

Syr. in Terent. Heaut.



Printed in the Year 1735.



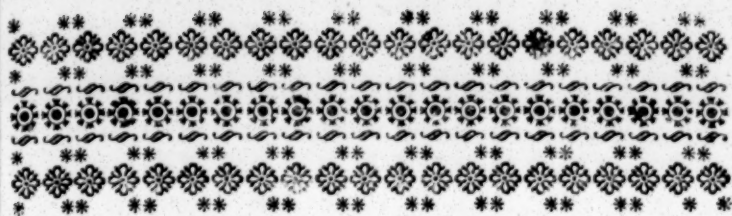
C

I



m
w
a
C
it

I



To the Right Honourable

CHARLES MONTAGUE,

One of the

Lords of the Treasury.

SIR,



Heartily wish this Play were as perfect as I intended it, that it might be more worthy your Acceptance; and that my Dedication of it to you, might be more becoming that Honour and Esteem which I, with every body who is so fortunate as to know you, have for you. It had your Countenance when yet unknown; and now it is made publick, wants your Protection.

I would not have any Body imagine, that I think this Play without its Faults, for I am
con-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

conscious of several. I confess I design'd (whatever Vanity or Ambition occasion'd that Design) to have written a true and regular Comedy ; but I found it an Undertaking which put me in mind of----*Studet multum, frustra que laboret ausus idem.* And now to make amends for the Vanity of such a Design, I do confess both the Attempt, and the imperfect Performance. Yet I must take the Boldness to say, I have not miscarried in the whole ; for the mechanical Part of it is regular. That I may say with as little Vanity, as a Builder may say he has built a House according to the Model laid down before him ; or a Gardener that he has set his Flowers in a Knot of such and such a Figure. I design'd the Moral first, and to that Moral I invented the Fable, and do not know that I have borrow'd one Hint of it any where. I made the Plot as strong as I could, because it was single, and I made it single, because I would avoid Confusion, and was resolv'd to preserve the three Unities of the Drama. Sir, this Discourse is very impertinent to you, whose Judgment much better can discern the Faults, than I can excuse them ; and whose good Nature, like that of a Lover, will find out those hidden Beauties (if there are any such) which it would be great Immodesty for me to discover. I think I do not speak improperly when I call you a *Lover* of Poetry ; for it is very well known she has been a very kind Mistress to you ; she has not deny'd
you

The Epistle Dedicatory.

you the last Favour ; and she has been fruitful to you in a most beautiful Issue--If I break off abruptly here, I hope every Body will understand that it is to avoid a Commendation, which, as it is your Due, would be most easie for me to pay, and too troublesome for you to receive.

I have, since the Acting of this Play, hearken'd after the Objections which have been made to it ; for I was conscious where a true Critick might have put me upon my Defence. I was prepared for the Attack ; and am pretty confident I could have vindicated some Parts, and excused others ; and where there were any plain Miscarriages, I would most ingenuously have confess'd 'em. But I have not heard any thing said sufficient to provoke an Answer. That which looks most like an Objection, does not relate in particular to this Play, but to all or most that ever have been written ; and that is Soliloquy. Therefore I will answer it, not only for my own sake, but to save others the Trouble, to whom it may hereafter be objected.

I grant, that for a Man to talk to himself, appears absurd and unnatural ; and indeed it is so in most Cases ; but the Circumstances which may attend the Occasion, make great Alteration. It oftentimes happens to a Man, to have Designs which require him to himself, and in their Nature cannot admit of a Confident. Such, for certain, is all Villany ; and other less mischievous Intentions

The Epistle Dedicatory.

tentions may be very improper to be communicated to a second Person. In such a Case therefore the Audience must observe, whether the Person upon the Stage takes any Notice of them at all, or no. For if he supposes any one to be by, when he talks to himself, it is monstrous and ridiculous to the last Degree. Nay, not only in this Case, but in any Part of a Play, if there is expressed any Knowledge of an Audience, it is insufferable. But otherwise, when a Man in Soliloquy reasons with himself, and *Pro's* and *Con's*, and weighs all his Designs; We ought not to imagine that this Man either talks to us, or to himself; he is only thinking, and thinking such Matter as were inexcusable Folly in him to speak. But because we are conceal'd Spectators of the Plot in Agitation, and the Poet finds it necessary to let us know the whole Mystery of his Contrivance, he is willing to inform us of this Person's Thoughts; and to that end is forc'd to make use of the Expedient of Speech, no other better way being yet invented for the Communication of Thought.

Another very wrong Objection has been made by some who have not taken Leisure to distinguish the Characters. The Hero of the Play, as they are pleas'd to call him, (meaning *Mellefont*) is a Gull, and made a Fool, and cheated. Is every Man a Gull and a Fool that is deceiv'd? At that rate I'm afraid the two Classes of Men will be reduc'd to one, and the Knaves themselves be at a
Loss

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Loss to justify their Title : But if an Open-hearted honest Man, who has an entire Confidence in one whom he takes to be his Friend, and whom he has oblig'd to be so ; and who (to confirm him in his Opinion) in all Appearance, and upon several Tryals has been so : If this Man be deceiv'd by the Treachery of the other ; must he of Necessity commence Fool immediately, only because the other has prov'd a Villain ? Ay, but there was a Caution given to *Mellefont* in the first Act by his Friend *Careless*. Of what Nature was that Caution ? Only to give the Audience some Light into the Character of *Maskwell*, before his Appearance ; and not to convince *Mellefont* of his Treachery ; for that was more than *Careless* was then able to do : He never knew *Maskwell* guilty of any Villainy ; he was only a Sort of Man which he did not like. As for his suspecting his Familiarity with my Lady *Touchwood* : Let 'em examine the Answer that *Mellefont* makes him, and compare it with the Conduct of *Maskwell's* Character through the Play.

I would beg 'em again to look into the Character of *Maskwell*, before they accuse *Mellefont* of Weakness for being deceiv'd by him. For upon summing up the Enquiry into this Objection, it may be found they have mistaken Cunning in one Character, for Folly in another.

But there is one thing, at which I am more concerned than all the false Criticisms that are made

The Epistle Dedicatory.

made upon me; and that is some of the Ladies are offended. I am heartily sorry for it, for I declare I would rather disoblige all the Criticks in the World, than one of the fair Sex. They are concerned that I have represented some Women Vicious and Affect-ed: How can I help it? It is the Business of a Comick Poet to paint the Vices and Follies of Human-kind; and there are but two Sexes, Male, and Female, *Men* and *Women*, which have a Title to Humanity: And if I leave one Half of them out, the Work will be imperfect. I should be very glad of an Opportunity to make my Compliment to those Ladies who are offended: But they can no more expect it in a Comedy, than to be tickled by a Surgeon, when he's letting 'em blood. They who are Virtuous, or Discreet, shou'd not be offended, for such Characters as these distinguish *them*, and make their Beauties more shining and observ'd: And they who are of the other Kind, may nevertheless pass for such, by seeming not to be displeas'd, or touch'd with the Satire of this *Comedy*. Thus have they also wrongfully accus'd me of doing them a Prejudice, when I have in Reality done them a Service.

You will pardon me, Sir, for the Freedom I take of making Answers to other People, in an Epistle which ought wholly to be sacred to you: But since I intend the Play to be so too, I hope I may take the more Liberty of justifying it, where it is in the Right.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

I must now, Sir, declare to the World, how kind you have been to my Endeavours; for in regard of what was well meant, you have excus'd what was ill perform'd. I beg you would continue the same Method in your Acceptance of this Dedication. I know no other way of making a Return to that Humanity you shew'd, in protecting an Infant, but by enrolling it in your Service, now that it is of Age and come into the World. Therefore be pleas'd to accept of this as an Acknowledgment of the Favour you have shewn me, and an Earnest of the real Service and Gratitude of,

S I R,

Your Most Obliged,

Humble Servant,

WILL. CONGREVE.



To my Dear Friend

Mr. CONGREGUE.

On his COMEDY, call'd

The Double-Dealer.

*W*E L L then, the promis'd Hour is come at last;
The present Age of Wit obscures the Past;
Strong were our Syres; and as they Fought they Writ,
Conquering with Force of Arms, and Dint of Wit:
Theirs was the Giant Race before the Flood;
And thus when Charles Return'd, our Empire stood.
Like Janus be the stubborn Soil manur'd,
With Rules of Husbandry the Rankness cur'd:
Tam'd us to Manners, when the Stage was rude;
And boistrous English Wit with Art indu'd.
Our Age was cultivated thus at length;
But what we gain'd in Skill, we lost in Strength.
Our Builders were with want of Genius curst;
The Second Temple was not like the First;
Till You, the best Vitruvius, come at length;
Our Beauties equal; but excel our Strength.
Firm Dorique Pillars found Your solid Base:
The fair Corinthian crowns the higher Space;
Thus all below is Strength, and all above is Grace.
In easie Dialogue is Fletcher's Praise:
He mov'd the Mind, but had not power to raise.
Great Johnson did by Strength of Judgment please:
Yet doubling Fletcher's Force, he wants his Ease.

TO MR. CONGREVE.

*In diff'ring Talents both adorn'd their Age ;
One for the Study, t'other for the Stage.
But both to Congreve justly shall submit,
One match'd in Judgment, both o'ermatch'd in Wit.
In him all Beauties of this Age we see ;
Etheridge his Courtship, Southern's Purity ;
The Satire, Wit, and Strength of Manly Wicherley.
All this in blooming Youth you have atchiev'd ;
Nor are your foil'd Contemporaries griev'd ;
So much the Sweetness of your Manners move,
We cannot Envy you, because we Love.
Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he saw
A Beardless Consul made against the Law,
And join his Suffrage to the Votes of Rome ;
Though he with Hannibal was overcome.
Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's Fame ;
And Scholar to the Youth he taught, became.*

*O that your Brows my Lawrels had sustain'd ;
Well had I been depos'd, if you had reign'd !
The Father had descended for the Son ;
For only You are lineal to the Throne.
Thus when the State one Edward did depose ;
A greater Edward in his Room arose.
But now, not I, but Poetry is curs'd ;
For Tom the Second reigns like Tom the First.
But let 'em not mistake my Patron's Part ;
Nor call his Charity their own Desert.
Yet this I Prophecie ; Thou shalt be seen,
(Tho' with some short Parenthesis between :)
High on the Throne of Wit ; and seated there,
Not mine (that's little) but thy Lawrel wear.
Thy first attempt an early Promise made ;
That early Promise this has more than paid.
So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
That your least Praise is to be Regular.
Time, Place, and Action, may with Pains be wrought,
But Genius must be born ; and never can be Taught.*

This

TO MR. CONGREVE.

*This is your Portion, this your Native Store;
Heav'n, that but once was Prodigal before,
To Shakespear gave as much; she could not give him
more.*

*Maintain your Post: That's all the Fame you need;
For 'tis impossible you should proceed.
Already I am worn with Cares and Age;
And just abandoning th' Ungrateful Stage:
Unprofitably kept at Heav'n's Expence!
I live a Rent-charge on his Providence;
But You, whom ev'ry Muse and Grace adorn,
Whom I foresee to better Fortune born,
Be kind to my Remains; and oh defend,
Against your Judgment, your departed Friend!
Let not th' insulting Foe my Fame pursue;
But shade those Laurels which descend to You:
And take for Tribute what these Lines Express:
You merit more; nor could my Love do less.*

John Dryden.



PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

MOOORS have this Way (as Story tells) to know
Whether their Brats are truly got, or no ;
Into the Sea the New-born Babe is thrown,
There, as Instinct directs, to swim, or drown.
A barbarous Device, to try if Spouse
Has kept religiously her Nuptial Vows.

Such are the Tryals, Poets make of Plays :
Only they trust to more inconstant Seas ;
So does our Author, this his Child commit
To the tempestuous Mercy of the Pit,
To know if he be truly born a Wit.

Criticks avaunt ; for you are Fish of Prey,
And feed, like Sharks, upon an Infant Play.
Be ev'ry Monster of the Deep away ;
Let's a fair Tryal have, and a clear Sea.

Let Nature work, and do not Damn too soon,
For Life will struggle long, ere it Sink down :
And will at least rise thrice, before it drown.
Let us consider, had it been our Fate,
Thus hardly to be prov'd Legitimate !
I will not say, we'd all in Danger been,
Were each to suffer for his Mother's Sin :
But by my Troth I cannot avoid thinking,
How nearly some good Men might have 'scap'd sinking.
But, Heav'n be prais'd, this Custom is confin'd
Alone to th' Offspring of the Muses kind :
Our Christian Cuckolds are more bent to Pity ;
I know not one Moor-Husband in the City.
Ith' good Man's Arms the Chopping Bastard thrives,
For he thinks all his own that is his Wife's.

Whatever Fate is for this Play design'd,
The Poet's sure he shall some Comfort find :
For if his Muse has play'd him false, the worst
That can befall him, is to be divorc'd ;
You Husbands Judge, if that be to be Curs'd.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Maskwell, A Villain ; pretended Friend to *Mellefont*, Gallant to Lady *Touchwood*, and in Love with *Cynthia*.

Lord *Touchwood*, Uncle to *Mellefont*.

Mellefont, promised to, and in Love with *Cynthia*.

Careless, his Friend.

Lord *Froth*, a solemn Coxcomb.

Brisk, a pert Coxcomb.

Sir *Paul Plyant*, an uxorious, foolish, old Knight ; Brother to Lady *Touchwood*, and Father to *Cynthia*.

W O M E N.

Lady *Touchwood*, in Love with *Mellefont*.

Cynthia, Daughter to Sir *Paul*, by a former Wife, promised to *Mellefont*.

Lady *Froth*, a great Coquet, Pretender to Poetry, Wit, and Learning.

Lady *Plyant*, insolent to her Husband, and easie to any Pretender.

Chaplain, *Boy*, *Footmen*, and *Attendants*.

The S C E N E, a Gallery in the Lord *Touchwood*'s House, with Chambers adjoining.

T H E



THE
Double-Dealer.



ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Gallery in the Lord TOUCHWOOD'S House, with
Chambers adjoining.*

*Enter CARELESS crossing the Stage, with his Hat, Gloves,
and sword in his Hands, as just risen from Table:
MELLEFONT following him.*

MELLEFONT.



*E D, Ned, whither so fast? What,
turn'd flincher! Why, you wo' not
leave us?*

*Care. Where are the women?
I'm weary of guzzling, and begin
to think them the better company.*

*Mell. Then thy Reason staggers,
and thou'rt almost drunk.*

*Care. No faith, but your fools grow noisic——
and if a man must endeavour the noise of words without
sense,*

sense, I think the women have more musical voices, and become nonsense better.

Mel. Why, they are at the end of the gallery, retir'd to their tea, and scandal; according to their ancient custom, after dinner.—— But I made a pretence to follow you, because I had something to say to you in private, and I am not like to have many opportunities this evening.

Care. And here's this coxcomb most critically come to interrupt you.

SCENE II.

(To them) *BRISK.*

Brisk. Boys, boys, lads, where are you? What, do you give ground? Mortgage for a bottle, ha? *Careless*, this is your trick; you're always spoiling company by leaving it.

Care. And thou art always spoiling company by coming into't.

Brisk. Pooh, ha, ha, ha, I know you envy me. Spite, proud spite, by the gods! and burning envy—— I'll be judg'd by *Mellefont* here, who gives and takes rallery better, you or I. Pshaw, man, when I say you spoil company by leaving it, I mean you leave no body for the company to laugh at. I think there I was with you, ha? *Mellefont*.

Mel. O, my word, *Brisk*, that was a home thrust; you have silenc'd him.

Brisk. Oh, my dear *Mellefont*, let me perish if thou art not the soul of conversation, the very essence of wit and spirit of wine—— The deuce take me if there were three good things said, or one understood, since thy amputation from the body of our society.—— He! I think that's pretty and metaphorical enough: I gad I could not have said it out of thy company—— *Careless*, ha?

Care. Hum, ay, what is't?

Brisk. O, *Mon Cœur*! What is't! Nay gad I'll punish you for want of apprehension: The deuce take me if I tell you.

Mel.

Mel. No, no, hang him, he has no taste, ——— But dear *Brisk*, excuse me, I have a little business.

Care. Pr'ythee get thee gone; thou see'st we are serious.

Mel. We'll come immediately, if you'll but go in, and keep up good humour and sense in the company: Pr'ythee do, they'll fall asleep else.

Brisk. I'gad so they will ——— Well I will, I will, gad you shall command me from the *Zenith* to the *Nadir*. ——— but the deuce take me if I say a good thing 'till you come, ——— But pr'ythee, dear rogue, make haste, pr'ythee make haste, I shall burst else ——— And yonder's your uncle, my lord *Touchwood*, swears he'll disinheret you, and Sir *Paul Pliant* threatens to disclaim you for a son-in-law, and my lord *Froth* won't dance at your wedding to-morrow; nor the deuce take me, I won't write your epithalamium ——— and see what a condition you're like to be brought to.

Mel. Well I'll speak but three Words, and follow you.

Brisk. Enough, enough; *Careless*, bring your apprehension along with you.

S C E N E III.

MELLEFONT CARELESS.

Care. Pert coxcomb!

Mel. Faith 'tis a good natur'd coxcomb, and has very entertaining follies ——— You must be more human to him; at this juncture, it will do me service. ——— I'll tell you, I would have mirth continued this day at any rate; tho' patience purchase folly, and attention be paid with noise: There are times when sense may be unseasonable, as well as truth. Pr'ythee do thou wear none to day; but allow *Brisk* to have wit, that thou may'st seem a fool.

Care. Why, how now, why this extravagant proposition?

Mel. O, I would have no room for serious design; for I am jealous of a plot. I would have noise and impertinence keep my lady *Touchwood*'s head from working: For hell is not more busie than her brain, nor contains more devils, than that imaginations.

Care. I thought your fear of her had been over——
Is not to-morrow appointed for your marriage with *Cynthia*, and her father, Sir *Paul Plyant*, come to settle the writings this day, on purpose?

Mel. True; but you shall judge whether I have not reason to be alarm'd. None besides you and *Maskwell*, are acquainted with the secret of my aunt *Touchwood's* violent passion for me.

Since my first refusal of her addresses, she has endeavour'd to do me all ill offices with my uncle; yet has managed 'em with that subtilty, that to him they have born the face of kindness; while her malice, like a dark lantern, only shone upon me, where it was directed. Still it gave me less perplexity to prevent the success of her displeasure, than to avoid the importunities of her love; and of two evils, I thought my self favour'd in her aversion: But whether urg'd by her despair, and the short prospect of the time she saw, to accomplish her designs; whether the hopes of revenge, or of her love, terminated in the view of this my marriage with *Cynthia*, I know not; but this morning she surpriz'd me in my bed——

Care. Was there ever such a fury! 'tis well nature has not put it into her sex's power to ravish—— Well, bless us! proceed. What follow'd?

Mel. What at first amaz'd me; for I look'd to have seen her in all the transports of a slighted and revengeful woman: But when I expected thunder from her voice, and lightning in her eyes; I saw her melted into tears, and hush'd into a sigh. It was long before either of us spoke: Passion had ty'd her tongue, and amazement mine—— In short the consequence was thus, she omitted nothing that the most violent love could urge, or tender words express; which when she saw had no effect, but still I pleaded honour and nearness of blood to my uncle, then came the storm I fear'd at first: For starting from my bed-side like a fury, she flew to my sword, and with much ado I prevented her doing me or her self a mischief: Having disarm'd her, in a gust of passion she left me, and in a resolution, confirm'd by a thousand curses, not to clote her eyes, 'till they had seen my ruin. *Care.*

Care. Exquisite woman! But what the devil, does she think thou hast no more sense, than to get an heir upon her body to disinheret thy self: For, as I take it, this settlement upon you, is with a proviso, that your uncle have no children,

Mel. It is so. Well, the service you are to do me, will be a pleasure to your self? I must get you to engage my lady *Phyant* all this evening, that my pious aunt may not work her to her interest. And if you chance to secure her to your self, you may incline her to mine. She's handsome, and knows it; is very silly, and thinks she has sense, and has an old fond husband.

Care. I confels a very fair foundation, for a lover to build upon.

Mel. For my lord *Froth*, he and his wife will be sufficiently taken up, with admiring one another, and *Briek's* gallantry, as they call it. I'll observe my uncle my self; and *Jack Maskwell* has promised me, to watch my aunt narrowly, and give me notice upon any suspicion. As for Sir *Paul*, my wife father-in-law, that is to be, my dear *Cynthia* has such a share in his fatherly fondness, he would scarce make her a moment uneasy, to have her happy hereafter.

Care. So, you have mann'd your works: But I wish you may not have the weakest guard, where the enemy is strongest.

Mel. Maskwell, you mean; pr'ythee why should you suspect him?

Care. Faith I cannot help it, you know I never lik'd him; I am a little superstitious in physiognomy.

Mel. He has obligations of gratitude, to bind him to me; his dependance upon my uncle is through my means.

Care. Upon your aunt, you mean.

Mel. My aunt!

Care. I'm mistaken if there be not a familiarity between them, you do not suspect: Notwithstanding her passion for you.

Mel. Pooh, pooh, nothing in the world but his design to do me service; and he endeavours to be well in her esteem, that he may be able to effect it.

Care. Well, I shall be glad to be mistaken; but your aunt's aversion in her revenge, cannot be any way so effectually shown, as in bringing forth a child to disinherit you. She is handsome and cunning, and naturally wanton. *Maskwell* is flesh and blood at best, and opportunities between them are frequent. His affection to you, you have confessed, is grounded upon his interest; that you have transplanted; and should it take root in my lady, I don't see what you can expect from the fruit.

Mel. I confess the consequence is visible, were your suspicions just.——But see, the company is broke up, let's meet 'em.

S C E N E IV.

(*To them*) *Lord TOUCHWOOD, Lord FROTH, Sir PAUL PLYANT, and BRISK.*

Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Out upon't, nephew——Leave your father-in-law, and me, to maintain our ground against young people.

Mel. I beg your lordship's pardon——We were just returning——

Sir P. Were you, son? Gadsbud, much better as it is——Good, strange! I swear I am almost tipsie——t'other Bottle would have been too powerful for me,——as sure as can be it would.——We wanted your company. But Mr. *Brisk*——Where is he? I swear and vow, he's a most facetious Person——and the best company——And, my lord *Froth*, your Lordship is so merry a man, he, he, he,

Lord Froth. O foy, Sir *Paul*, what do you mean? merry! O barbarous! I'd as lieve you call'd me fool.

Sir P. Nay, I protest and vow now, 'tis true; when Mr. *Brisk* jokes, your lordship's laugh does so become you, he, he, he.

Lord Froth. Ridiculous! sir *Paul*, you're strangely mistaken, I find champagne is powerful. I assure you, Sir *Paul*, I laugh at no body's jest but my own, or a lady's; I assure you, Sir *Paul*.

Brisk.

Brisk. How? how, my lord? what, affront my wit! Let me perish, do I never say any thing worthy to be laugh'd at.

Lord Froth. O foy, don't misapprehend me, I don't say so, for I often smile at your conceptions. But there is nothing more unbecoming to a man of quality, than to laugh; 'tis such a vulgar expression of the passion! every body can laugh. Then especially to laugh at the jest of an inferior person, or when any body else of the same Quality does not laugh with one; ridiculous! To be pleased with what pleases the croud! Now when I laugh, I always laugh alone.

Brisk. I suppose that's because you laugh at your own jests, I gad, ha, ha, ha.

Lord Froth. He, he, I swear tho', your rallery provokes me to a smile.

Brisk. Ay, my lord, it's a sign I hit you in the teeth, if you show 'em.

Lord Froth. He, he, he, I swear that's so very pretty, I can't forbear.

Care. I find a quibble bears more sway in your lordship's face, than a jest.

Lord Touch. Sir *Paul*, if you please we'll retire to the ladies, and drink a dish of tea, to settle our heads.

Sir P. With all my heart.——*Mr. Brisk*, you'll come to us,———or call me when you joke, I'll be ready to laugh incontinently.

SCENE V.

MELLEFONT, CARELESS, *Lord Froth*, *Brisk*.

Mel. But does your lordship never see comedies?

Lord Froth. O yes, sometimes,——But I never laugh.

Mel. No?

Lord Froth. Oh, no,———Never laugh indeed, sir.

Care. No! why what d'ye go there for?

Lord Froth. To distinguish my self from the commonality, and mortifie the poets; the fellows grow so conceited, when any of their foolish wit prevails upon the side-boxes.———I swear,———he, he, he, I have

often constrain'd my inclinations to laugh,——he, he, he, to avoid giving them encouragement.

Mel. You are cruel to your self, my lord, as well as malicious to them.

Lord Froth. I confess I did my self some violence at first, but now I think I have conquer'd it.

Brišk. Let me perish, my lord, but there is something very particular in the humour, 'tis true, it makes against wit, and I'm sorry for some friends of mine that write, but——I'gad, I love to be malicious.——Nay, deuce take me there's wit in't too—And wit must be foil'd by wit; cut a diamond with a diamond; no other way I'gad.

Lord Froth. Oh, I thought you would not be long, before you found out the wit.

Care. Wit! In what? Where the devil's the wit, in not laughing when a man has a mind to't?

Brišk. O Lord, why, can't you find in out?——Why there 'tis, in the not laughing——Don't you apprehend me?——My lord, *Carelefs* is a very honest fellow, but harkee,——you understand me, somewhat heavy, a little shallow, or so——Why I'll tell you now: Suppose now you come up to me——Nay, pr'ythee *Carelefs* be instructed. Suppose, as I was saying, you come up to me holding your sides, and laughing, as if you would—Well——I look grave, and ask the cause of this immoderate mirth—You laugh on still, and are not able to tell me——Still I look grave, not so much as smile.

Care. Smile, no, what the devil should you smile at, when you suppose I can't tell you!

Brišk. Pshaw, pshaw, pr'ythee don't interrupt me.——But I tell you, you shall tell me——at last——But it shall be a great while first.

Care. Well, but pr'ythee don't let it be a great while, because I long to have it over.

Brišk. Well then, you tell me some good jest, or very witty thing, laughing all the while as if you were ready to die—and I hear it, and look thus.——Would not you be disappointed?

Care.

Care. No; for if it were a witty thing, I should not expect you to understand it.

Lord Froth. O to, Mr. *Careless*, all the world allows Mr. *Brisk*. to have wit; my wife says, he has a great deal. I hope you think her a judge.

Brisk. Pooh, my lord, his voice goes for nothing—I can't tell how to make him apprehend. ——— Take it t'other way. Suppose I say a witty thing to you.

Care. Then I shall be disappointed indeed.

Mel. Let him alone, *Brisk*, he is obstinately bent not to be instructed.

Brisk. I'm sorry for him, the deuce take me.

Mel. Shall we go to the ladies, my lord?

Lord Froth. With all my heart, methinks we are a solitude without 'em.

Mel. Or, what say you to another bottle of champagne.

Lord Froth. O, for the universe, not a drop more I beseech you. O intemperate! I have a flushing in my face already. *(Takes out a pocket-glass, and looks in it.)*

Brisk. Let me see, let me see, my lord, I broke my glass that was in the lid of my snuff-box. Hum! deuce take me, I have encourag'd a Pimple here too.

(Takes the glass and looks,

Lord Froth. Then you must mortify him with a patch; my wife shall supply you. Come, gentlemen, *allons*, here is company coming.

SCENE VI.

Lady TOUCHWOOD and MASKWELL.

Lady Touchwood.

I'll hear no more—Y'are false and ungrateful; come, I know you false.

Mask. I have been frail, I confess, madam, for your ladyship's service.

Lady Touch. That I should trust a man, whom I had known betray his friend!

Mask. What friend have I betray'd? or to whom?

Lady Touch. Your fond friend *Mellefont*, and to me; can you deny it?

Mask.

Mask. I do not.

Lady Touch. Have you not wrong'd my lord, who has been a father to you in your wants, and given you being? have you not wrong'd him in the highest manner in his bed.

Mask. With your ladyship's help, and for your service, as I told you before. I can't deny that neither.— Any thing more, madam?

Lady Touch. More! Audacious villain. O, what's more is most my shame,—— have you not dishonour'd me?

Mask. No, that I deny; for I never told in all my life; so that accusation's answer'd; on to the next.

Lady Touch. Death, do you dally with my passion? insolent devil! but have a care,—— provoke me not; for, by the eternal fire, you shall not 'scape my vengeance—— Calm villain! how unconcern'd he stands, confessing treachery, and ingratitude! Is there a vice more black!—— O I have excuses, thousands for my faults; fire in my temper. Passions in my soul, apt to every provocation; oppressed at once with love, and with despair. But a sedate, a thinking villain whose black blood runs temperately bad, what excuse can clear!

Mask. Will you be in temper madam? I would not talk not to be heard. I have been (*She walks about disorder'd*) a very great rogue for you sake, and you reproach me with it; I am ready to be a rogue still, to do you service; and you are flinging conscience and honour in my face, to repeat my inclinations. How am I to behave my self? You know I am your creature, my life and fortune in your power; to disoblige you, brings me certain ruin. Allow it, I would betray you; I would not be a traitor to my self; I don't pretend to honesty, because you know I am a rascal: but I would convince you, from the necessity of my being firm to you.

Lady Touch. Necessity, impudence! Can no gratitude incline you, no obligations touch you? Have not my fortune, and my person, been subjected to your pleasure? Were you not in the nature of a servant, and have not I in effect made you lord of all, of me, and of my lord?
where

Where is that humble love, the languishing, that adoration, which once was paid me, and everlastingly engag'd?

Mask. Fixt, rooted in my heart, whence nothing can remove 'em, yet you ———

Lady Touch. Yet, what yet?

Mask. Nay, misconceive me not, madam, when I say I have had a generous and a faithful passion, which you had never favour'd; but through revenge and policy.

Lady Touch. Ha!

Mask. Look you, madam, we are alone, ——— pray contain your self, and hear me. You know you lov'd your nephew, when I first sigh'd for you; I quickly found it; an argument that I lov'd; for with that art you veil'd your passion, 'twas imperceptible to all but jealous Eyes. This Discovery made me bold; I confess it; for by it, I thought you in my power. Your nephew's scorn of you, added to my hopes; I watch'd the occasion, and took you, just repulsed by him, warm at once with love and indignation; your disposition, my arguments, and happy opportunity, accomplish'd my design; I prest the yielding minute, and was blest. How I have lov'd you since, words have not shown, then how shou'd words exprefs?

Lady Touch. Well, mollifying devil! ——— and have I not met your love with forward fire?

Mask. Your zeal I grant was ardent, but misplac'd; there was revenge in view; that woman's idol had defil'd the temple of the God, and love was made a mock-worship. ——— a son and heir would have edg'd young *Mellefont* upon the brink of ruin, and left him none but you to catch at for prevention.

Lady Touch. Again, provoke me! do you wind me like a Larum, only to rouse my own still'd soul for your diversion? confusion!

Mask. Nay, madam, I'm gone, if you relapse, ——— what needs this? I say nothing but what you your self, in open hours of love, have told me. Why should you deny it? nay how can you deny it? Is not all this present heat owing to the same fire? do you not love him still?

still ? how have I this day offended you, but in not breaking off his match with *Cynthia* ? which e're to-morrow shall be done——had you but patience.

Lady Touch. How, what said you, *Maskwell*,——another caprice to unwind my temper ?

Mask. By heav'n, no ? I am your slave, the slave of all your pleasures ; and will not rest 'till I have giv'n you peace, would you suffer me.

Lady Touch. O, *Maskwell*, in vain I do disguise me from thee, thou know'st me, know'st the very inmost windings and recesses of my soul,——Oh *Mellefont* ! I burn ; married to-morrow ! despair strikes me. Yet my soul knows I hate him too : Let him but once be mine, and next immediate ruin seize him.

Mask. Compose your self, you shall possess and ruin him too,——will that please you ?

Lady Touch. How, how ? thou dear, thou precious Villain, how ?

Mask. You have already been tampering with my lady *Plyant*.

Lady Touch. I have : She is ready for any impression I think fit.

Mask. She must be thoroughly persuaded, that *Mellefont* loves her.

Lady Touch. She is so credulous that way naturally, and likes him so well, that she will believe it faster than I can persuade her. But I don't see what you can propose from such a trifling design ; for her first conversing with *Mellefont*, will convince her of the contrary.

Mask. I know it.——I don't depend upon it.——But it will prepare something else ; and gain us leisure to lay a stronger plot : If I gain a little time, I shall not want contrivance.

*One Minute gives Invention to destroy,
What, to rebuild, will a whole Age employ.*

End of the first Act.

A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

Lady FROTH and CYNTHIA.

Cynthia.

INDEED, Madam! Is it possible your Ladyship could have been so much in love?

Lady Froth. I could not sleep one wink for three weeks together.

Cyn. Prodigious! I wonder want of sleep, and so much love, and so much wit as your Ladyship has, did not turn your brain.

Lady Froth. O my dear *Cynthia*, you must not rally your friend, ———— but really, as you say, I wonder too, ———— but then I had a way ———— for between you and I, I had whimsies and vapours, but I gave them vent,

Cyn. How pray madam?

Lady Froth. O, I writ, writ abundantly, ———— do you never write?

Cyn. Write, what?

Lady Froth. Songs, elegies, satires, encomiums, panegyricks, lampoons, plays, or heroick poems.

Cyn. O Lord, not I, madam; I'm content to be a courteous reader.

Lady Froth. O inconsistent! in love, and not write! if my lord and I had been both of your temper, we had never come together. ———— O blefs me! what a sad thing would that have been, if my lord and I should never have met!

Cyn. Then neither my lord nor you would ever have met with your match, on my conscience.

Lady Froth. O' my conscience no more we should; thou say'st right ———— for sure my lord *Froth* is as fine a gentleman, and as much a man of quality! ah! nothing

thing at all of the common air,——I think I may say he wants nothing, but a blue ribbon and a star, to make him shine the very phosphorus of our hemisphere. Do you understand these two hard words? If you don't, I'll explain 'em to you.

Cyn. Yes, yes, madam, I'm not so ignorant. —— at least I won't own it, to be troubled with your instructions. (*Aside*)

Lady Froth. Nay, I beg your pardon; but being deriv'd from the *Greek*, I thought you might have escap'd the etymology. —— but I'm the more amaz'd, to find you a woman of Letters, and not write! blefs me! how can *Mellefont* believe you love him?

Cyn. Why 'faith, madam, he that won't take my word, shall never have it under my hand.

Lady Froth. I vow *Mellefont's* a pretty gentleman, but methinks he wants a manner.

Cyn. A manner! what's that, madam?

Lady Froth. Some distinguishing quality, as for example, the *Bell-air* or *Brillant* of Mr. *Brisk*; the solemnity, yet complaisance of my lord, or something of his own that should look a little *Je ne scay quoy*; he is too much a mediocrity, in my mind.

Cyn. He does not indeed affect either pertness or formality; for which I like him: here he comes.

Lady Froth. And my lord with him: pray observe the difference.

S C E N E II.

(*To them*) *Lord Froth, Mellefont, and Brisk.*

Cyn. Impertinent creature! I could almost be angry with her now. (*Aside.*)

Lady Froth. My lord, I have been telling *Cynthia*, how much I have been in love with you; I swear I have, I'm not asham'd to own it now; ah! it makes my heart leap, I vow I sigh when I think on't: My dear Lord! ha, ha, ha, do you remember, my lord?

(*Squeezes him by the hand, looks kindly on him, sighs and then laughs out.*)

Lord Froth.

Lord Froth. Pleasant creature! perfectly well: ah! that look, ay, there it is; who could resist! 'twas so my heart was made a captive first, and ever since 'thas been in love with happy slavery.

Lady Froth. O that tongue, that dear deceitful tongue! that charming softness in your mien and your expression, and then your bow! good my lord, bow as you did when I gave you my picture; here suppose this my picture——

(Gives him a pocket-glass)
pray mind my lord; ah! he bows charmingly! nay, my lord, you shan't kiss it so much; I shall grow jealous, I vow now.

(He bows profoundly low, then kisses the glass.)

Lord Froth. I saw my self there, and kiss'd it for your sake.

Lady Froth. Ah! gallantry to the last degree——Mr. Brisk, you're a judge, was ever any thing so well bred as my lord?

Brisk. Never any thing but your ladyship, let me perish.

Lady Froth. O prettily turn'd again; let me die but you have a great deal of wit. Mr. Mellefont, don't you think Mr. Brisk has a world of wit?

Mel. O, yes, madam.

Brisk. O dear madam——

Lady Froth. An infinite deal!

Brisk. O heavens madam——

Lady Froth. More wit than any body.

Brisk. I'm everlastingly your humble servant, deuce take me, madam.

Lord Froth. Don't you think us a happy couple?

Cyn. I vow, my lord, I think you the happiest couple in the world; for you're not only happy in one another, and when you are together, but happy in your selves, and by your selves.

Lord Froth. I hope Mellefont will make a good husband too.

Cyn. 'Tis my interest to believe he will, my lord.

Lord Froth. D'ye think he'll love you as well as I do my wife; I'm afraid not.

Cyn.

Cyn. I believe he'll love me better.

Lord Froth. Heav'ns! that can never be; but why do you think so?

Cyn. Because he has not so much reason to be fond of himself.

Lord Froth. O your humble servant for that, dear madam; well *Mellefont* you'll be a happy creature.

Mel. Ay, my lord, I shall have the same reason for my happiness that your lordship has, I shall think my self happy.

Lord Froth. Ah, that's all.

Brisk. (to Lady Froth) Your ladyship is in the right; but I'gad I'm wholly turn'd into iatire. I confess I write but seldom, but when I do----keen *Iambicks*, I'gad. But my lord was telling me, your ladyship has made an essay toward an heroick poem.

Lady Froth. Did my lord tell you? Yes I vow, and the subject is my lord's love to me. And what do you think I call it? I dare swear you won't guess----*The Syl-labub*, ha, ha, ha.

Brisk. Because my lord's title's *Froth*, I gad; ha, ha, ha, deuce take me very *a propos* and surprizing, ha, ha, ha.

Lady Froth. He, ay, is not it?----- And then I call my lord *Spumoso*; and my self, what d'ye think I call my self?

Brisk. *Laetilla*, may be;-----gad I cannot tell.

Lady Froth. *Biddy*, that's all; just my own name.

Brisk. *Biddy*! I'gad very pretty-----deuce take me if your ladyship has not the art of surprizing the most naturally in the world-----I hope you'll make me happy in communicating the poem.

Lady Froth. O, you must be my confident, I must ask your advice.

Brisk. I'm your humble servant, let me perish-----I presume your ladyship has read *Bosfu*?

Lady Froth. O, yes, and *Rapin*, and *Dacier*, upon *Aristotle*, and *Horace*.-----my lord, you must not be jealous, I'm communicating all to Mr. *Brisk*.

Lord Froth.

Lord *Froth*. O, no no, I'll allow Mr. *Brisk*; have you nothing about to shew him, my dear?

Lady *Froth*. Yes, I believe I have. — Mr. *Brisk*, come, will you go into the next room? and there I'll shew you what I have.

Lord *Froth*. I'll walk a turn in the garden, and come to you.

SCENE III.

MELLEFONT CYNTHIA.

Mel. You'r thoughtful, *Cynthia*!

Cyn. I'm thinking, tho' marriage makes man and wife one flesh, it leaves 'em still two fools; and they become more conspicuous by setting off one another.

Mel. That's only when two fools meet, and their follies are oppos'd.

Cyn. Nay, I have known two wits meet, and by the opposition of their wit, render themselves as ridiculous as fools. 'Tis an odd game we are going to play at: what think you of drawing stakes, and giving over in time?

Mel. No, hang't, that's not endeavouring to win, because it's possible we may lose; since we have shuffled and cut, let's e'en turn up trump now.

Cyn. Then I find it's like cards, if either of us have a good hand it is an accident of fortune.

Mel. No, marriage is rather like a game at bowls, fortune indeed makes the match, and the two nearest, and sometimes the two farthest are together, but the game depends entirely upon judgment.

Cyn. Still it is a game, and consequently one of us must be a loser.

Mel. Not at all; only a friendly tryal of skill, and the winnings to be laid out in an entertainment. ———— what's here, the musick? ———— Oh, my lord has promised the company a new song, we'll get 'em to give it us by the way. (*Musicians crossing the stage.*) Pray let us have the favour of you, to practise the song, before the company hear it.

SONG.

SONG.

I.

CYNTHIA frowns when e're I woo her,
 Yet she's vex'd if I give over;
 Much she fears I should undo her,
 But much more to lose her lover,
 Thus, in doubting, she refuses;
 And not winning thus she loses.

II.

Pr'ythee Cynthia look behind you;
 Age and wrinkles will o'ertake you;
 Then too late desire will find you,
 When the power must forsake you:
 Think, O think o'th sad condition,
 To be past, yet wish fruition.

Mel You shall have my thanks below.

(To the music, they go out.)

SCENE IV.

(To them) Sir Paul PLYANT and Lady PLYANT.

Sir P. Gads bud! I am provok'd into a fermentation,
 as my Lady Froth says; was ever the like read of in
 story?

Lady P. Sir Paul have Patience, let me alone to rattle
 him up.

Sir P. Pray your ladyship give me leave to be angry
 —I'll rattle him up I warrant you, I'll firk him with
 a *Certiorari*.

Lady P. You firk him! I'll firk him my self? pray
 Sir Paul hold you contented.

Cyn. Bless me, what makes my father in such a passi-
 on! —I never saw him thus before.

Sir P. Hold your self contented my Lady Plyant,—
 I find passion coming upon me by inflation, and I can-
 not submit as formerly, therefore give way.

Lady P.

Lady P. How now! will you be pleased to retire, and——

Sir P. No, marry, will I not be pleased, I am pleased to be angry, that's my pleasure at this time.

Mel. What can this mean!

Lady P. Gads my life, the man's distracted; why how now, who are you? what am I? flidikins, can't I govern you? what did I marry you for? am I not to be absolute and uncontrolable? is it fit a woman of my spirit, and conduct, should be contradicted in a matter of this concern?

Sir P. It concerns me, and only me——besides, I'm not to be govern'd at all times. When I am in tranquillity, my lady *Plyant* shall command Sir *Paul*; but when I am provok'd to fury, I cannot incorporate with patience and reason, ——as soon may tygers match with tygers, lambs with lambs, and every creature couple with its foe, as the poet says.——

Lady P. He's hot-headed still! tis in vain to talk to you; but remember I have a curtain-lecture for you, you disobedient, headstrong brute.

Sir P. No, 'tis because I won't be a brute, and have my head fortify'd, that I am thus exasperated,——but I will protect my honour, and yonder is the violater of my fame.

Lady P. 'Tis my honour that is concern'd, and the violation was intended to me! your honour! you have none but what is in my keeping, and I can dispose of it when I please —— therefore don't provoke me.

Sir P. Hum, gads-bud she says true——well, my lady, march on, I will fight under you then: I am convinced, as far as passion will permit.

(*Lady Plyant and Sir Paul come up to Mellefont.*)

Lady P. Inhumane and treacherous——

Sir P. Thou serpent and first tempter of woman-kind.——

Cyn. Blest me! sir; madam; what mean you?

Sir P. *Thy*, *Thy*, come away *Thy*, touch him not, come hither girl, go not near him, there's nothing but deceit about him; snakes are in his peruke, and the crocodile

codile of *Nilus* in his belly, he will eat thee up alive.

Lady *P.* Dishonourable, impudent creature!

Mel. For heav'n's sake, madam, to whom do you direct this language?

Lady *P.* Have I behav'd my self with all the decorum and nicety, besitting the person of Sir *Paul's* wife? have I preserv'd my honour as it were in a snow-house for these three years past? have I been white and unsully'd even by Sir *Paul* himself?

Sir *P.* Nay, she has been an invincible wife, even to me, that's the truth on't.

Lady *P.* Have I, I say, preserv'd my self, like a fair sheet of paper, for you to make a blot upon? —

Sir *P.* And she shall make a simile with any woman in *England*.

Mel. I am so amazed, I know not what to say.

Sir *P.* Do you think my daughter, this pretty creature! gads-buds she's a wife for a cherubim! do you think her fit for nothing but to be a stalking horse, to stand before you, while you take aim at my wife? gads-bud I was never angry before in my life, and I'll never be appeas'd again.

Mel. Hell and damnation! this is my aunt; such malice can be engendred no where else

(*Aside*)

Lady *P.* Sir *Paul*, take *Cynthia* from his sight; leave me to strike him with the remorse of his intended crime.

Cyn. Pray, sir, stay, hear him, I dare affirm he's innocent.

Sir *P.* Innocent! why hark'ye, come hither, *Thy*, hark'ye, I had it from his aunt, my sister *Touchwood*, — gads-bud he does not care a farthing for any thing of thee, but thy portion, why, he's in love with my wife; he would have tantaliz'd thee, and made a cuckold of thy poor father, — and that would certainly have broke my heart — I'm sure if ever I should have horns, they would kill me; they would never come kindly, I should die of 'em, like a child that was cutting his teeth — I should indeed, *Thy*, — therefore come

come away ; but providence has prevented all, therefore come away, when I bid you.

Cyn. I must obey.

SCENE V.

Lady PLYANT, *MELLEFONT*.

Lady P. O, such a thing ! the impiety of it startles me——to wrong so good, so fair a creature, and one that loves you tenderly——'tis a barbarity of barbarities, and nothing could be guilty of it——

Mel. But the greatest villain imagination can form, I grant it ; and next to the villainy of such a fact, is the villainy of aspersing me with the guilt. How ? which way was I to wrong her ? for yet I understand you not.

Lady P. Why, gads my life, cousin *Mellefont*, you cannot be so peremptory as to deny it ; when I tax you with it to your face ; for now *Sir Paul's* gone, you are *Corum Nobis*.

Mel. By heav'n, I love her more than life, or——

Lady P. Fiddle, faddle, don't tell me of this and that, and ev'ry thing in the world, but give me mathemacular demonstration, answer me directly——but I have not patience——Oh ! the impiety of it, as I was saying, and the unparallell'd wickedness ! merciful father ! how could you think to reverse nature, so to make the daughter the means of procuring the mother.

Mel. The daughter to procure the mother !

Lady P. Ay, for tho' I am not *Cynthia's* own mother, I am her father's wife ; and that's near enough to make it incest.

Mel. Incest ! O my precious aunt, and the devil in conjunction.

(*Aside.*)

Lady P. O reflect upon the horror of that, and then the guilt of deceiving every body ; marrying the daughter, only to make a cuckold of the father ; and then seducing me, debauching my purity, and perverting me from the road of virtue, in which I have trod thus long, and never made one trip, not one *faux pas* ; O consider it, what

what would you have to answer for if you should provoke me to frailty? Alas! humanity is feeble, heav'n know's very feeble, and unable to support it self.

Mel. Where am I? Is it day? and am I awake? madam——

Lady P. And no body knows how circumstances may happen together,——to my thinking, now I could resist the strongest temptation,——but yet I know, 'tis impossible for me to know whether I could or not, there's no certainty in the things of this life.

Mel. Madam, pray give me leave to ask you one question.——

Lady P. O Lord, ask me the question! I'll swear I'll refuse it; I swear I'll deny it.——therefore don't ask me, nay you shan't ask me, I swear I'll deny it. O gemini, you have brought all the blood into my face; I warrant I am as red as a turky-cock; O fie, cousin *Mellefont*!

Mel. Nay, madam, hear me; I mean——

Lady P. Hear you? no, no; I'll deny you first, and hear you afterwards. For one does not know how ones mind may change upon hearing—hearing is one of the senses, and all the senses are fallible; I won't trust my honour, I assure you; my honour is infallible and uncomatible.

Mel. For heav'n's sake, madam,——

Lady P. O name it no more——Bless me, how can you talk of heav'n! and have to much wickedness in your heart? may be you don't think it a sin——They say some of you gentlemen don't think it a sin——May be it is no sin to them that don't think it so; indeed—if I did not think it a sin——But still my honour, if it were no sin,——But then, to marry my daughter, for the conveniency of frequent opportunities,——I'll never consent to that, as sure as can be, I'll break the match.

Mel. Death and amazement,——madam, upon my knees——

Lady P. Nay, nay, rise up, come you shall see my good nature. I know love is powerful, and no body can help his passion: 'Tis not your fault; nor I swear it is not mine.

mine. ——— how can I help it, if I have charms?
and how can you help it, if you are made a cap-
tive? I swear it is pity it should be a fault, ——— but
my honour, ——— well, but your honour too ——— but
the sin! ——— well but the necessity ——— O lord,
here's some body coming. I dare not stay. Well, you
must consider of your crime, and strive as much as can
be against it, ——— strive be sure ——— but don't be melanco-
lick, don't despair, ——— but never think that I'll grant
you any thing! O lord, no; ——— but be sure you lay
aside all thoughts of the marriage, for tho' I know you
don't love *Cynthia*, only as a blind to your passion for me;
yet it will make me jealous. ——— O lord, what did
I say? jealous! no, no, I can't be jealous, for I must
not love you, ——— therefore don't hope, ——— but
don't despair neither, ——— O, they're coming I must
fly.

SCENE VI.

MELLEFONT *alone.*

MELLEFONT (*after a Pause.*)

So then, ——— spight of my care and foresight, I am
caught, caught in my security, ——— yet this was but a
shallow artifice, unworthy of my matchiavilian aunt:
there must be more behind, this is but the first flash, the
priming of her engine; destruction follows hard, if not
most presently prevented.

SCENE VII.

(*To him*) MASKWELL.

Mell. *Maskwell*, welcome, thy presence is a view of
land, appearing to my ship-wrack'd hopes: The witch
has rais'd the storm, and her ministers have done their
work; you see the vessels are parted.

Mask. I know it; I met Sir *Paul* towing away *Cyn-
thia*: Come, trouble not your head, I'll join you together
e're to-morrow morning or drown between you in the
attempt.

Mell. There's comfort in a hand stretch'd out, to one
that's sinking; tho' never so far off.

VOL. I.

F

Mask.

Mask. No sinking, nor no danger, ——— come, cheer up; why you don't know, that while I plead for you, your aunt has given me a retaining fee; ——— nay I am your greatest enemy and she does but journey-work under me.

Mel. Ha! how's this?

Mask. What do you think of my being employ'd in the execution of all her plots? ha, ha, ha, by heav'n it's true, I have undertaken to break the match, I have undertaken to make your uncle disinherit you, to get you turn'd out of doors; and to ——— and to ——— ha, ha, ha, I can't tell you for laughing ——— Oh she has open'd her heart to me ——— I am to turn you a grazing, and to ——— ha, ha, ha, marry *Cynthia* my self; there's a plot for you.

Mel. Ha! O I see, I see my rising fun! light breaks thro' clouds upon me, and I shall live in day ——— O my *Maskwell*! how shall I thank or praise thee; thou hast out-witted women. ——— But tell me, how could'st thou thus get into her confidence? ——— Ha! How? But was it her contrivance to perswade my lady *Phyant* to this extravagant belief?

Mask. It was, and to tell you the truth, I encourag'd it for your diversion: Tho' it made you a little uneasy for the present, yet the reflection of it must needs be entertaining ——— I warrant she was very violent at first.

Mel. Ha, ha, ha, ay, ay, a very fury; but I was most afraid of her violence at last, ——— If you had not come as you did; I don't know what she might have attempted.

Mask. Ha, ha, ha, I know her temper. ——— well you must know then, that all my contrivances were but bubbles; till at last I pretended to have been long secretly in love with *Cynthia*; that did my business; that convinc'd your aunt, I might be trusted; since it was as much my interest as hers to break the match: Then, she thought my jealousy might qualify me to assist her in her revenge. And in short, in that belief, told me the secrets of her heart. At length we made this agreement, if I accomplish her designs (as I told you before) she has engag'd to put *Cynthia* with all her fortune into my power.

Mel.

The DOUBLE-DEALER. III

Mel. She is most gracious in her favour,——well, and dear *Jack*, how hast thou contrived?

Mask. I would not have you stay to hear it now; for I don't know, but she may come this way; I am to meet her anon; after that, I'll tell you the whole matter; be here in this galler yan hour hence, by that time I imagine our consultation may be over

Mell. I will; till then success attend thee.

SCENE VIII.

MASKWELL alone.

Mask. Till then, success will attend me; for when I meet you, I meet the only obstacle to my fortune. *Cynthia*, let thy beauty gild my crimes; and whatsoever I commit of treachery! or deceit shall be imputed to me as a merit——treachery! what treachery? love cancels all the bonds of friendship, and sets men right upon their first foundations.

Duty to kings, piety to parents, gratitude to benefactors, and fidelity to friends, are different and particular ties: But the name of rival cuts 'em all asunder, and is a general acquittance——Rival is equal, and love like death an universal leveller of mankind. Ha! but is there not such a thing as honesty? yes, and whosoever has it about him bears an enemy in his breast: For your honest man, as I take it, is that nice scrupulous, conscientious person who will cheat no body, but himself, such another coxcomb as your wise man, who is too hard for all the world, and will be made a fool of by no body but himself: Ha, ha, ha. Well for wisdom and honesty, give me cunning and hypocrisie; oh, 'tis such a pleasure, to angle for fair fac'd Fools! then that hungry gudgeon credulity, will bite at any thing——why, let me see, I have the same face, the same words and accents when I speak what I do think; and when I speak what I do not think——the very same——and dear dissimulation is the only art, not to be known from nature.

Why will Mankind be Fools and be deceiv'd?

And why are Friends and Lovers Oaths believ'd?

When, each, who searches strictly his own Mind,

May so much Fraud and Power of Baseness find.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Lord TOUCHWOOD, and Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Lady TOUCHWOOD.

MY lord can you blame my brother *Plyant*, if he refuse his daughter upon this provocation? the contract's void by this unheard of impiety.

Lord Touch. I don't believe it true; he has better principles——pho, 'tis nonsense. Come come, I know my *Lady Plyant* has a large eye, and wou'd centre every thing in her own circle; 'tis not the first time she has mistaken respect for love, and made Sir *Paul* jealous of the civility of an undesigning person, the better to bespeak his security in her unfeigned pleasures.

Lady Touch. You sensure hardly, my lord; my sister's honour is very well known.

Lord Touch. Yes, I believe I know some that have been familiarly acquainted with it. This is a little trick wrought by some pitiful contriver, envious of my nephew's merit.

Lady Touch. Nay my lord, it may be so, and I hope it will be found so: But that will require some time; for in such a case as this, demonstration is necessary.

Lord Touch. There should have been demonstration of the contrary too, before it had been believ'd—

Lady Touch. So I suppose there was.

Lord Touch. How? where? when?

Lady Touch. That I can't tell; nay I don't say there was—— I am willing to believe as favourably of my nephew as I can.

Lord Touch. I don't know that.

[*Half aside.*

Lady Touch. How? don't you believe that, say you, my lord?

Lord

Lord Touch. No, I don't say so——I confess I am troubled to find you so cold in his defence.

Lady Touch. His defence! bless me would you have me defend an ill thing?

Lord Touch. You believe it then?

Lady Touch. I don't know; I am very unwilling to speak my thoughts in any thing that may be to my cousin's disadvantage; besides, I find, my lord, you are prepar'd to receive an ill impression from any opinion of mine which is not consenting with your own: But since I am like to be suspected in the end, and 'tis a pain any longer to dissemble, I own it to you; in short I do believe it, nay, and can believe any thing worse, if it were laid to his charge——don't ask me my reasons, my lord, for they are not fit to be told you.

Lord Touch. I'm amaz'd, here must be something more than ordinary in this. (*Aside*) Not fit to be told me, madam? You can have no interests, wherein I am not concern'd, and consequently the same reasons ought to be convincing to me, which create your satisfaction or disquiet.

Lady Touch. But those which cause my disquiet, I am willing to have remote from your hearing. Good my lord, don't press me.

Lord Touch. Don't oblige me to press you.

Lady Touch. Whatever it was, 'tis past: And that is better to be unknown which cannot be prevented; therefore let me beg you to rest satisfy'd——

Lord Touch. When you have told me, I will——

Lady Touch. You won't.

Lord Touch. By my life, my dear, I will.

Lady Touch. What if you can't.

Lord Touch. How? then I must know, nay I will: No more trifling——I charge you tell me——by all our mutual peace to come; upon your duty——

Lady Touch. Nay, my lord, you need say no more, to make me lay my heart before you, but don't be thus transported; compose your self: It is not of concern, to make you lose one minute's temper, 'Tis not indeed, my dear. Nay by this kiss you shan't be angry. O

lord, I wish I had not told you any thing——indeed, my lord, you have frighted me, nay look pleas'd, I'll tell you.

Lord *Touch.* Well, well.

Lady *Touch.* Nay, but will you be calm——indeed it's nothing but——

Lord *Touch.* But what?

Lady *Touch.* But will you promise me not to be angry——Nay you must——Not to be angry with *Mellefont*——I dare swear he's sorry——and were it to do again, would not——

Lord *Touch.* Sorry for what? Death, you wrack me with delay.

Lady *Touch.* Nay, no great matter; only——Well, I have your promise,——Pho, why nothing, only your nephew had a mind to amuse himself sometimes with a little gallantry towards me, nay, I can't think he meant any thing seriously, but methought it look'd oddly.

Lord *Touch.* Confusion and hell, what do I hear!

Lady *Touch.* Or, may be, he thought he was not enough a-kin to me, upon your account, and had a mind to create a nearer relation on his own; a lover you know, my Lord——Ha, ha, ha. Well but that's all——Now you have it; well, remember your promise, my Lord, and don't take any notice of it to him.

Lord *Touch.* No, no, no——damnation!

Lady *Touch.* Nay, I swear you must not——a little harmless mirth——only misplac'd, that's all——But if it were more, 'tis over now, and all's well. For my part, I have forgot it; and so has he, I hope, for I have not heard any thing from him these two days.

Lord *Touch.* These two days! Is it so fresh? Unnatural villain! Death, I'll have him stripp'd and turn'd naked out of my doors this moment, and let him rot and perish, incestuous brute!

Lady *Touch.* O for heaven's sake, my Lord, you'll ruin me, if you take such publick notice of it, it will be a town talk: Consider your own and my honour——nay, I told you, you would not be satisfied when you knew it.

Lord

Lord *Touch.* Before I've done, I'll be satisfy'd. Ungrateful monster ! how long ?

Lady *Touch.* Lord, I don't know : I wish my lips had grown together when I told you——Almost a twelve-month——Nay, I won't tell you any more 'till you are your self. Pray my Lord, don't let the company see you in this disorder——Yet I confess, I can't blame you ; for I think I was never so surpriz'd in my life——Who would have thought my nephew could have so misconstrued my kindness——But will you go into your closet and recover your temper ? I'll make an excuse of sudden business to the company, and come to you. Pray, good dear my Lord, let me beg you do now : I'll come immediately, and tell you all ; will you, my Lord ?

Lord *Touch.* I will——I am mute with wonder.

Lady *Touch.* Well, but go now, here's some body coming.

Lord *Touch.* Well, I go —— You won't stay, for I would hear more of this.

Lady *Touch.* I follow instantly——So.

SCENE II.

Lady TOUCHWOOD, MASKWELL.

Mask. This was a master-piece, and did not need my help——tho' I stood ready for a cue, to come in and confirm all, had there been occasion.

Lady *Touch.* Have you seen *Mellefont*.

Mask. I have ; and am to meet him here about this time.

Lady *Touch.* How does he bear his disappointment.

Mask. Secure in my assistance, he seem'd not much afflicted, but rather laugh'd at the shallow artifice which so little time must of necessity discover. Yet he is apprehensive of some farther design of yours, and has engaged me to watch you. I believe he will hardly be able to prevent your plot, yet I would have you use caution and expedition.

Lady *Touch.* Expedition indeed ; for all we do, must be perform'd in the remaining part of this evening, and

before the company break up; lest my Lord should cool, and have an opportunity to talk with him privately—My Lord must not see him again.

Mask. By no means; therefore you must aggravate my lord's displeasure to a degree that will admit of no conference with him. ——— What think you of mentioning me?

Lady Touch. How?

Mask. To my Lord, as having been privy to *Mellefont's* design upon you, but still using my utmost endeavours to dissuade him: Tho' my friendship and love to him has made me conceal it; yet you may say, I threatened the next time he attempted any thing of that kind, to discover it to my lord.

Lady Touch. To what end is this?

Mask. It will confirm my lord's opinion of my honour and honesty, and create in him a new confidence in me, which (should this design miscarry) will be necessary to the forming another plot that I have in me head—To you, as well as the rest. (*Aside.*)

Lady Touch. I'll do it———I'll tell him you hindred him once from forcing me.

Mask. Excellent! Your ladyship has a most improving fancy. You had best go to my lord, keep him as long as you can in his closet, and I doubt not but you will mould him to what you please; your guests are so engaged in their own follies and intrigues, they'll miss neither of you.

Lady Touch. When shall we meet? ——— At eight this evening in my chamber; there rejoice at our success, and toy away an hour in mirth.

Mask. I will not fail.

SCENE III.

MASKWELL alone.

I know what she means by toying away an hour well enough. Pox I have lost all appetite to her; yet she's a fine Woman, and I lov'd her once. But I don't know, since I have been in a great measure kept by her, the case is alter'd; what was my pleasure is become my duty:
And

And I have as little stomach to her now as if I were her husband. Should she smother my design upon *Cynthia*, I were in a fine pickle. She has a damn'd penetrating head, and knows how to interpret a coldness the right way; therefore I must dissemble ardour and ecstasy, that's resolv'd: How easily and pleasantly is that dissembled before fruition! Pox on't that a man can't drink without quenching his thirst. Ha! yonder comes *Mellefont* thoughtful. Let me think: Meet her at eight—hum—ha! By heav'n I have it—if I can speak to my lord before—Was it my brain or Providence? no matter which—I will deceive 'em all, and yet secure my self: 'Twas a lucky thought! well this double-dealing is a jewel. Here he comes: Now for me—

(*Maskwell pretending not to see him, walks by him, and speaks as it were to himself.*)

SCENE IV.

(*To him*) *MELLEFONT* musing.

Mask. Mercy on us! what will the wickedness of this world come to?

Mel. How now, *Jack*? what, so full of contemplation that you run over!

Mask. I'm glad you're come, for I could not contain my self any longer: And was just going to give vent to a secret, which no body but you ought to drink down—Your aunt's just gone from hence.

Mel. And having trusted thee with the secrets of her soul, thou art villainously bent to discover 'em all to me, ha?

Mask. I'm afraid my frailty leans that way—but I don't know whether I can in honour discover them all.

Mel. All, all, man: What, you may in honour betray her, as far as she betrays her self. No tragical design upon my person, I hope?

Mask. No, but it's a comical design upon mine.

Mel. What dost thou mean?

Mask. Listen and be dumb ; we have been bargaining about the rate of your ruin——

Mel. Like any two guardians to an orphan heiress.
——Well.

Mask. And whereas pleasure is generally paid with mischief, what mischief I do is to be paid with pleasure.

Mel. So when you've swallow'd the potion, you sweeten your mouth with a plumb.

Mask. You are merry, sir, but I shall probe your constitution. In short, the price of your banishment is to be paid with the person of——

Mel. Of *Cynthia*, and her fortune—— why you forget you told me this before.

Mask. No, no——so far you are right ; and I am, as an earnest of that bargain, to have full and free possession of the person of——your aunt.

Mel. Ha ! pho, you trifle.

Mask. By this light, I'm serious ; all rallery apart—— I knew 'twould stun you : This evening at eight, she will receive me in her bed-chamber.

Mel. Hell and the devil ! is she abandon'd of all grace—— why the woman is possess'd——

Mask. Well, will you go in my stead ?

Mel. By heav'n into a hot furnace sooner.

Mask. No, you would not—— It would not be so convenient, as I can order matters.

Mel. What d'ye mean !

Mask. Mean ? not to disappoint the lady, I assure you—— Ha, ha, ha, how gravely he looks—— come, come, I won't perplex you. 'Tis the only thing that providence could have contriv'd to make me capable of serving you, either to my inclination or your own necessity.

Mel. How, how, for heav'n's sake, dear *Mask-well* ?

Mask. Why thus—— I'll go according to appointment ; you shall have notice at the critical minute to come and surprise your aunt and me together : Counterfeit a rage against me, and I'll make my escape through the private passage from her chamber, which I'll take care to leave open : 'Twill be hard, if then you can't bring

bring her to any conditions. For this discovery will disarm her of all defence, and leave her entirely at your mercy : Nay, she must ever after be in awe of you.

Mel. Let me adore thee, my better *Genius* ! by heav'n I think it is not in the power of fate to disappoint my hopes——my hopes ! my certainty.

Masf. Well, I'll meet you here, within a quarter of eight, and give you notice.

Mel. Good fortune ever go along with thee.

S C E N E V.

MELLEFONT, CARELESS.

Care. *Mellefont*, get out o'th' way ; my Lady *Plyant's* coming, and I shall never succeed while thou art in sight——tho' she begins to tack about ; but I made love a great while to no purpose.

Mell. Why what's the matter : She's convinc'd that I don't care for her.

Care. I can't get an answer from her, that does not begin with her honour, or her virtue, her religion, or some such cant. Then she has told me the whole history of Sir *Paul's* nine years courtship ; how he has lain for whole nights together upon the stairs, before her chamber door ; and that the first favour he receiv'd from her, was a piece of an old scarlet petticoat for a stomager ; which since the day of his marriage, he has, out of a piece of gallantry, converted into a night-cap, and wears it still with much solemnity on his anniversary wedding night.

Mel. That I have seen, with the ceremony thereunto belonging——for on that night he creeps in at the bed's feet like a gull'd *Bassa* that has married a relation of the *Grand Signior*, and that night he has his arms at liberty. Did not she tell you at what a distance she keeps him ? he has confess'd to me that but at some certain times, that is I suppose when she apprehends being with child, he never has the privilege of using the familiarity of a husband with a wife. He was once given to scrambling with his hands and sprawling in his sleep ; and ever since she has him swaddled up in blankets, and his hands and feet

feet swath'd down, and so put to bed; and there he lies with a great beard like a *Russian* bear upon a drift of snow. You are very great with him, I wonder he never told you his grievances; he will, I warrant you.

Care. Excessively foolish!——but that which gives me most hopes of her, is her telling me of the many temptations she has resisted.

Mel. Nay, then you have her; for a woman's bragging to a man that she has overcome temptations, is an argument that they were weakly offer'd, and a challenge to him to engage her more irresistibly. 'Tis only an enhancing the price of the commodity, by telling you how many customers have underbid her.

Care. Nay, I don't despair——But still she has a grudging to you——I talk'd to her t'other night at my Lord *Froth's* masquerade, when I'm satisfy'd she knew me, and I had no reason to complain of my reception; but I find women are not the same bare-fac'd as in masks,——and a vizard disguises their inclinations as much as their faces.

Mel. 'Tis a mistake, for women may most properly be said to be unmask'd when they wear vizors; for that secures them from blushing, and being out of countenance, and next to being in the dark, or alone, they are most truly themselves in a vizard mask. Here they come, I'll leave you. Ply her close, and by and by clap a *Billet deux* into her hand: For a woman never thinks a man truly in love with her, 'till he has been fool enough to think of her out of her sight, and to lose so much time as to write to her.

SCENE VI.

CARELESS, Sir PAUL PLYANT, and Lady PLYANT.

Sir P. Shan't we disturb your meditation, Mr. *Careless*? you wou'd be private.

Care. You bring that along with you, Sir *Paul*, that shall be always welcome to my privacy.

Sir P. O, sweet sir, you load your humble servants, both me and my wife, with continual favours.

Lady

Lady P. Sir Paul, what a phrase was there? You will be making answers, and taking that upon you, which ought to lie upon me: That you should have so little breeding to think Mr. Careless did not apply himself to me. Pray what have you to entertain any body's privacy? I swear and declare in the face of the world, I'm ready to blush for your ignorance.

Sir P. I acquiesce, my lady; but don't snub so loud.

(*Aside to her.*)

Lady P. Mr. Careless, if a person that is wholly illiterate, might be supposed to be capable of being qualify'd to make a suitable return to those obligations, which you are pleas'd to confer upon one, that is wholly incapable of being qualify'd in all those circumstances, I'm sure I shou'd rather attempt it than any thing in the world, (*courtseys*) for I'm sure, there's nothing in the world that I would rather. (*courtseys*) But I know Mr. Careless is so great a critick and so fine a gentleman, that it is impossible for me——

Care. O heav'ns! madam, you confound me.

Sir P. Gads-bud, she's a fine person——

Lady P. O lord sir, pardon me, we women have not those advantages: I know my own imperfections——but at the same time you must give me leave to declare in the face of the world, that no body is more sensible of favours and things; for with the reserve of my honour, I assure you, Mr. Careless, I don't know any thing in the world, I would refuse to a person so meritorious—You'll pardon my want of expression.

Care. O your ladyship is abounding in all excellence, particularly that of phrase.

Lady P. You are so obliging, sir.

Care. Your ladyship is so charming,

Sir P. So, now, now, now, my lady.

Lady P. So well bred.

Care. So surprizing.

Lady P. So well dress'd, so *bonne mine*, so eloquent, so unaffected so easie, so free, so particular, so agreeable——

Sir P. Ay, so, so, there.

Care. O lord, I beseech you, madam don't-----

Lady

Lady *P.* So gay, so graceful, so good teeth, so fine shape, so fine limbs, so fine linnen, and I don't doubt but you have a very good skin, sir.

Car. For heaven's sake, madam—I am quite out of countenance.

Sir *P.* And my lady's quite out of breath ; or else you should hear——gad's bud, you may talk of my lady *Froth*.

Car. O fie, fie, not to be named of a day——my Lady *Froth* is very well in her accomplishments——but it is when my Lay *Pliant* is not thought of——If that can ever be.

Lady *P.* O you overcome me——that is so excessive.

Sir *P.* Nay, I swear and vow that was pretty.

Care. O Sir *Paul*, you are the happiest man alive. Such a lady ! that is the envy of her own sex, and the admiration of of ours.

Sir *P.* Your humble servant. I am, I thank heav'n, in a fine way of living, as I may say, peacefully and happily, and I think need not envy any one of my neighbours, blessed be providence——ay, truly, Mr. *Careless*, my lady is a great blessing, a fine, discreet, well-spoken woman as you shall see—if it becomes me to say so ; and we live very comfortably together ; she is a little hasty sometimes, and so am I ; but mine's soon over, and then I'm so sorry——O Mr. *Careless*, if it were not for one thing——

S C E N E VII.

CARELESS, Sir PAUL PLYANT, Lady PLYANT, Boy
with a Letter.

Lady *P.* How often have you been told of that, you jackanapes ?

Sir *P.* Gad so, gad's-bud——*Tim.* carry it to my lady, you should have carry'd it to my lady first.

Boy. 'Tis directed to your lordship.

Sir *P.* Well, well, my lady reads all letters first——child do so no more ; d'ye hear *Tim*.

Boy. No, an't please you.

S C E N E

SCENE VIII.

CARELESS, Sir PAUL PLYANT, Lady PLYANT.

Sir P. A humour of my wife's, you know women have little fancies——But as I was telling you, Mr. *Careless*, if it were not for one thing, I should think myself the happiest Man in the world? indeed that touches me near, very near.

Car. What can that be, Sir Paul?

Sir P. Why I have thank heav'n, a very plentiful fortune, a good estate in the country, some houses in town, and some money, a pretty tolerable personal estate; and it is a great grief to me, indeed it is, Mr. *Careless*, that I have not a son to inherit this——'Tis true, I have a daughter, and a fine dutiful child she is, though I say it, blessed be providence I may say; for indeed, Mr. *Careless* I am mightily beholden to Providence——a poor unworthy sinner——But if I had a son, ah, that's my affliction, and my only affliction; indeed I cannot refrain tears when it comes in my mind.

Care. Why, methinks that might be easily remedied——my lady's a fine likely woman——

Sir P. Oh, a fine likely woman as you shall see in a summer's day——Indeed she is Mr. *Careless*, in all respects.

Care. And I should not have taken you to have been so old——

Sir P. Alas, that's not it, Mr. *Careless*; ah; that's not it; no, no, you shoot wide of the mark a mile; indeed you do, that's not it Mr. *Careless*, no, no, that's not it.

Care. No; What can be the matter then?

Sir P. You'll scarcely believe me, when I shall tell you——my lady is so nice——It's very strange, but it's true; too true——she's so very nice, that I don't believe she would touch a man for the world——At least not above once a year; I'm sure I have found it so; and alas, what's once a year to an old man, who would do good in his generation? Indeed it's true, Mr. *Careless*, it breaks my heart.——I am her husband, as I
may

may say ; though far unworthy of that honour, yet I am her husband ; but alas-a-day, I have no more familiarity with her person—as to that matter——than with my own Mother——no indeed.

Care. Alas-a-day, this is a lamentable story ; my lady must be told on't ; she must 'ifaith, Sir *Paul* ; 'tis an injury to the world.

Sir *P.* Ah ! would to heav'n you would Mr. *Careless* ; you are mightily in her favour.

Care. I warrant you ; what, we must have a son some way or other.

Sir *P.* Indeed I should be mightily bound to you, if you could bring it about, Mr. *Careless*.

Lady *P.* Here, Sir *Paul*, it's from your steward, here's a Return of 600 *l.* you may take 50 *l.* of it for the next half year.

(*Gives him the Letter.*)

SCENE IX.

[*To them*] Lord *FROTH*, CYNTHIA.

Sir *P.* How does my girl ? come hither to thy father poor lamb, thou'rt melancholick.

Lord *Froth.* Heav'n, Sir *Paul*, you amaze me, of all things in the world——you are never pleas'd but when we are all upon the broad grin ; all laugh and no company ; ah, then 'tis such a sight to see some teeth——sure you're a great admirer of my lady *Whifler*, Mr. *Sneer*, and Sir *Laurence Loud*, and that gang.

Sir *P.* I vow and swear she's a very merry woman, but I think she laughs a little too much.

Lord *Froth.* Merry ! O Lord, what a character that is of a woman of quality——you have been at my lady *Whifler*'s upon her day, madam ?

Cyn. Yes, my Lord——I must humour this fool.

(*Aside.*)

Lord *Froth.* Well and how ? hee ! what is your sense of the Conversation ?

Cyn. O most ridiculous, a perpetual consort of laughing without an harmony ; for sure, my lord, to laugh out of time, is as disagreeable as to sing out of time or out of tune.

Lord

Lord Froth. Hee, hee, hee, right ; and then, my lady *Whifler* is so ready—she always comes in three bars too soon——and then, what do they laugh at ? for you know laughing without a jest is as impertinent ; hee ! as, as——

Cyn. As dancing without a fiddle.

Lord Froth. Just, i'faith : that was at my tongue's end.

Cyn. But that cannot be properly said of them, for I think they are all in good nature with the world, and only laugh at one another ; and you must allow they have all jests in their persons, though they have none in their conversation.

Lord Froth. True, as I'm a person of honour---- --for heav'n's sake let us sacrifice 'em to mirth a little.

[*Enter Boy and whispers Sir Paul.*]

Sir P. Gad so —— wife, wife, my Lady *Pliant*, I have a word.

Lady P. I'm busie, *Sir Paul* ; I wonder at your impertinence——

Care. *Sir Paul*, hark ye, I'm reasoning the matter you know ; madam, —— if your ladyship please, we'll discourse of this in the next room.

Sir P. O ho, I wish you good success. I wish you good success. Boy, tell my lady, when she has done I will speak with her below.

S C E N E X.

CYNTHIA, *Lord FROTH*, *Lady FROTH*, *BRISK*.

Lady Froth. Then you think that *Episode* between *Susan*, the dairy-maid, and our coach-man is not amiss ; you know I may suppose the dairy in town, as well as in the country.

Brisk. Incomparable, let me perish----but then being an heroick poem, had not you better call him a *Charioteer* ? *Charioteer* sounds great ; besides your ladyship's coachman having a red face, and you comparing him to the sun —— and you know the sun is call'd *Heav'n's Charioteer*.

Lady

Lady Froth. Oh, infinitely better ; I'm extreamly beholden to you for the hint ; stay, we'll read over those half a score lines again. (*Pulls out a paper*) Let me see, here you know what goes before——the comparison you know.

Reads.] *For as the sun shines ev'ry day,
So of our coach-man I may say.*

Brisk. I'm afraid that simile won't do in wet weather——because you say the sun shines ev'ry day.

Lady Froth. No, for the sun it won't, but it will do for the coach-man, for you know there's more occasion for a coach in wet weather.

Brisk. Right, right ; that saves all.

Lady Froth. Then I don't say the sun shines all the day, but that he peeps now and then, yet he does shine all the day too, you know, tho' we don't see him.

Brisk. Right, but the vulgar will never comprehend that.

Lady Froth. Well, you shall hear-----let me see.

Reads.] *For as the sun shines ev'ry day,
So, of our coach-man I may say,
He shows his drunken fiery face,
Just as the sun does more or less.*

Brisk. That's right, all's well, all's well. *More or less.*

Lady FROTH. [reads.]

*And when at night his labour's done,
Then too, like beav'ns Charioteer the sun :*

Ay, Charioteer does better.

*Into the dairy he descends,
And there his whipping and his driving ends ;
There he's secure from danger of a bilk,
His fear is paid him, and he sets in Milk.*

For Susan, you know, is *Thetis*, and so--- -

Brisk. Incomparably well and proper, i'gad-----but I have one exception to make-----don't you think *Bilk* (I know it's good rhyme) but don't you think *Bilk* and *Fare* too like a hackney coach-man ?

Lady Froth. I swear and vow I'm afraid so-----and yet our *Jehu* was a hackney coach-man, when my Lord took him.

Brisk.

Brisk. Was he? I'm answer'd, If *Jeb* was a hackney coach-man-----you may put that in the marginal notes tho', to prevent criticism-----only mark it with a small asterisk, and say, -----*Jeb* was formerly a hackney coach-man.

Lady Froth. I will; you'd oblige me extreamly to write notes to the whole poem.

Brisk. With all my heart and soul, and proud of the vast honour, let me perish.

Lord Froth. Hee, hee, hee, my dear have you done ---won't you joyn with us? we were laughing at my *Lady Whifler*, and Mr. *Sneer*.

Lady Froth. --- Ay my dear-----were you? Oh filthy Mr. *Sneer*; he's a nauseous figure, a most fulsamick fop, foh-----he spent two days together in going about *Covent-garden* to suit the lining of his coach with his complexion.

Lord Froth. O silly! yet his aunt is as fond of him, as if she had brought the ape into the world her self.

Brisk. Who, my *Lady Toothless*? O, she's a mortifying spectacle; she's always chewing the cud like an old Ewe.

Cyn. Fie, Mr. *Brisk*! *Eringo's* for her cough.

Lady Froth. I have seen her take 'em half chew'd out of her mouth, to laugh, and then put 'em in again-----Foh.

Lord Froth. Foh.

Lady Froth. Then she's always ready to laugh when *Sneer* offers to speak --- and sits in expectation of his no jest, with her gums bare, and her mouth open ---

Brisk. Like an oyster at low ebb, I'gad --- --- Ha, ha, ha.

Cyn. (*Aside.*) Well, I find there are no fools so inconsiderable in themselves, but they can render other people contemptible by exposing their infirmities.

Lady Froth. Then that t'other great strapping lady--- I can't hit of her name; the old fat fool that paints so exorbitantly.

Brisk. I know whom you mean --- but deuce take me I can't hit of her name neither-----paints, d'ye say? why

why she lays it on with a trowel——then she has a great beard that bristles through it, and makes her look as if she were plaister'd with lime and hair, let me perish.

Lady Froth. Oh you made a song upon her, Mr. *Brisk.*

Brisk. He & egad, so I did -----my lord can sing it.

Cyn. O good my lord let's hear it.

Brisk. 'Tis not a song neither-----It's a sort of an epigram, or rather an epigramatick sonnet, I don't know what to call it, but it's Satire.—sing it my lord.

Lord *Froth* sings.

*Ancient Phillis has young graces,
'Tis a strange thing, but a true one;
Shall I tell you how?
She her self makes her own faces,
And each morning wears a new one;
Where's the wonder now?*

Brisk. Short, but there's salt in't; my way of writing I'gad.

SCENE XI.

(*To them*) Footman.

Lady Froth. How now?

Foot. Your Ladyship's chair is come.

Lady Froth. Is nurse and the child in it?

Foot. Yes, madam.

Lady Froth. O the dear creature! let's go see it.

Lord Froth. I swear, my dear, you'll spoil that child, with sending it to and again so often; this is the seventh time the chair has gone for her to day.

Lady Froth. O law, I swear it's but the sixth——and I han't seen her these two hours——The poor dear creature——I swear my Lord, you don't love poor little *Sappho*——Come my dear *Cynthia*, Mr. *Brisk*, we'll go see *Sappho*, tho' my Lord won't.

Cyn. I'll wait upon your ladyship.

Brisk. Pray, madam, how old is lady *Sappho*?

Lady Froth. Three quarters, but I swear she has a world of wit, and can sing a tune already. My Lord, won't

won't you go? won't you? What, not to see *Saph*? Pray, my Lord, come see little *Saph*. I knew you could not stay.

SCENE XII.

CYNTHIA, *alone*,

'Tis not so hard to counterfeit joy in the depth of affliction, as to dissemble mirth in company of fools—— Why should I call 'em fools? the world thinks better of 'em; for these have quality and education, wit and fine conversation, are receiv'd and admir'd by the world—— If not, they like and admire themselves—— And why is not that true wisdom, for 'tis happiness: And for ought I know, we have misapply'd the name all this while, and mistaken the thing: Since,

*If Happiness in Self-Content is plac'd,
The Wise are wretched, and Fools only blest'd.*

End of the third Act.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

MELLEFONT and CYNTHIA.

Cynthia.

I Heard him loud as I came by the closet door, and my lady with him, but she seem'd to moderate his passion.

Mel. Ay, hell thank her, as gentle breezes moderate a fire; but I shall counter-work her spells, and ride the witch in her own bridle.

Cyn. It's impossible; she'll cast beyond you still—— I'll lay my life it will never come to be a match.

Mel. What?

Cyn.

Cyn. Between you and me.

Mel. Who so?

Cyn. My mind gives me it won't——because we are both willing; we each of us strive to reach the goal, and hinder one another in the race; I swear it never does well when the parties are so agreed——For when people walk hand in hand, there's neither overtaking nor meeting: We hunt in couples where we both pursue the same game, but forget one another, and 'tis because we are so near that we don't think of coming together.

Mel. Hum, gad I believe there's something in't;—marriage is the game that we hunt, and while we think that we only have it in view, I don't see but we have it in our power.

Cyn. Within reach; for example, give me your hand; you have look'd thro' the wrong end of the perspective all this while; for nothing has been between us but our fears.

Mel. I don't know why we should not steal out of the house this very moment, and marry one another, without consideration, or the fear of repentance. Pox o' fortune, portion, settlements and jointures.

Cyn. Ay, ay what have we to do with 'em; you know we marry for love.

Mel. Love, love, down-right very villainous love.

Cyn. And he that can't live upon love, deserves to die in a ditch.—Here then, I give you my promise, in spite of duty, any temptation of wealth, your inconstancy, or my own inclination to change.—

Mel. To run most willfully and unreasonably away with me this moment, and be married.

Cyn. Hold—— Never to marry any body else.

Mel. That's but a kind of negative consent—— Why, you won't baulk the frolick?

Cyn. If you had not been so assured of your own conduct I would not— but 'tis but reasonable that since I consent to like a man without the vile consideration of money, he shall give me a very evident demonstration of his wit: Therefore let me see you under-
mine

mine my Lady Touchwood, as you boasted, and force her to give her consent, and then——

Mel. I'll do't.

Cyn. And I'll do't.

Mel. This very next ensuing hour of eight a clock is the last minute of her reign, unless the devil assist her in *propria persona*.

Cyn. Well, if the devil should assist her, and your plot miscarry.——

Mel. Ay, what am I to trust to then?

Cyn. Why, if you give me a very clear demonstration that it was the devil, I'll allow for irresistible odds. But if I find it to be only chance, or destiny, or unlucky stars, or any thing but the devil, I'm inexorable: Only still I'll keep my word, and live a maid for your sake.

Mel. And you won't die one, for your own; so still there's hope.

Cyn. Here's my mother-in-law, and your Friend Careless; I would not have 'em see us together yet.

SCENE II.

CARELESS and Lady PLYANT.

Lady P. I swear, Mr. Careless, you are very alluring——and say so many fine things, and nothing is so moving to me as a fine thing. Well, I must do you this justice, and declare in the face of the world, never any body gain'd so far upon me as your self; with blushes I must own it, you have shaken, as I may say, the very foundation of my honour——Well, sure if I escape your importunities, I shall value my self as long as I live, I swear.

Care. And despise me.

(Sighing.)

Lady P. The last of any man in the world, by my purity; now you make me swear——O gratitude forbid, that I should ever be wanting in a respectful acknowledgment of an entire resignation of all my best wishes, for the person and parts of so accomplish'd a person,
whose

whose merit challenges much more, I'm sure, than my illiterate praises can description——

Care. (in a whining tone.) Ah, heav'ns, madam, you ruin me with kindness; your charming tongue pursues the victory of your eyes, while at your feet your poor adorer dies.

Lady P. Ah! very fine.

Care. (still whining.) Ah, why are you so fair, so bewitching fair? O let me grow to the ground here, and feast upon that hand; O let me press it to my heart, my trembling heart, the nimble movement shall instruct your pulse, and teach it to alarm desire.

(Zoons I'm almost at the end of my cant, if she does not yield quickly.) (Aside.

Lady P. O that's so passionate and fine, I cannot bear it----I am not safe if I stay, and must leave you.

Care. And must you leave me! rather let me languish out a wretched life, and breath my soul beneath your feet.

(I must say the same thing over again, and can't help it, (Aside.

Lady P. I swear I'm ready to languish too ----- O my honour! whither is it going? I protest you have given me the palpitation of the heart,

Care. Can you be so cruel?-----

Lady P. O rise, I beseech you, say no more 'till you rise-----Why did you kneel so long? I swear I was so transported, I did not see it----Well, to shew you how far you have gain'd upon me; I assure you if Sir Paul should die, of all mankind there's none I'd sooner make my second choice.

Care. O heav'n! I can't out-live this night without your favour----I feel my spirits faint, a general dampness overspreads my face, a cold deadly dew already vents through all my pores, and will to-morrow wash me for ever from your sight, and drown me in my tomb.

Lady P. O you have conquer'd, sweet, melting, moving sir, you have conquer'd---What heart of marble can refrain to weep, and yield to such sad sayings. (Cries.

Care.

Car. I thank heav'n, they are the saddest that I ever said—Oh! (*I shall never contain laughter.*) (*Aside.*

Lady P. Oh, I yield my self all up to your uncontrollable embraces——say, thou dear dying man, when, where, and how. — Ah, there's *Sir Paul*

Care. 'Slife, yonder's *Sir Paul*; but if he were not come, I'm so transported I cannot speak—— This note will inform you. (*Gives her a note.*

SCENE III.

Lady PLYANT, Sir PAUL PLYANT, CYNTHIA.

Sir P. Thou art my tender lambkin, and shalt do what thou wilt——but endeavour to forget this *Mellefont*.

Cyn. I would obey you to my power, sir; but if I have not him, I have sworn never to marry.

Sir P. Never to marry! heav'n's forbid; must I neither have sons nor grandsons? must the family of the *Plyants* be utterly extinct for want of issue male. Oh impiety! but did you swear, did that sweet creature swear! ha? how durst you swear without my consent, ah? gads-bud who am I?

Cyn. Pray don't be angry, sir; when I swore, I had your consent, and therefore I swore.

Sir P. Why then the revoking my consent, does annul, or make of none effect your oath; so you may unswear it again—the law will allow it.

Cyn. Ay, but my conscience never will.

Sir P. Gads-bud no matter for that, conscience and law never go together; you must not expect that.

Lady P. Ay, but *Sir Paul*, I conceive if she has sworn, d'ye mark me, if she has once sworn, it is most unchristian, inhuman, and obscene that she should break it.—I'll make up the match again, because *Mr. Careless* said it would oblige him. (*Aside.*

Sir P. Does your ladyship conceive so——why, I was of that opinion once too——nay, if your ladyship conceives so, I am of that opinion again; but I can
Vol. I. G neither

neither find my lord nor my lady to know what they intend.

Lady P. I am satisfy'd that my cousin *Mellefont* has been much wrong'd.

Cyn. (*Aside.*) I'm amaz'd to find her of our side, for I'm sure she lov'd him.

Lady P. I know my Lady *Touchwood* has no kindness for him, and besides I have been inform'd by Mr. *Careless*, that *Mellefont* had never any thing more than a profound respect — that he has own'd himself to be my admirer 'tis true, but he was never so presumptuous to entertain any dishonourable notions of things; so that if this be made plain——I don't see how my daughter can in conscience or honour, or any thing in the world——

Sir P. Indeed if this be made plain, as my lady your mother says, child——

Lady P. Plain! I was inform'd of it by Mr. *Careless*——and I assure you Mr. *Careless* is a person——that has a most extraordinary respect and honour for you sir *Paul*.

Cyn. (*Aside.*) And for your ladyship too, I believe, or else you had not chang'd sides so soon; now I begin to find it.

Sir P. I am much oblig'd to Mr *Careless* really, he is a person that I have a great value for, not only for that, but because he has a great veneration for your ladyship.

Lady P. O las, no indeed, Sir *Paul*, 'tis upon your account.

Sir P. No, I protest and vow, I have no title to his esteem, but in having the honour to appertain in some measure to your ladyship, that's all.

Lady P. O law now, I swear and declare, it shan't be so, you're too modest Sir *Paul*.

Sir P. It becomes me, when there is any comparison made. between——

Lady P. O fy, fy, Sir *Paul*, you'll put me out of countenance——your very obedient and affectionate wife that's all——and highly honour'd in that title.

Sir P. Gads-bud I am transported! give me leave to kiss your ladyship's hand.

Cyn

Cyn. That my poor father should be so very silly!

(*Aside.*)

Lady P. My lip indeed, Sir Paul, I swear you shall.

(*He kisses her, and bows very low.*)

Sir P. I humbly thank your ladyship—I don't know whether I fly on ground, or walk in air. — Gads-bud, she was never thus before--- well, I must own my self the most beholden to Mr. Careless—as sure as can be this is all his doing, — something that he has said; well, 'tis a rare thing to have an ingenious friend. Well your ladyship is of opinion that the match may go forward?

Lady P. By all means--- Mr. Careless has satisfy'd me of the matter.

Sir P. Well, why then lamb you may keep your oath, but have a care of making rash vows; come hither to me, and kiss Papa.

Lady P. I swear and declare, I am in such a twitter to read Mr. Careless his letter, that I can't forbear any longer-----but though I may read all letters first by prerogative, yet I'll be sure to be unsuspected this time-----
Sir Paul.

Sir P. Did your ladyship call?

Lady P. Nay not to interrupt you my dear-----only lend me your letter, which you had from your steward, to day, I would look upon the account again; and may be increafe your allowance.

Sir P. There it is, madam; do you want a pen and Ink?

(*Pours and gives the letter.*)

Lady P. No, no, nothing else, I thank you Sir Paul. ---So now I can read my own letter under the cover of his.

(*Aside.*)

Sir P. He? and wilt thou bring me a grandson at nine months end----- he? a brave chopping boy ——— I'll settle a thousand pound a year upon the rogue as soon as ever he looks me in the face, I will gads-bud. I'm overjoy'd to think I have any of my family that will bring children into the world. For I would fain have some resemblance of my self in my posterity, he Thy? can't

you contrive that affair, girl? do, gads-bud, think on thy old father; heh? make the young rogue as like as you can.

Cyn. I'm glad to see you so merry, sir.

Sir P. Merry! gads-bud I'm serious, I'll give thee 500 *l.* for every inch of him that resembles me; ah this eye, this left eye! a thousand pound for this left eye. This has done execution in its time girl; why thou hast my leer, hussley, just thy father's leer——let it be transmitted to the young rogue by the help of imagination; why 'tis the mark of our family, *Thy*; our house is distinguish'd by a languishing eye, as the house of *Austria* is by a thick lip.——Ah! when I was of your age hussley, I would have held fifty to one, I could have drawn my own picture——Gads-bud I could have done——not so much as you neither—but——nay, don't blush——

Cyn. I don't blush, Sir, for I vow I don't understand----

Sir P. Pshaw, pshaw, you fib you baggage, you do understand, and you shall understand; came, don't be so nice, gads-bud don't learn after your mother-in-law my lady here: Marry heav'n forbid that you should follow her example, that would spoil all indeed. Bless us, if you should take a vagarie and make a rash resolution on your wedding-night, to die a maid, as she did; all were ruin'd, all my hopes lost ----- my heart would break, and my estate would be left to the wide world, he? I hope you are a better christian than to think of living a nun; he? answer me.

Cyn. I'm all obedience, sir to your commands.

Lady P. (*Having read the letter*) O dear Mr. *Careless*, I swear he writes charmingly, and he looks charmingly, and he has charm'd me, as much as I have charm'd him; and so I'll tell him in the wardrobe when 'tis dark. O crimine! I hope *Sir Paul* has not seen both letters.

(*Puts the letter hastily up, and gives him her own.*)
Sir Paul, here's your letter; to morrow-morning I'll settle accounts to your advantage.

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

(To them) BRISK.

Brisk. Sir *Paul*, gads-bud you're an uncivil person, let me tell you, and all that; and I did not think it had been in you.

Sir *P.* O law, what's the matter now? I hope you are not angry, Mr. *Brisk*.

Brisk. Deuce take me I believe you intend to marry your daughter your self; you're always brooding over her like an old hen, as if she were not well hatch'd. I gad he?

Sir *P.* Good strange! Mr. *Brisk* is such a merry facetious person, he, he, he. No, no, I have done with her, I have done with her now.

Brisk. The fiddlers have stay'd this hour in the hall, and my lord *Froth* wants a partner, we can never begin without her.

Sir *P.* Go, go, child, go, get you gone and dance and be merry, I'll come and look at you by and by.----- Where's my son *Mellfont*?

Lady *P.* I'll send him to them: I know where he is---

Brisk. Sir *Paul*, will you send *Careless* into the hall if you meet him?

Sir *P.* I will, I will, I'll go and look for him on purpose.

SCENE V.

BRISK alone.

So, now they are all gone, and I have an opportunity to practise-----ah! my dear Lady *Froth*! she's a most engaging creature, if she were not so fond of that damn'd coxcomby lord of hers; and yet I am forced to allow him wit too, to keep in with him-----no matter she's a woman of parts, and I gad parts will carry her. She said she would follow me into the gallery----- now to make my approaches-----hem hem! Ha ma-(*Bows*,) dam!-----pox on't, why should I dispa-

rage my parts by thinking what to say? none but dull rogues *Think*; witty men, like rich fellows, are always ready for all expences; while your blockheads, like poor needy scoundrels, are forced to examine their stock, and fore-cast the charges of the day. Here she comes, I'll seem not to see her, and try to win her with a new airy invention of my own: hem!

SCENE VI.

(*To them*) Lady FROTH.

BRISK Sings walking about.

I'm sick with love, ha, ha, ha, pr'ythee come come cure me. I'm sick with, &c.

O ye pow'rs! O my lady *Froth*! my lady *Froth*, my lady *Froth*, heigh ho break my heart; gods I thank you.

(*Stands musing with his arms a-cross,*

Lady *Froth*, O heav'ns Mr. *Brisk*! what's the matter?

Brisk. My lady *Froth*! your ladyship's most humble servant;-----the matter, madam? nothing, madam, nothing at all I'gad. I was fallen into the most agreeable amusement in the whole province of contemplation: That's all-----(*I'll seem to conceal my passion, and that will look like respect.*)

(*Aside.*

Lady *Froth*. Bless me, why did you call out upon me so loud?-----

Brisk. O lord, I, madam! I beseech your ladyship-----when?

Lady *Froth*. Just now as I came in; bless me! why, don't you know it?

Brisk. Not I, let me perish--But did I! Strange! I confess your Ladyship was in my thoughts; and I was in a sort of a Dream that did in a manner present a very pleasing Object to my imagination, but-----but did I indeed?-----To see how Love and Murder will out. But did I really name my Lady *Froth*.

Lady

Lady Froth. Three times aloud, as I love Letters—
But did you talk of Love? O *Parnafus*! Who would have
thought Mr. *Brisk* could have been in Love, ha, ha, ha.
O Heav'n's! I thought you cou'd have no Mistress but
the Nine Muses.

Brisk. No more I have I'gad, for I adore 'em all in
your Ladyship——Let me perish. I don't know whe-
ther to be splenetick or airy upon't; the deuce take me if
I can tell whether I am glad or sorry that your ladyship
has made the discovery.

Lady Froth. O be merry by all means—Prince *Volsci-*
us in love! Ha, ha, ha.

Brisk. O barbarous, to turn me into ridicule! Yet, ha,
ha, ha. The deuce take me, I can't help laughing my
self, ha, ha, ha; yet by heav'ns I have a violent Passion
for your ladyship, seriously.

Lady Froth. Seriously? Ha, ha, ha.

Brisk. Seriously, ha, ha, ha. Gad I have, for all I
laugh.

Lady Froth. Ha, ha, ha! What d'ye think I laugh at?
Ha, ha, ha.

Brisk. Me I'gad, ha, ha, ha.

Lady Froth. No, the deuce take me if I don't laugh at
my self; for hang me if I have not a violent passion for
Mr. *Brisk*, ha, ha, ha.

Brisk. Seriously?

Lady Froth. Seriously, ha, ha, ha.

Brisk. That's well enough; let me perish, ha, ha, ha.
O miraculous, what a happy discovery. Ah my dear
charming *Lady Froth*!

Lady Froth. Oh my adored Mr. *Brisk*. [*Embraces.*

S C E N E VII.

[*To them*] Lord FROTH.

Lord *Froth.* The company are all ready——How
now?

Brisk. Zoons, madam, there's my Lord.

[*Softly to her.*

Lady Froth. Take no Notice—but observe me—
Now cast off, and meet me at the lower end of the room,
and then joyn hands again; I could teach my lord this
dance purely, but I vow, Mr. *Brisk*, I can't tell how to
come so near any other Man. Oh here's my Lord, now
you shall see me do it with him.

[*They pretend to practise part of a country dance.*

Lord Froth.—Oh, I see there's no harm yet —
But I don't like this familiarity. [Aside.

Lady Froth.-----Shall you and I to our close dance, to
show Mr. *Brisk*?

Lord Froth. No my dear, do it with him.

Lady Froth. I'll do it with him, my Lord, when you
are out of the way.

Brisk. That's good I'gad, that's good. Deuce take me
I can hardly help laughing in his face.

Lord Froth. Any other time, my dear, or we'll dance
it below.

Lady Froth. With all my heart.

Brisk. Come my Lord, I'll wait on you—My charm-
ing witty Angel! [To her.

Lady Froth. We shall have whispering time enough, you
know, since we are partners.

SCENE VIII.

Lady PLYANT, and CARELESS.

Lady P. O Mr. *Careless*, Mr. *Careless*, I'm ruin'd, I'm
undone!

Care. What's the matter, madam?

Lady P. O the unluckiest accident, I'm afraid I shan't
live to tell it you.

Care. Heav'n forbid! What is it?

Lady P. I'm in such a fright; the strangest quandary
and premunire! I'm all over in an universal agitation, I
dare swear every circumstance of me trembles—

O your letter, your letter, by an unfortunate mistake, I
have given Sir *Paul* your letter instead of his own.

Car. That was unlucky.

O yonder he comes, reading of it, for heav'n's sake step
in here and advise me quickly before he sees.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Sir PAUL with a Letter.

Sir P. O providence! what a conspiracy have I discover'd ——— But let me see to make an end on't. ———

(Reads) hum----- *After supper in the wardrobe by the gallery. If Sir Paul should surprize us, I have a commission from him to treat with you about the very matter of fact.* ———

Matter of fact! Very pretty; it seems then I am conducing to my own cuckoldom; why this is the very traiterous position of taking up arms by my authority, against my person! Well, let me see-----'Till then I languish in expectation of my adored charmer.

Dying Ned Careless.

Gads-bud would that were matter of fact too. Die and be damn'd for a Judas Maccabeus, and Iscariot both. O friendship! What art thou but a Name! Henceforward let no man make a friend that would not be a cuckold; for whomsoever he receives into his bosom, will find the way to his bed, and there return his careffes with interest to his wife. Have I for this been pinion'd night after night for three years past? Have I been swath'd in blankets 'till I have been even depriv'd of motion? Have I approach'd the marriage-bed with reverence as to a sacred shrine, and deny'd my self the enjoyment of lawful domestick pleasures to preserve its purity, and must I now find it poluted by foreign iniquity? O my Lady *Plyant*, you were chaste as ice, but you are melted now, and false as water. ——— But providence has been constant to me in discovering this conspiracy; still I am beholden to providence, if it were not for providence, sure poor *Sir Paul* thy heart would break.

SCENE X.

[To him] Lady *PLYANT*.

Lady P. So, Sir I see you have read the letter, ——— well now, Sir *Paul*, what do you think of your friend *Careless*? Has he been treacherous, or did you give his

insolence a license to make tryal of your wife's suspected virtue? D'ye see here? [*Snatches the letter as in anger.* Look, read it: Gad's my life, if I thought it were so, I would this moment renounce all communication with you. Ungrateful monster! He? Is it so? Ay, I see it, a plot upon my honour, your guilty cheeks confess it: Oh where shall wrong'd virtue fly for reparation, I'll be divorced this instant.

Sir *P.* Gads-buds what shall I say? this is the strangest Surprize! Why I don't know any thing at all, nor I don't know whether there be any thing at all in the world, or no.

Lady *P.* I thought I should try you false man, I that never dissembled in my life: Yet to make tryal of you, pretended to like that monster of iniquity, *Careless*, and found out that contrivance to let you see this letter; which I now find was of your own inditing,——I do, heathen, I do; see my face no more; I'll be divorced presently.

Sir *P.* O strange, what will become of me! —— I'm so much amaz'd, and so overjoy'd, so afraid, and so sorry. But did you give me this letter on purpose, he? Did you?

Lady *P.* Did I? Do you doubt me, turk, saracen? I have a cousin that's a proctor in the commons, I'll go to him instantly. ——

Sir *P.* Hold, stay, I beseech your ladyship——I'm so overjoy'd, stay, I'll confess all.

Lady *P.* What will you confess, Jew?

Sir *P.* Why now, as I hope to be saved, I had no hand in this letter——Nay hear me, I beseech your ladyship: The devil take me now if he did not go beyond my commission——if I desir'd him to do any more than speak a good word only just for me; Gads-bud only for poor Sir *Paul*, I'm an Anabaptist, or a Jew, or what you please to call me.

Lady *P.* Why is not here matter of fact?

Sir *P.* Ay, but by your own virtue and continency that matter of fact is all his own doing——I confess I had a great desire to have some honours conferr'd upon me,

me, which lye all in your ladyship's breast, and he being a well-spoken man, I desired him to intercede for me. -----

Lady P. Did you so, presumption! Oh! he comes, the *Tarquin* comes; I cannot bear his sight.

S C E N E XI.

CARELESS, Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Care. Sir Paul, I'm glad I've met with you; gad I have said all I could, but can't prevail-----Then my friendship to you has carried me a little farther in this matter-----

Sir P. Indeed-----Well Sir----I'll dissemble with him a little.

Care. Why faith I have in my time known honest gentlemen abused by a pretended coyness in their wives, and I had a mind to try my lady's virtue-----And when I could not prevail for you, 'gad I pretended to be in love my self-----but all in vain, she would not hear a word upon that subject: Then I writ a letter to her; I don't know what effects that will have, but I'll be sure to tell you when I do, tho' by this light I believe her virtue is impregnable.

Sir P. O providence! providence! What discoveries are here made? Why this is better and more miraculous than the rest.

Care. What do you mean?

Sir P. I can't tell you, I'm so overjoy'd; come along with me to my lady, I can't contain my self; come my dear friend.

Care. So, so, so, this difficulty's over. [Aside.

S C E N E XII.

MELLEFONT, MASKWELL, from different doors.

Mel. Maskwell! I have been looking for you----'tis within a quarter of eight.

Mask. My lady is just gone into my lord's closet, you had best steal into her chamber before she comes, and lie
con-

concealed there, otherwise she may lock the door when we are together, and you not easily get in to surprize us.

Mel. He? you say true.

Mask. You had best make haste, for after she has made some apology to the company for her own, and my Lord's absence all this while, she'll retire to her chamber instantly.

Mel. I go this moment: now fortune I desire thee.

S C E N E XIII.

MASKWELL, alone.

I confess you may be allow'd to be secure in your own opinion; th' appearance is very fair, but I have an after-game to play that shall turn the tables, and here comes the man that I must manage.

S C E N E XIV.

[*To him*] *Lord TOUCHWOOD.*

Lord Touch. *Maskwell,* You are the man I wish'd to meet.

Mask. I am happy to be in the way of your lordship's commands.

Lord Touch. I have always found you prudent and careful in any thing that has concern'd me or my family.

Mask. I were a villain else — I am bound by duty and gratitude, and my own inclination, to be ever your lordship's Servant.

Lord Touch. Enough, you are my friend; I know it: Yet there has been a thing in your knowledge, which has concern'd me nearly, that you have conceal'd from me.

Mask. My Lord!

Lord Touch. Nay, I excuse your friendship to my unnatural nephew thus far——But I know you have been privy to his impious designs upon my wife: This evening she has told me all: Her good nature conceal'd it as long as was possible; but he perseveres so in villainy, that she has told me even you were weary of dissuading him,
though

though you have once actually hindred him from forcing her.

Mask. I am sorry, my lord, I can't make you an answer; this is an occasion in which I would willingly be silent.

Lord Touch. I know you would excuse him—And I know as well that you can't.

Mask. Indeed I was in hopes 'thad been a youthful heat, that might have soon boil'd over; but——

Lord Touch. Say on.

Mask. I have nothing more to say, my lord—— but to express my concern; for I think this frenzy increases daily.

Lord Touch. How! Give me but proof of it, ocular proof, that I may justify my dealing with him to the world, and share my fortunes.

Mask. O my lord! consider that is hard: besides time may work upon him! Then for me to do it! I have profess'd an everlasting friendship to him.

Lord Touch. He is your friend, then what am I?

Mask. I am answered.

Lord Touch. Fear not his displeasure; I will put you out of his and fortune's power, and for that thou art scrupulously honest, I will secure thy fidelity to him, and give my honour never to own any discovery that you shall make me. Can you give me a demonstrative proof? Speak.

Mask. I wish I could not—— To be plain, my lord, I intended this evening to have try'd all arguments to dissuade him from a design, which I suspect; and if I had not succeeded, to have informed your lordship of what I knew.

Lord Touch. I thank you. What is the villain's purpose?

Mask. He has own'd nothing to me of late, and what I mean now, is only a bare suspicion of my own. If your lordship will meet me a quarter of an hour hence there, in that lobby of my lady's bed chamber, I shall be able to tell you more.

Lord Touch. I will.

Mask.

Mask. My duty to your lordship, makes me do a severe piece of justice.

Lord Touch. I will be secret, and reward your honesty beyond your hopes.

S C E N E, XV.

SCENE opening shews *Lady Touchwood's Chamber.*

MELLEFONT solus.

Pray heaven my aunt keep touch with her assignation — Oh that her lord were but sweating behind this hanging, with the expectation of what I shall see — Hilt, she comes — Little does she think what a mine is just ready to spring under her feet. But to my post.

(*Goes behind the hanging.*)

S C E N E XVI.

Lady TOUCHWOOD and MASKWELL.

Mellefont absconding.

Mask. I confess you do reproach me when I see you here before me ; but 'tis fit I should be still behind-hand, still to be more and more indebted to your goodness.

Lady Touch. You can excuse a fault too well not to have been to blame — A ready answer shews you were prepar'd.

Mask. Guilt is ever at a loss, and confusion waits upon it ; when innocence and bold truth are always ready for expression —

Lady Touch. Not in love ; words are the weak support of cold indifference ; love has no language to be heard.

Mask. Excess of joy has made me stupid : Thus may my lips be ever clos'd. (*Kisses her*) And thus — Oh ! who would not lose his speech, upon condition to have joys above it.

Lady Touch. Hold, let me lock the door first.

(*Goes to the door.*)

Mask. That I believ'd, 'twas well I left the private passage open.

(*Aside.*
Lady

Lady Touch. So, that's safe.

Mask. And so may all your pleasures be, and secret
as this kiss—

Mel. And may all treachery be thus discover'd

(*Leaps out.*

Lady Touch. Ah!

(*Shrieks.*

Mel. Villain!

(*Offers to draw.*

Mask. Nay then, there's but one way. (*Runs out.*

SCENE XVIII.

Lady TOUCHWOOD, MELLEFONT.

Mel. Say you so, were you provided for an escape?
Hold, madam, you have no more holes to your bur-
rough, I'll stand between you and this sally-port.

Lady Touch. Thunder strike thee dead for this deceit,
immediate lightning blast thee, me and the whole world.
Oh! I could rack my self, play the vulture to my own
heart, and gnaw it piece-meal, for not boding to me
this misfortune.

Mel. Be patient.

Lady Touch. Be damn'd.

Mel. Consider I have you on the hook; you will but
flounder your self weary, and be nevertheless my priso-
ner.

Lady Touch. I'll hold my breath and die, but I'll be
free.

Mel. O madam, have a care of dying unprepar'd;
I doubt you have some unrepented sins that may hang
heavy, and retard your flight.

Lady Touch. O! what shall I do? Say? Whither
shall I turn? Has hell no remedy.

Mel. None. Hell has serv'd you ev'n as heav'n has
done, left you to your self.—You're in a kind of *Eraf-*
mus's paradise: yet if you please you may make it a pur-
gatory; and with a little penance and my absolution all
this may turn to good account.

Lady Touch. (*Aside*) Hold in my passion, and fall, fall
a little thou swelling heart; let me have some intermis-
sion of this rage, and one minute's coolness to dissemble.

(*She weeps.*)

Mel.

Mel. You have been to blame.— I like those tears, and hope they are of the purest kind—— Penitential tears.

Lady Touch. O the scene has shifted quick before me—— I had not time to think - - - I was surpris'd to see a monster in the glass, and now I find 'tis my self; can you have mercy to forgive the faults I have imagin'd, but never put in practice - - - O consider, consider how fatal you have been to me, you have already kill'd the quiet of this life. The love of you was the first wandring fire that e'er mislead my steps, and while I had only that in view, I was betray'd into unthought-of ways of ruin.

Mel. May I believe this true?

Lady Touch. O be not cruelly incredulous - - - How can you doubt these streaming eyes? Keep the severest eye o'er all my future conduct; and if I once relapse, let me not hope forgiveness; 'twill ever be in your power to ruin me - - - - My lord shall sign to your desires; I will my self create your happiness, and *Cynthia* shall be this night your bride - - - - Do but conceal my failings, and forgive.

Mel. Upon such terms I will be ever yours in ev'ry honest way.

SCENE XIX

MASKWELL softly introduces Lord TOUCHWOOD, and retires.

Mask. I have kept my word, he's here, but I must not be seen.

SCENE XX.

Lady TOUCHWOOD, Lord TOUCHWOOD, MELLE-FONT.

Lord Touch. Hell and amazement! she's in tears.

Lady Touch. (*Kneeling*) Eternal blessings thank you--- Ha! My lord, listening! O fortune has o'erpaid me all! all's my own. (*Aside.*

Mel. Nay, I beseech you rise.

Lady

Lady Touch. (*Aloud*) Never, never ! I'll grow to the ground, be buried quick beneath it, ere I'll be consenting to so damn'd a sin as incest ! unnatural incest !

Mel. Ha !

Lady Touch. O cruel man, will you not let me go--- I'll forgive all that's past - - - - - O heav'n, you will not ravish me !

Mel. Damnation !

Lord Louch. Monster, dog ! your life shall answer this---

(*Draws and runs at Mellefont, is held by Lady Touchwood.*)

Lady Touch. O heav'ns my lord ! Hold, hold, for heav'ns sake

Mel. Confusion ! my uncle ! O the damn'd forcerefs !

Lady Touch. Moderate your rage, good my lord ! He's mad, alas he's mad ---- indeed he is, my lord, and knows not what he does---See how wild he looks.

Mel. By heav'n 'twere senseless not to be mad, and see such witchcraft.

Lady Touch. My lord, you hear him, he talks idly.

Lord Touch. Hence from my sight, thou living infamy to my name ; when next I see that face, I'll write villain in't with my sword's point.

Mel. Now, by my soul, I will not go 'till I have made known my wrongs----- Nay, 'till I have made known yours, which (if possible) are greater---- though she has all the host of hell her servants.

Lady Touch. Alas he raves ! talks very poetry ! For heav'ns sake away my lord, he'll either tempt you to extravagance, or commit some himself.

Mel. Death and furies, will you not hear me---Why by heav'n, she laughs, grins, points to your back, she forks out cuckoldom with her fingers, and you're running horn-mad after your fortune.

(*As she is going she turns back and smiles at him.*)

Lord Touch. I fear he's mad indeed----- Let's send Maskwell to him.

Mel. Send him to her.

Lady Touch. Come, come, good my lord, my heart akes so, I shall faint if I stay.

S C E N E

SCENE XXI

MELLEFONT, *alone.*

O I could curse my stars, fate and chance ; all causes and accidents of fortune in this life ! But to what purpose ? Yet 'sdeath, for a man to have the fruit of all his industry grow full and ripe, ready to drop into his mouth, and just when he holds out his hand to gather it, to have a sudden whirlwind come, tear up tree and all, and bear away the very root and foundation of all his hopes, what temper can contain ? They talk of sending *Maskwell* to me ; I never had more need of him--- But what can he do ? Imagination cannot form a fairer and more plausible design than this of his which has miscarried----O my precious aunt, I shall never thrive without I deal with the devil, or another woman.

*Women like flames have a destroying pow'r,
Ne'er to be quench'd, till they themselves devour.*



ACT V. SCENE I.

Lady TOUCHWOOD and MASKWELL.

Lady *Touchwood.*

WAS'T not lucky ?

Mask. Lucky ! Fortune is your own, and 'tis her interest so to be ; by heav'n I believe you can controul her pow'r, and she fears it ; though chance brought my lord, 'twas your own art that turn'd it to advantage.

Lady Touch. 'Tis true, it might have been my ruin---But yonder's my lord, I believe he's coming to find you, I'll not be seen.

SCENE

SCENE II

MASKWELL, *alone.*

So ; I durst not own my introducing my lord tho' it succeeded well for her ; for she would have suspected a design which I should have been puzzled to excuse. My lord is thoughtful——I'll be so too : yet he shall know my thoughts ; or think he does——

SCENE III.

(*To him*) Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Mask. What have I done ?

Lord Touch. Talking to himself!

Mask. 'Twas honest,——and shall I be rewarded for it? No, 'twas honest, therefore I shan't; —Nay, rather therefore I ought not; for it rewards it self.

Lord Touch. Unequal'd virtue!

(*Aside.*

Mask. But should it be known! Then I have lost a friend! he was an ill man, and I have gain'd; for half my self I lent him, and that I have recall'd; so I have serv'd my self, and what is yet better, I have serv'd a worthy Lord to whom I owe my self.

Lord Touch. Excellent man!

(*Aside.*

Mask. Yet I am wretched—O there is a secret burns within this breast, which should it once blaze forth, would ruin all, consume my honest character, and brand me with the name of villain.

Lord Touch. Ha!

Mask. Why do I love! yet heav'n and my waking conscience are my witnesses, I never gave one working thought a vent; which might discover that I lov'd, nor ever must; no, let it prey upon my heart, for I would rather die, than seem once, barely seem dishonest: O, should it once be known I love fair *Cynthia*, all this that I have done would look like rival's malice, false friendship to my lord, and base self-interest. Let me perish first, and from this hour avoid all sight and speech, and if I can, all thought of that pernicious beauty. Ha!

but

but what is my Distraction doing? I am wildly talking to my self, and some ill chance might have directed malicious ears this way. (*Seems to start, seeing my Lord.*)

Lord Touch. Start not—let guilty and dishonest souls start at the revelation of their thoughts, but be thou fix'd, as is thy virtue.

Mask. I am confounded, and beg your Lordship's pardon for those free discourses which I have had with my self.

Lord Touch. Come, I beg your pardon that I overheard you, and yet it shall not need—honest *Maskwell*! thy and my good genius led me hither—mine, in that I have discover'd so much manly Virtue; thine, in that thou shalt have due reward of all thy worth. Give me thy hand—my nephew is the alone remaining branch of all our ancient family; him I thus blow away, and constitute thee in his room to be my heir——

Mask. Now heav'n forbid——

Lord Touch. No more——I have resolv'd——the writings are ready drawn, and wanted nothing but to be sign'd, and have his name inserted——yours will fill the blank as well——I will have no reply——let me command this time; for 'tis the last, in which I will assume authority——hereafter, you shall rule where I have power.

Mask. I humbly would petition——

Lord Touch. Is't for your self? ———(*Mask. pauses.*) I'll hear of nought for any body else.

Mask. Then witness heav'n for me, this wealth and honour was not of my seeking, nor would I build my fortune on another's ruin: I had but one desire——

Lord Touch. Thou shalt enjoy it——if all I'm worth in wealth or interest can purchase *Cynthia*, she is thine.——I'm sure Sir *Paul*'s consent will follow fortune; I'll quickly shew him which way that is going.

Mask. You oppress me with bounty; my gratitude is weak, and shrinks beneath the weight, and cannot rise to thank you——what, enjoy my love; forgive the transports of a blessing so unexpected, so unhop'd for, so unthought of!

Lord

Lord Touch. I will confirm it, and rejoice with thee.

SCENE IV.

MASKWELL alone.

This is prosp'rous indeed ——— why let him find me out a villain, settled in Possession of a fair estate, and full fruition of my love, I'll bear the railings of a losing gamester ——— But shou'd he find me out before ! 'tis dangerous to delay ——— let me think ——— should my lord proceed to treat openly of my marriage with *Cynthia*, all must be discover'd, and *Mellefont* can be no longer blinded. ——— It must not be, nay shou'd my lady know it — ay, then were fine work indeed ! her fury wou'd spare nothing, tho' she involv'd her self in ruin. No, it must be by stratagem — I must deceive *Mellefont* once more, and get my lord to consent to my private management. He comes opportunely — now will I, in my old way, discover the whole and real truth of the matter to him, that he may not suspect one word on't.

*No Mask like open Truth to cover Lies,
As to go naked in the best Disguise.*

SCENE V.

(To him.) MELLEFONT.

Mel. O *Maskwell*, what hopes ? I am confounded in a maze of thoughts, each leading into one another, and all ending in preplexity. My uncle will not see nor hear me.

Mask. No matter, sir, don't trouble your head, all's in my power.

Mel. How ? for heav'ns sake ?

Mask. Little do you think that your aunt has kept her word, — how the devil she wrought my lord into this dotage, I know not ; but he's gone to sir *Paul* about my marriage with *Cynthia*, and has appointed me his heir.

Mel. The devil he has ! what's to be done ?

Mask.

154 *The DOUBLE-DEALER.*

Mask. I have it, it must be by stratagem ; for it's in vain to make application to him. I think I have that in my head that cannot fail : Where's *Cynthia* !

Mel. In the garden.

Mask. Let us go and consult her, my life for yours, I cheat my lord.

S C E N E VI.

Lord TOUCHWOOD, Lady TOUCHWOOD.

Lady Touch. *Maskwell* your heir, and marry *Cynthia* !

Lord Touch. I cannot do too much, for so much merit.

Lady Touch. But this is a thing of too great moment to be so suddenly resolv'd, why *Cynthia* ? why must he be marry'd ? Is there not reward enough in raising his low fortune, but he must mix his blood with mine, and wed my niece ? how know you that my brother will consent, or she ? nay, he himself perhaps may have affections elsewhere.

Lord Touch. No, I am convinc'd he loves her.

Lady Touch. *Maskwell* love *Cynthia* ? impossible !

Lord Touch. I tell you he confess'd it to me.

Lady Touch. Confusion ! how's this ! (*Aside.*

Lord Touch. His humility long stifled his passion : And his love of *Mellefont* would have made him still conceal it. --- But by Encouragement, I wrung the secret from him ; and know he's no way to be rewarded but in her. I'll defer my farther proceedings in it till you have consider'd it ; but remember how we are both indebted to him.

S C E N E VII.

Lady TOUCHWOOD alone.

Both indebted to him ! yes, we are both indebted to him, if you knew all. Villain ! oh, I am wild with this surprise of treachery : It is impossible ; it cannot be ----- he love *Cynthia* ! what, have I been bawd to his designs, his property only, a baiting place ! now I see what

what made him false to *Mellefont*. ----- Shame and distraction! I cannot bear it. Oh! what woman can bear to be a property? to be kindled to a flame, only to light him to another's arms? oh that I were fire indeed, that I might burn the vile traytor. What shall I do? how shall I think? I cannot think, ----- all my designs are lost, my love unfated, my revenge unfinish'd, and fresh cause of fury from unthought of plagues.

S C E N E VIII.

(*To her*) Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Sir P. Madam, sister, my lady sister, did you see my lady, my wife?

Lady Touch. Oh! torture!

Sir P. Gads-bud, I can't find her high nor low; where can she be, think you?

Lady Touch. Where's she's serving you, as all your sex ought to be serv'd; making you a beast. Don't you know that you're a fool, Brother?

Sir P. A fool! he, he, he, you're merry ----- no, no, not I, I know no such matter.

Lady Touch. Why then you don't know half your happiness.

Sir P. That's a jest with all my heart, faith and troth ----- but hark ye, my lord told me something of a revolution of things; I don't know what to make on't ----- gads-bud I must consult my wife, --- he talks of disinheriting his nephew; and I don't know what, ----- look you, sister, I must know what my girl has to trust to; or not a syllable of a wedding, gads-bud --- to shew you that I am not a fool.

Lady Touch. Hear me, consent to the breaking off this marriage, and the promoting any other, without consulting me, and I'll renounce all blood, all relation and concern with you for ever, --- nay, I'll be your enemy, and pursue you to destruction, I'll tear your eyes out, and tread you under my feet -----

Sir P. Why what's the matter now? good lord, why what's all this for? Pooh, here's a joke indeed -----
 why, where's my wife? Lady

Lady Touch. With *Careless*, in the close arbour; he may want you by this time as much as you want her.

Sir P. O, if she be with Mr. *Careless*, 'tis well enough.

Lady Touch. Fool, sot, insensible ox! but Remember what I said to you, or you had better eat your own horns, by this light you had.

Sir P. You're a passionate woman, gads-bud,——but to say truth, all our family are cholerick; I am the only peaceable person amongst 'em.

S C E N E IX.

MELLEFONT, MASKWELL, and CYNTHIA.

Mel. I know no other way but this he has propos'd; if you have love enough to run the venture.

Cyn. I don't know whether I have love enough——but I find I have obstinacy enough to pursue whatever I have once resolv'd, and a true female courage to oppose any thing that resists my will, tho' 'twere reason it self.

Mask. That's right,——well, I'll secure the writings, and run the hazard along with you.

Cyn. But how can the coach and six horses be got ready without suspicion?

Mask. Leave it to my care; that shall be so far from being suspected that it shall be got ready by my lord's own order.

Mel. How?

Mask. Why, I intend to tell my lord the whole matter of our contrivance; that's my way.

Mel. I don't understand you.

Mask. Why, I'll tell my Lord, I laid this plot with you, on purpose to betray you; and that which put me upon it, was the finding it impossible to gain the lady any other way, but in the hopes of her marrying you.——

Mel. So——

Mask. So, why so, while you're busied in making your self ready, I'll wheedle her into the coach, and instead of you, borrow my lord's chaplain, and so run away with her my self.

Mel. O I conceive you, you'll tell him so?

Mask.

Mask. Tell him so! ay; why you don't think I mean to do so?

Mel. No, no; ha, ha, I dare swear thou wilt not.

Mask. Therefore for our farther security, I would have you disguis'd like a Parson, that if my lord should have the curiosity to peep, he may not discover you in the coach, but think the cheat is carry'd on as he would have it.

Mel. Excellent *Maskwell*! thou wert certainly meant for a statesman or a jesuit,——but thou art too honest for one, and too pious for the other.

Mask. Well, get your selves ready, and meet me in half an hour, yonder in my lady's dressing-room; go by the back-stairs, and so we may slip down without being observ'd——I'll send the chaplain to you with his robes; I have made him my own; ——and ordered him to meet us to-morrow morning at St. *Albans*; there we will sum up this account, to all our satisfactions.

Mel. Should I begin to thank or praise thee, I should waste the little time we have.

S C E N E X.

CYNTHIA, MASKWELL.

Mask. Madam, you will be ready?

Cyn. I will be punctual to the minute. (*Going.*)

Mask. Stay, I have a doubt——upon second thoughts, we had better meet in the chaplain's chamber here, the corner chamber at this end of the gallery, there is a back way into it, so that you need not come through this door——and a pair of private Stairs leading down to the stables——It will be more convenient.

Cyn. I am guided by you,——but *Mellefont* will mistake.

Mask. No, no, I'll after him immediately, and tell him.

Cyn. I will not fail.

SCENE XI.

MASKWELL *alone.*

Why *qui vult decipi decipiatur*—'tis no fault of mine : I have told him in plain terms, how easie 'tis for me to cheat 'em ; and if they will not hear the serpent's hiss, they must be stung into Experience, and future caution — now to prepare my lord to consent to this. — But first I must instruct my little levite ; there is no plot, publick or private, that can expect to prosper without one of them has a finger in't. He promised me to be within at this hour, — Mr. Saygrace, Mr. Saygrace. *(Goes to the Chamber-door and knocks.*

SCENE XII.

MASKWELL, SAYGRACE.

Mr. Saygrace *(looking out)*

Sweet sir, I will but pen the last line of an acrostick and be with you in the twinkling of an ejaculation, in the pronouncing of an *Amen*, or before you can —

Mask. Nay, good Mr. Saygrace, do not prolong the time, by describing to me the shortness of your stay ; rather, if you please, defer the finishing of your wit, and let us talk about our business, it shall be tithes in your way.

Say. *(enters)* You shall prevail, I would break off in the middle of a sermon to do you a pleasure.

Mask. You could not do me a greater, — except — the business in hand — have you provided a habit for *Mellefont* ?

Say. I have, they are ready in my chamber, together with a clean starch'd band and cuffs.

Mask. Good, let them be carried to him, — have you stitch'd the gown sleeve, that he may be puzzled, and waste time in putting it on ?

Say. I have ; the gown will not be indued without perplexity.

Mask.

Mask. Meet me in half an hour, here in your own chamber. When *Cynthia* comes, let there be no light, and do not speak, that she may not distinguish you from *Mellefont*. I'll urge haste, to excuse your silence.

Say. You have no more commands?

Mask. None, your text is short.

Say. But pithy, and I will handle it with discretion.

Mask. It will be the first you have so serv'd.

SCENE XIII.

Lord TOUCHWOOD, MASKWELL.

Lord Touch. Sure I was born to be controlled by those I should command: My very slaves will shortly give me rules how I should govern them.

Mask. I am concern'd to see your lordship discompos'd.——

Lord Touch. Have you seen my wife lately, or disobligh'd her?

Mask. No, my lord.——What can this mean! (*Aside.*

Lord Touch. Then *Mellefont* has urg'd some body to incense her — something she has heard of you, which carries her beyond the bounds of patience.

Mask. This I fear'd. (*Aside.*)—Did not your lordship tell her of the honours you design'd me?

Lord Touch. Yes.

Mask. 'Tis that, you know my lady has a high spirit, she thinks I am unworthy.

Lord Touch. Unworthy! 'tis an ignorant pride in her to think so — honesty to me is true nobility. However, 'tis my will it shall be so, and that shou'd be convincing to her as much as reason——by heav'n I'll not be wife ridden; were it possible it should be done this night.

Mask. By heav'n he meets my wishes. (*Aside.*)—Few things are impossible to willing minds.

Lord Touch. Instruct me how this may be done, you shall see I want no Inclination.

Mask. I had laid a small design for to-morrow (as love will be inventing) which I thought to communicate to your lordship——but it may be as well done to night.

Lord *Touch.* Here's company——come this way and tell me.

S C E N E XIV.

CARELESS, and CYNTHIA.

Care. Is not that he, now gone out with my lord?

Cyn. Yes.

Care. By heav'n there's treachery —— the confusion that I saw your father in, my Lady *Touchwood's* passion, with what imperfectly I overheard between my lord, and her, confirm me in my fears. Where's *Mellefont*?

Cyn. Here he comes.

S C E N E XV.

(*To them.*) MELLEFONT.

Cyn. Did *Maskwell* tell you any thing of the chaplain's chamber?

Mel. No; my dear, will you get ready—— the things are all in my chamber; I want nothing but the habit.

Care. You are betray'd, and *Maskwell* is the villain I always thought him.

Cyn. When you were gone, he said his mind was chang'd, and bid me meet him in the chaplain's room, pretending immediately to follow you, and give you notice.

Mel. How!

Care. There's *Saygrace* tripping by with a bundle under his arm —— he cannot be ignorant that *Maskwell* means to use his chamber; let's follow and examine him.

Mell. 'Tis loss of time—— I cannot think him false.

S C E N E XVI.

CYNTHIA, Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Cyn. My lord musing!

Lord

Lord Touch. He has a quick invention, if this were suddenly design'd—yet he says he had prepar'd my chaplain already.

Cyn. How's this ! now I fear indeed.

Lord Touch. Cynthia here alone, fair cousin, and melancholy ?

Cyn. Your lordship was thoughtful.

Lord Touch. My thoughts were on serious business, not worth your hearing.

Cyn. Mine were on treachery concerning you, and may be worth your hearing.

Lord Touch. Treachery concerning me, pray be plain—hark ! what noise !

Mask. (*within.*) Will you not hear me ?

Lady Touch. (*within.*) No, monster ! traitor ! no.

Cyn. My lady and Maskwell ; this may be lucky——my lord, let me entreat you to stand behind this screen, and listen ; perhaps this chance may give you proof of what you ne'er could have believ'd from my suspicions.

SCENE XVII.

Lady TOUCHWOOD *with a Dagger*, and MASKWELL :
CYNTHIA and Lord TOUCHWOOD *abscond*, *listening*.

Lady Touch. You want but leisure to invent fresh falsehood, and footh me to a fond belief of all your fictions ; but I will stab the lie that's forming in your heart, and save a sin, in pity to your soul.

Mask. Strike then——since you will have it so.

Lady Touch. Ha ! a steady villain to the last !

Mask. Come, why do you dally with me thus ?

Lady Touch. Thy stubborn temper shocks me, and you knew it would——this is cunning all, and not courage ; no, I know thee well : but thou shalt miss thy aim.

Mask. Ha, ha, ha.

Lady Touch. Ha, do you mock my rage ? then this shall punish your fond, rash contempt ! again smile !

(*Goes to strike.*)

And such a smile as speaks an ambiguity ! ten thousand meanings

meanings lurk in each corner of that various face.

O ! that they were written in thy heart, that I, with this, might lay thee open to my fight !

But then 'twill be too late to know——

Thou hast, thou hast found the only way to turn my rage ; too well thou knowst my jealous soul cou'd never bear uncertainty. Speak then, and tell me——yet are you silent ? Oh, I am wilder'd in all passions ! but thus my anger melts. (*Weeps*) Here take this ponyard, for my very spirits faint, and I want strength to hold it, thou hast disarm'd my soul (*Gives the Dagger.*)

Lord Touch. Amazement shakes me——where will this end ?

Mask. So, 'tis well—let your wild fury have a vent ; and when you have temper, tell me.

Lady Touch. Now, now, now I am calm, and can hear you.

Mask. (*aside.*) Thanks, my invention ; and now I have it for you——first tell me what urg'd you to this violence ? for your passion broke in such imperfect terms, that yet I am to learn the cause.

Lady Touch. My lord himself surpriz'd me with the news, you were to marry Cynthia——that you had own'd your love to him, and his indulgence would assist you to attain your ends.

Cyn. How, my lord :

Lord Touch. Pray forbear all resentments for a while, and let us hear the rest.

Mask. I grant you in appearance all is true ; I seem'd consenting to my lord ; nay, transported with the blessing — but could you think that I, who had been happy in your lov'd embraces, could e'er be fond of an inferior slavery ?

Lord Touch. Ha ! O poison to my ears ! what do I hear.

Cyn. Nay, good my lord, forbear Resentment, let us hear it out.

Lord Touch. Yes, I will contain, tho' I cou'd burst.

Mask. I that had wanton'd in the rich circle of your world of love, cou'd be confin'd within the puny province

vince of a girl? no——yet tho' I dote on each last Favour more than all the rest; though I would give a limb for every look you cheaply throw away on any other object of your love; yet so far I prize your pleasures o'er my own, that all this seeming plot that I have laid, has been to gratifie your taste, and cheat the world, to prove a faithful rogue to you.

Lady Touch. If this were true——but how can it be?

Mask. I have so contrived that *Mellefont* will presently, in the chaplain's habit, wait for *Cynthia* in your dressing-room: But I have put the change upon her, that she may be other-where employ'd——do you procure her night-gown, and with your hoods tyed over your face, meet him in her stead; you may go privately by the back stairs, and unperceiv'd, there you may propose to reinstate him in his uncle's favour, if he'll comply with your desires; his case is desperate, and I believe he'll yield to any conditions. If not, here take this; you may employ it better, than in the heart of one who is nothing when not yours.

(*Gives the dagger.*)

Lady Touch. Thou can'st deceive every body,——may thou hast deceiv'd me; but 'tis as I would wish,——trusty villain! I could worship thee——

Mask. No more.——It wants but a few minutes of the time; and *Mellefont*'s love will carry him there before his hour.

Lady Touch. I go, I fly, incomparable *Maskwell*!

SCENE XVIII.

MASKWELL, CYNTHIA, Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Mask. So, this was a pinch indeed, my invention was upon the rack; and made discovery of her last plot: I hope *Cynthia* and my chaplain will be ready, I'll prepare for the expedition.

SCENE XIX.

CYNTHIA, and Lord TOUCHWOOD.

Cyn. Now my lord?

Lord Touch. Astonishment binds up my rage! villainy upon villainy! heav'ns what a long track of dark deceit has this discover'd! I am confounded when I look back, and want a clue to guide me through the various mazes of unheard-of treachery. My wife! damnation! my hell!

Cyn. My lord, have patience, and be sensible how great our happiness is, that this discovery was not made too late.

Lord Touch. I thank you; yet it may be still too late, if we don't presently prevent the Execution of their plots; ——— ha! I'll do't. Where's *Mellefont*, my poor injur'd nephew,—how shall I make him ample satisfaction? ———

Cyn. I dare answer for him.

Lord Touch. I do him fresh wrong to question his forgiveness; for I know him to be all goodness, ——— yet my wife! damn her, ——— she'll think to meet him in that dressing room; ——— was't not so? and *Maskwell* will expect you in the chaplain's chamber,— for once I'll add my plot too, ——— let us haste to find out, and inform my nephew; and do you, quickly as you can, bring all the company into this gallery.— I'll expose the strumpet, and the villain.

SCENE XX.

Lord FROTH, and Sir PAUL PLYANT.

Lord Froth. By heav'ns I slept an age ——— Sir Paul, what a clock is't? past eight on my conscience: My lady's is the most inviting couch; and a slumber there, is the prettiest amusement! but where's all the company? ———

Sir P. The company, gads-bud, I don't know, my lord, but here's the strangest revolution, all turn'd topsie turvy; as I hope for providence.

Lord

Lord Froth. O heav'ns, what's the matter? where's my wife?

Sir P. All turn'd topsie turvy as sure as a gun.

Lord Froth. How do you mean? my wife!

Sir P. The strangest posture of affairs!

Lord Froth. What my wife?

Sir P. No, no, I mean the family,———your lady's affairs may be in a very good posture; I saw her go into the garden with Mr. *Brisk*.

Lord Froth. How? where? when? what to do?

Sir P. I suppose they have been laying their heads together.

Lord Froth. How?

Sir P. Nay only about poetry, I suppose, my lord; making couplets.

Lord Froth. Couplets!

Sir P. O, here they come.

S C E N E XXI.

(*To them*) Lady FROTH, BRISK.

Brisk. My lord, your humble servant; Sir *Paul* yours
———the finest night!

Lady Froth. My dear, Mr. *Brisk* and I have been staring, I don't know how long.

Sir P. Does it not tire your ladyship? are not you weary with looking up?

Lady Froth. Oh, no, I love it violently, —— my dear, you're melancholy.

Lord Froth. No, my dear; I'm but just awake ——

Lady Froth. Snuff some of my spirit of hartshorn.

Lord Froth. I've some of my own, thank you, my dear.

Lady Froth. Well I swear Mr. *Brisk*, you understood astronomy like an old *Egyptian*.

Brisk. Not comparably to your ladyship; you are the very *Cynthia* of the skies, and queen of stars.

Lady Froth. That's because I have no light, but what's by reflection from you, who are the sun.

Brisk. Madam you have eclipsed me quite, let me perish,——I can't answer that.

Lady Froth. No matter, ——— harkye, shall you and I make an almanack together?

Briske. With all my soul, ——— your ladyship has made me the man in't already, I'm so full of the wounds which you have given.

Lady Froth. O finely taken! I swear now you are even with me. O *Parnassus*! you have an infinite deal of wit.

Sir P. So he has, gads-bud, and so has your ladyship.

S C E N E XXII.

(*To them*) *Lady* PLYANT, CARELESS, CYNTHIA.

Lady P. You tell me most surprizing things; blefs me, who would ever trust a man? O my heart akes for fear they should be all deceitful a like.

Care. You need not fear, madam; you have charms to fix inconstancy it self.

Lady P. O dear you make me blush.

Lord Froth. Come my dear, shall we take leave of my lord and lady?

Cyn. They'll wait upon your lordship presently.

Lady Froth. Mr. *Briske*, my coach shall set you down.

All. What's the matter?

(*A great shriek from the corner of the stage.*)

S C E N E XXIII.

(*To them*) *Lady* TOUCHWOOD, runs out affrighted, my lord after her, like a parson.

Lady Touch. O I'm betray'd. ——— Save me, help me!

Lord Touch. Now, what evasion, strumpet?

Lady Touch. Stand off, let me go.

Lord Touch. Go, and thy own Infamy pursue thee. ——— You stare as you were all amazed, ——— I don't wonder at it, ——— but too soon you'll know mine and that woman's shame.

SCENE The Last.

Lord TOUCHWOOD, Lord FROTH, Lady FROTH, Lady
PLYANT, Sir PAUL PLYANT, CYNTHIA, MELLE-
FONT, MASKWELL; MELLFONT *disguised in a Par-
son's Habit and pulling in MASKWELL.*

Mel. Nay by heav'ns you shall be seen——*Care-
less*, your hand:—— Do you hold down your head? yes,
I am your chaplain: look in the face of your injured
friend; thou wonder of all falshood.

Lord Touch. Are you silent, monster?

Mel. Good heav'ns! how I believ'd and lov'd this
man! —— take him hence for he's a disease to my
fight.

Lord Touch. Secure that manifold villain.

(Servants seize him.)

Care. Miracle of ingratitude!

Brišk. This is all very surprizing, let me perish.

Lady Froth. You know I told you, *Saturn* look'd a
little more angry than usual.

Lord Touch. We'll think of punishment at leisure, but
let me hasten to do justice, in rewarding virtue and
wrong'd innocence.—Nephew, I hope I have your par-
don, and *Cynthia's*.

Mel. We are your Lordship's creatures.

Lord Touch. And be each others comfort——let
me join your hands:——Unwearied nights, and wish-
ing days attend you both; mutual love, lasting health
and circling joys tread round each happy year of your
long lives.

*Let secret villainy from hence be warn'd
Howe'er in private mischiefs are conceiv'd,
Torture and shame attend their open birth;
Like vipers in the womb, base treachery lies,
Still gnawing that, whence first it did arise;
No sooner born but the vile parent dies.*

}

(Exeunt Omnes.)

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Mountford.

COU'D Poets but foresee how plays would take,
Then they could tell what epilogues to make ;
Whether to thank or blame their audience most :
But that late knowledge does much hazard cost :
'Till dice are thrown, there's nothing won, or lost.
So till the thief has stol'n, he cannot know
Whether he shall escape the law, or no.
But poets run much greater hazards far,
Than they who stand their tryals at the bar ;
The law provides a curb for its own fury,
And suffers judges to direct the jury.
But in this court, what difference does appear !
For every one's both judge and jury here ;
Nay, and what's worse, an executioner.
All have a right and title to some part,
Each chusing that in which he has most art.
The dreadful men of learning all confound,
Unless the fable's good, and moral sound.
The Vizor-masks, that are in pit and gallery,
Approve, or damn, the repartee or rally.
The lady criticks, who are better read,
Enquire if characters are nicely bred ;
If the soft things are penn'd and spoke with grace :
They judge of action too, and time and place ;
In which we do no doubt but they're discerning,
For that's a kind of assignation learning.
Beaus judge of dress ; the wittings judge of songs ;
The cuckoldom, of ancient write, to cits belongs.
Poor poets thus the favour are deny'd,
Even to make exceptions when they're try'd.
'Tis hard that they must ev'ry one admit :
Methinks I see some faces in the pit,
Which must of consequence be foes to wit.
You who can judge, to sentence may proceed ;
But tho' he cannot write, let him be freed
At least from their contempt, who cannot read.

LOVE for LOVE.

A

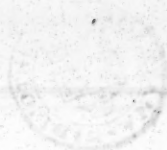
COMEDY.

*Nudus agris, nudus nummis paternis,
Insanire parat certa ratione modoque.*

HOR.



Printed in the Year 1735.





To the Right Honourable

C H A R L E S

E A R L of

Dorset and Middlesex.

*Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's
Household, and Knight of the Most
Noble Order of the Garter, &c.*

My LORD,



Young Poet is liable to the same
Vanity and Indiscretion with a
young Lover; and the Great
Man who smiles upon one, and
a fine Woman who looks kind-
ly upon t'other, are both of them in Danger
of having the Favour publish'd with the first
Opportunity.

But there may be a different Motive, which
will a little distinguish the Offenders. For
tho'

DEDICATION.

tho' one should have a Vanity in ruining another's Reputation, yet the other may only have an Ambition to advance his own. And I beg Leave, my Lord, that I may plead the latter, both as the Cause and Excuse of this Dedication.

Whoever is King, is also the Father of his Country; and as no body can dispute Your Lordship's *Monarchy* in *Poetry*; so all that are concern'd, ought to acknowledge Your Universal Patronage: And it is only presuming on the Privilege of a Loyal Subject, that I have ventur'd to make this my Address of Thanks, to Your Lordship; which at the same Time includes a Prayer for Your Protection.

I am not ignorant of the common Form of Poetical Dedications, which are generally made up of Panegyricks, where the Authors endeavour to distinguish their Patrons by the shining Characters they give them, above other Men. But that, my Lord, is not my Business at this Time, nor is Your Lordship *now* to be distinguish'd. I am contented with the Honour I do my self in this Epistle; without the Vanity of attempting to add to, or explain Your Lordship's Character.

I confess it is not without some struggling, that I behave my self in this Case, as I ought: For it is very hard to be pleas'd with a Subject, and yet forbear it. But I chuse rather to follow *Pliny's* Precept, than his Example, when in his Panegyrick to the Emperor *Trajan*, he says,

Nec

DEDICATION.

Nec minus considerabo quid aures ejus pati possint,

Quam quid virtutibus debeatur.

I hope I may be excus'd the Pedantry of a Quotation, when it is so justly apply'd. Here are some Lines in the Print, (and which Your Lordship read before this Play was acted) that were omitted on the Stage; and particularly one whole Scene in the third Act, which not only helps the Design forward with less Precipitation, but also heightens the ridiculous Character of *Forefight*, which indeed seems to be maim'd without it. But I found my self in great Danger of a long Play, and was glad to help it where I could. Tho' notwithstanding my Care, and the kind Reception it had from the Town; I could heartily wish it yet shorter: But the Number of different Characters represented in it, would have been too much crowded in less Room.

This Reflection on Prolixity, (a Fault for which scarce any one Beauty will atone) warns me not to be tedious now, and detain your Lordship any longer with the Trifles of,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP'S

Most Obedient and

Most Humble Servant,

William Congreve.

PRO-



PROLOGUE.

Spoken at the Opening of the New House,

By Mr. BETTERTON.

*THE Husbandman in vain renews his Toil,
To cultivate each Year a hungry Soil;
And fondly hopes for rich and generous Fruit,
When what should feed the Tree devours the Root:
Th' unladen boughs, he sees, bode certain Dearth,
Unless transplanted to more kindly Earth.
So, the poor Husbands of the Stage, who found
Their Labours lost upon ungrateful Ground,
This last and only Remedy have prov'd;
And hope new Fruit from ancient Stocks remov'd.
Well may they hope, when you so kindly aid,
Well plant a Soil which you so rich have made.
As Nature gave the World to Man's first Age,
So from your Bounty we receive this stage;
The Freedom Man was born to, you've restor'd,
And to our World such Plenty you afford,
It seems like Eden, fruitful of its own Accord.
But since in Paradise frail Flesh gave way,
And when but two were made, both went astray;
Forbear your Wonder, and the Fault forgive,
If in our larger Family we grieve,
One falling Adam, and one tempted Eve.*

P R O L O G U E.

*We who remain would gratefully repay,
 What our Endeavours can, and bring this Day
 The First-Fruit Offering of a Virgin Play.
 We hope there's something that may please each Taste,
 And tho' of homely Fare we make the Feast,
 Yet you will find Variety at least.
 There's Humour, which for cheerful Friends we've got,
 And for the thinking Party there's a Plot,
 We've something too, to gratifie Ill Nature,
 (If there be any here) and that is Satire.
 Tho' Satire scarce dares grin, 'tis grown so mild,
 Or only shews its Teeth, as if it smil'd.
 As Asses Thistles, Poets mumble Wit,
 And dare not bite, for fear of being bit.
 They hold their Pens, as Swords are held by Fools,
 And are afraid to use their own Edge-Tools,
 Since the Plain Dealer's Scenes of manly Rage,
 Not one has dar'd to lasth this Crying Age,
 This Time the Poet owns the bold Essay,
 Yet hopes there's no Ill-manners in his Play:
 And he declares by me, he has design'd
 Affront to none, but frankly speaks his Mind.
 And shou'd th' ensuing Scenes not chance to hit,
 He offers but this one Excuse, 'twas writ
 Before your late Encouragement of Wit.*



D R A.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

- Sir Sampson Legend.* Father to *Valentine* and *Ben*.
Valentine. Fallen under his Father's Displeasure by his expensive Way of living, in love with *Angelica*.
Scandal. His Friend, a free Speaker.
Tattle. A Half-witted Beau, vain of his Amours, yet valuing himself for Secrecy.
Ben. *Sir Sampson's* younger Son, half home-bred, and half Sea-bred, design'd to marry *Miss Prue*.
Forefight. An illiterate Old Fellow, peevish and positive, superstitious, and pretending to understand *Astrology*, *Physiognomy*, *Palmestry*, *Omens*, *Dreams*, &c. Uncle to *Angelica*.
Jeremy. Servant to *Valentine*.
Trapland. A Scrivner.
Buckram. A Lawyer.

W O M E N.

- Angelica.* Niece to *Forefight*, of a considerable Fortune, in her own Hands.
Mrs. Forefight. Second Wife to *Forefight*.
Mrs. Frail. Sister to *Mrs. Forefight*. A Woman of the Town.
Miss Prue. Daughter to *Forefight* by a former Wife, a silly aukward Country Girl.
Nurse to *Miss*.
Jenny. Maid to *Angelica*.
A Steward, Officers, Sailors, and several other Servants.

The SCENE in LONDON.

LOVE



LOVE for LOVE

ACT I. SCENE I.

VALENTINE *in his Chamber reading.*
JEREMY *waiting.*

Several Books upon the Table.

VALENTINE.

JEREMY.

Jer. Sir.

Val. Here take away ; I'll walk a turn, and digest what I have read—

Jer. You'll grow devilish fat upon this paper-diet.

[Aside, and taking away the Books.]

Val. And d'ye hear, go you to breakfast—there's a page doubled down in *Epicætetus*, that is a feast for an emperor.

Jer. Was *Epicætetus* a real cook, or did he only write receipts ?

Val. Read, read, firrah, and refine your appetite ; learn to live upon instruction ; feast your mind, and mortifie your flesh ; read, and take your nourishment in at your eyes ; shut up your mouth, and chew the cud of understanding. So *Epicætetus* advises.

Jer.

Jer. O Lord, I have heard much of him, when I waited upon a gentleman at *Cambridge*: pray what was that *Epiſtetus*?

Val. A very rich man. ——— Not worth a groat.

Jer. Humph, and ſo he has made a very fine feaſt, where there is nothing to be eaten.

Val. Yes.

Jer. Sir, you're a gentleman, and probably underſtand this fine feeding: but if you pleaſe, I had rather be at board-wages. Does your *Epiſtetus*, or your *Seneca* here, or any of theſe poor rich rogues, teach you how to pay your debts without money? Will they ſhut up the mouths of your Creditors? Will *Plato* be bail for you? Or *Diogenes*, becauſe he underſtands confinement, and liv'd in a tub, go to priſon for you? 'Slife, Sir, what do you mean, to mew your ſelf up here with three or four muſty books, in commendation of ſtarving and poverty?

Val. Why, firrah, I have no money you know it; and therefore reſolve to rail at all that have: and in that I but follow the examples of the wiſeſt and wittieſt men in all ages; theſe poets and philoſophers whom you naturally hate, for juſt ſuch another reaſon; becauſe they abound in ſenſe, and you are a fool.

Jer. Aye, fir, I am a fool, I know it: And yet heav'n help me, I'm poor enough to be a wit ——— But I was always a fool, when I told you what your expences would bring you to; your coaches and your liveries; your treats and your balls; your being in love with a lady, that did not care a farthing for you in your proſperity; and keeping company with wits that car'd for nothing but your proſperity; and now when you are poor hate you as much as they do one another.

Val. Well; and now I am poor, I have an opportunity to be reveng'd on 'em all; I'll purſue *Angelica* with more love than ever, and appear more notoriously her admirer in this reſtraint, than when I openly rival'd the rich fops, that made Court to her; ſo ſhall my poverty be a mortification to her pride, and perhaps make her compaſſionate the love, which has principally reduc'd me to this lowneſs of fortune. And for the wits, I'm ſure I am in a condition to be even with them ———

Jer. Nay, your condition is pretty even with theirs, that's the truth on't.

Val. I'll take some of their trade out of their hands.

Jer. Now heav'n of mercy continue the tax upon paper; you don't mean to write?

Val. Yes, I do; I'll write a play.

Jer. Hem! ----- Sir, if you please to give me a small certificate of three lines—only to certify those whom it may concern, That the bearer hereof, *Jeremy Fetch* by name, has for the space of seven Years trully and faithfully serv'd *Valentine Legend*, Esq; and that he is not now turn'd away for any misdemeanor; but does voluntarily dismiss his Master from any future authority over him—

Val. No, sirrah, you shall live with me still.

Jer. Sir, it's impossible—I may die with you, starve with you, or be damn'd with your works: But to live even three days, the life of a play, I no more expect it, than to be canoniz'd for a muse after my decease.

Val. You are witty, you rogue, I shall want your help;—— I'll have you learn to make couplets, to tag the ends of acts; d'ye hear, get the maids to crambo in an evening, and learn the knack of rhiming, you may arrive at the height of a song sent by an unknown hand, or a chocolate house lampoon.

Jer. But sir, is this the way to recover your father's favour? Why Sir *Samson* will be irreconcilable. If your younger brother shou'd come from sea, he'd never look upon you again. You're undone, sir, you're ruin'd; you won't have a friend left in the world, if you turn poet——Ah, pox confound that *Will's* coffee-house, it has ruin'd more young men than the *Royal-Oak* lottery——Nothing thrives that belongs to't. The man of the House would have been an alderman by this time with half the trade, if he had set up in the city—— for my part, I never sit at the door, that I don't get double the stomach that I do at a horse-race. The air upon *Banstead-Downs* is nothing to it for a whetter: Yet I never see it, but the spirit of Famine appears to me, sometimes like a decay'd porter, worn out with pimping, and carrying *billet-deux* and songs; not like other porters

ers for hire, but for the Jest's sake : Now like athin chair-man, melted down to half his proportion, with carrying a poet upon tick to visit some great fortune ; and his fare to be paid him like the wages of sin, either at the day of marriage, or the day of death.

Val. Very well, fir ; can you proceed ?

Jer. Sometimes like a bilk'd bookseller, with a meagre terrify'd countenance, that looks as if he had written for himself, or were resolv'd to turn author, and bring the rest of his brethren into the same condition. And lastly, in the form of a worn out punk, with verses in her hand, which her vanity had preferr'd to settlements, without a whole tatter to her tail, but as ragged as one of the muses ; or as if she were carrying her linnen to the paper-mill, to be converted into Folio-books of warning to all young maids, not to preferr Poetry to good sense ; or lying in the arms of a needy wit, before the embraces of a wealthy fool.

S C E N E. II.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL, JEREMY.

Scan. What ! *Jeremy* holding forth ?

Val. The rogue has (with all the wit he could muster up) been declaiming against wit.

Scan. Ay ? Why then I'm afraid *Jeremy* has wit : For wherever it is, it's always contriving its own ruin.

Jer. Why so I have been telling my master, fir ; Mr. *Scandal*, for heaven's sake, fir, try if you can dissuade him from turning poet.

Scan. Poet ! he shall turn soldier first, and rather depend upon the outside of his head than the linning. Why what the devil, has not your poverty made you enemies enough ? must you needs shew your wit to get more ?

Jer. Ay, more indeed ; for who cares for any body that has more wit than himself ?

Scan. *Jeremy* speaks like an oracle. Don't you see how worthless great men and dull rich rogues, avoid a witty man of small fortune ? Why, he looks like a writ of enquiry into their titles and estates, and seems commission'd by heav'n to seize the better half.

Val.

Val. Therefore I would rail in my writings, and be reveng'd.

Scan. Rail ! At whom ? the whole world ? Impotent and vain ! Who would die a martyr to sense, in a country where Religion is folly ? You may stand at bay for a while, but when the full cry is against you, you shan't have fair play for your life. If you can't be fairly run down by the hounds, you will be treacherously shot by the huntsman——No, turn pimp, flatterer, quack, lawyer, parson, be chaplain to an atheist, or stallion to an old woman, any thing but poet ; a modern poet is worse, more servile, timorous and fawning than any I have nam'd ; without you could retrieve the antient honours of the name, recal the stage of *Athens*, and be allow'd the force of open honest satire.

Val. You are as inveterate against our poets, as if your character had been lately expos'd upon the stage. ---- Nay, I am not violently bent upon the trade——
[one knocks] *Jeremy* see whose there, [Exit *Jeremy*] But tell me what you would have me do ? —— What does the world say of me and my forc'd confinement ?

Scan. The world behaves itself as it uses to do on such occasions ; some pity you, and condemn your father ; others excuse him and blame you ; only the ladies are merciful, and wish you well, since love and pleasureable expence have been your greatest faults.

[*Jeremy returns.*]

Val. How now ?

Jer. Nothing new, fir ; I have dispatched some, half a dozen duns, with as much dexterity as a hungry judge does causes at dinner-time.

Val. What answer have you given 'em ?

Scan. Patience, I suppose, the old receipt.

Jer. No, faith, fir ; I have put 'em off so long with patience and forbearance, and other fair words, that I was forc'd now to tell 'em in plain downright English——

Val. What ?

Jer. That they should be paid.

Val. When ?

Jer. To-morrow.

V O L. I.

I

Val.

Val. And how the devil do you mean to keep your word?

Jer. Keep it? Not at all; it has been so very much stretch'd, that I reckon it will break of course by to-morrow, and no body be surpriz'd at the matter——
[*Knocking*]——Again! Sir if you don't like my negotiation, will you be pleas'd to answer these your self.

Val. see who they are.

(*Exit* Jeremy.)

SCENE III.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL.

By this *Scandal*, you may see what it is to be great: Secretaries of state, presidents of the council, and generals of an army lead such a life as I do; have just such crowds of visitants in a morning, all solliciting of past promises; which are but a civiler sort of duns, that lay claim to voluntary debts.

Scan. And you, like a true great man, having engaged their attendance, and promis'd more than ever you intended to perform, are more perplex'd to find evasions, than you would be to invent the honest means of keeping your word, and gratifying your creditors.

Val. *Scandal*, learn to spare your friends, and do not provoke your enemies; this liberty of your tongue will one day bring a confinement on your body, my friend.

SCENE IV.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL, JEREMY.

Jer. Oh sir, there's *Trapland* the scrivener, with two suspicious fellows like lawful pads, that wou'd knock a man down with pocket-tipstaves——And there is your father's steward; and the nurse with one of your children from *Twitnam*.

Val. Pox on her, cou'd she find no other time to sling my sins in my face: Here, give her this [*Gives money*] and bid her trouble me no more; a thoughtless two-handed whore, she knows my condition well enough, and might have overlaid the child a fortnight ago, if she had any forecast in her.

Scan.

LOVE for LOVE.

183

Scan. What, is it bouncing *Margery*, with my godson?

Jer. Yes, sir.

Scan. My blessing to the boy, with this token of my
[Gives Money.]

love. And d'ye hear, bid *Margery* put more flocks in her bed, shift twice a week, and not work so hard, that she may not smell so violently—— I shall take the air shortly.

Val. Scandal, don't spoil my boy's milk—— Bid *Trapland* come in. If I can give that *Cerberus* a sop, I shall be at rest for one day.
(Exit *Jeremy*.)

SCENE V.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL, TRAPLAND, JEREMY.

Val. O Mr. *Trapland*! my old friend! Welcome.
Jeremy, a chair quickly: A bottle of Sack and a toast——
fly——a chair first.

Trap. A good morning to you Mr. *Valentine*, and to you Mr. *Scandal*.

Scan. The morning's a very good morning, if you do not spoil it.

Val. Come sit down, you know his way.

Trap. { There is a debt, Mr. *Valentine*, of 1500 l.
Sits. { of pretty long standing——

Val. I cannot talk about business with a thirsty palate—— Sirrah, the sack.——

Trap. And I desire to know what course you have taken for the payment?

Val. Faith and troth I am heartily glad to see you——my service to you,——fill, fill, to honest Mr. *Trapland*, fuller.

Trap. Hold, sweet-heart——this is not to our business——my service to you Mr. *Scandal*——[Drinks]—— I have forborn as long.

Val. T'other glass, and then we'll talk. Fill *Jeremy*.

Trap. No more, in truth——I have forborn, I say——

Val. Sirrah fill when I bid you——And how do's your handsome daughter——Come, a good husband to her.
(Drinks.)

Trap. Thank you—— I have been out of this money——

Val. Drink first, *Scandal*, why do you not drink?

[*They Drink.*]

Trap. And in short, I can be put off no longer.

Val. I was much oblig'd to you for your supply: It did me signal service in my necessity. But you delight in doing good.——*Scandal*, drink to me, my friend *Trapland's* health. An honest man lives not, nor one more ready to serve his friend in distress, tho' I say it to his face. Come, fill each man his glass.

Scan. What, I know *Trapland* has been a whoremaster, and loves a wench still. You never knew a whoremaster, that was not an honest fellow.

Trap. Fie Mr. *Scandal*, you never knew.——

Scan. What don't I know?—I know the buxom black widow in the *Poultry*——800 l a year Joynture, and 20,000 l in money. A hah! old *Trap*.

Val. say you so, I'faith: Come, we'll remember the widow: I know whereabouts you are: Come to the widow——

Trap. No more indeed.

Val. What, the widow's health: give it him—off with it.

[*They Drink*]

A lovely girl, I'faith, black sparkling eyes, soft pouting ruby lips! better sealing there, than a bond for a million, hah!

Trap. No, no, there's no such thing, we'd better mind our business——you're a wag.

Val. No faith, we'll mind the widow's business: fill a gain—pretty round heaving breasts—a *Barbary* shape, and a jut with her bum, would stir an *Anchoret*: And the prettiest foot! oh if a man could but fasten his eyes to her feet, as they steal in and out, and play at bo-peep under her petticoats, ah! Mr. *Trapland*.

Trap. Verily, give me a glass,——you're a wag,——and here's to the widow.

[*Drinks.*]

Scan. He begins to chuckle; ply him close or he'll relapse into a Dun.

SCENE VI.

[*To them*] OFFICER.

Off. By your leave, gentleman, —— Mr. *Trapland*, if we must do our office, tell us.——We have half a do-

zen gentlemen to arrest in *Pall-Mall* and *Covent Garden*; and if we don't make haste, the chairmen will be abroad, and block up the chocolate-houses, and then our labour's lost.

Trap. Udsó, that's true. *Mr. Valentine*, I love mirth, but business must be done; are you ready to——

Jer. Sir your father's steward says he comes to make proposals concerning your debts.

Val. Bid him come in: *Mr. Trapland*, send away your officer, you shall have an answer presently.

Trap. *Mr. Snap*, stay within call.

S C E N E VII.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL, TRAPLAND, JEREMY, STEWARD, *who whispers VALENTINE.*

Scan. Hers's a dog now, a traitor in his wine: firrah, refund the sack: *Jeremy*, fetch him some warm water, or I'll rip up his stomach, and go the shortest way to his conscience.

Trap. *Mr. Scandal*, you are uncivil; I did not value your sack; but you cannot expect it again when I have drank it.

Scan. And how do you expect to have your money again, when a gentleman has spent it?

Val. You need say no more, I understand the conditions; they are very hard, but my necessity is very pressing; I agree to 'em. Take *Mr. Trapland* with you, and let him draw the writing——*Mr. Trapland*, you know this man, he shall satisfy you.

Trap. Sincerely, I am loth to be thus pressing, but my necessity.

Val. No apology, good *Mr. Scrivener*, you shall be paid.

Trap. I hope you forgive me, my business requires.---

S C E N E VIII.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL.

Scan. He begs pardon like a hangman at an execution.

Val. But I have got a reprieve.

Scan. I am surpriz'd; what, does your father relent?

Val. No, he has sent me the hardest conditions in the world: You have heard of a booby-brother of mine, that was sent to sea three years ago? this brother, my father hears is landed; whereupon he very affectionately sends me word; if I will make a deed of conveyance of my right to his estate after his death, to my younger brother, he will immediately furnish me with four thousand pound to pay my debts and make my fortune. This was once propos'd before, and I refus'd it; but the present impatience of my creditors for their money, and my own impatience of confinement, and absence from *Angelica* force me to consent.

Scan. A very desperate demonstration of your love to *Angelica*: And I think she has never given you any assurance of hers.

Val. You know her temper; she never gave me any great reason either for hope or despair.

Scan. Women of her airy temper, as they seldom think before they act, so they rarely give us any light to guess at what they mean: But you have little reason to believe that a woman of this age, who has had an indifference for you in your prosperity, will fall in love with your ill fortune: Besides, *Angelica* has a great fortune of her own, and great fortunes either expect another great fortune or a fool.

SCENE IX

[To them JEREMY.]

Jer. More misfortunes, fir.

Val. What, another dun?

Jer. No, fir, but Mr. *Tattle* is come to wait upon (you

Val. well, I can't help it—— you must bring him up; he knows I don't go abroad. [Exit *Jeremy*]

SCENE X.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL.

Scan. Pox on him, I'll be gone.

Val. No, prithee stay; *Tattle* and you should never

be asunder ; you are light and shadow, and shew one another : He is perfectly thy reverse both in humour and understanding ; and as you set up for defamation he is a mender of reputations.

Scan. A mender of reputations ! Aye, just as he is a keeper of secrets, another virtue that he sets up for in the same manner. For the rogue will speak aloud in the posture of a whisperer, and deny a woman's name, while he gives you the mark of her person. He will forswear receiving a letter from her, and at the same time shew you her hand in the superscription : And yet perhaps he has counterfeited the hand too ; and sworn to the truth ; but he hopes not to be believed ; and refuses the reputation of a lady's favour, as a doctor says no to a bishoprick, only that it may be granted to him.—In short he is a publick professor of secrecy, and makes proclamation, that he holds private intelligence——He's here.

S C E N E XI.

[*To them*] TATTLE.

Tat. Valentine, good-morrow ; *Scandal* I am yours, ——— that is, when you speak well of me.

Scan. That is, when I am yours ; for while I am my own, or any body's else, that will never happen.

Tat. How inhuman !

Val. Why *Tattle*, you need not be much concern'd at any thing that he says : For to converse with *Scandal*, is to play at *Losing Loadum* ; you must lose a good name to him, before you can win it for your self.

Tat. But how barbarous that is, and how unfortunate for him, that the world shall think the better of any person for his calumnation. I thank heaven it has always been a part of my character, to handle the reputation of others very tenderly indeed.

Scan. Ay, such rotten reputations as you have to deal with, are to be handled tenderly indeed.

Tat. Nay, but why rotten ? Why should you say rotten, when you know not the persons of whom you speak ? How cruel that is !

Scan. Not know 'em ? Why thou never hadst to do with any body that did not stink to all the town.

Tat. Ha, ha, ha ; nay, now you make a jest of it indeed. For there's nothing more known, than that no body knows any thing of that nature of me : As I hope to be fav'd *Valentine*, I never expos'd a woman since I knew what a woman was.

Val. And yet you have convers'd with several.

Tat. To be free with you ; I have——I don't care if I own that——Nay more, (I am going to say a bold word now) I never could meddle with a woman that had to do with any body else.

Scan. How.

Val. Nay faith, I'm apt to believe him——Except her husband, *Tattle*.

Tat. O that——

Scan. What do you think of that noble commoner, Mrs. *Drab* ?

Tat. Pooh, I know madam *Drab* has made her brags in three or four places, that I said this and that, and writ to her, and did I know not what——But upon my reputation, she did me wrong——Well, well, that was malice——But I know the bottom of it. She was brib'd to that by one that we all know——A man too, only to bring me into disgrace with a certain woman of quality.

Scan. Whom we all know.

Tat. No matter for that——Yes, yes, every body knows——No doubt on't, every body knows my secrets——But I soon satisfied the lady of my innocence ; for I told her——madam, says I, there are some persons who make it their business to tell stories, and say this and that of one and t'other, and every thing in the world, and, says I, if your grace——

Scan. Grace !

Tat. O lord, what have I said ? my unlucky tongue.

Val. Ha, ha, ha.

Scan. Why, *Tattle*, thou hast more impudence than one can in reason expect : I shall have an esteem for thee, well, and ha, ha, ha, well, go on, and what did you say to her grace ?

Val. I confess this is something extraordinary.

Tat. Not a word, as I hope to be fav'd ; an arrant *lappus lingua*——Come let's talk of something else.

Val.

Val. Well, but how did you acquit yourself.

Tat. Pooh, pooh, nothing at all, I only rally'd with you—a woman of ordinary rank was a little jealous of me, and I told her something or other, Faith--- I know not what——Come let's talk of something else.

[*Hums a song.*]

Scan. Hang him, let him alone, he has a mind we should enquire.

Tat. Valentine, I supp'd last Night with your mistress and her uncle old *Forefight*: I think your father lyes at *Forefight's*.

Val. Yes.

Tat. Upon my soul *Angelica's* a fine woman——and so is Mrs. *Forefight*, and her sister Mrs. *Frail*.

Scan. Yes, Mrs. *Frail* is a very fine woman, we all know her.

Tat. Oh that's not fair.

Scan. What?

Tat. To tell.

Scan. To tell what? Why what do you know of Mrs. *Frail*.

Tat. Who I? Upon my honour I don't know whether she be a man or woman, but by the smoothness of her chin, and roundness of her hips.

Scan. No!

Tat. No.

Scan. She says otherwise.

Tat. Impossible!

Scan. Yes faith. Ask *Valentine* else.

Tat. Why then, as I hope to be fav'd, I believe a woman only obliges a man to secrecy, that she may have the pleasure of telling herself.

Scan. No doubt on't. Well, but has she done you wrong, or no? You have had her? Ha?

Tat. Tho' I have more honour than to tell first; I have more manners than to contradict what a lady has declar'd.

Scan. Well, you own it?

Tat. I am strangely surpriz'd! Yes, yes, I can't deny't, if she taxes me with it

Scan. She'll be here by and by, she sees *Valentine* every morning.

Tat. How!

Val. She does me the favour——I mean of a visit sometimes. I did not think she had granted more to any body.

Scan. Nor I, faith—but *Tattle* does not use to belye a lady; it is contrary to his character—how one may be deceived in a woman, *Valentine*?

Tat. Nay, what do you mean, gentlemen?

Scan. I'm resolv'd I'll ask her.

Tat. O barbarous! why did you not tell me——

Scan. No, you told us.

Tat. And bid me ask *Valentine*.

Val. What did I say? I hope you won't bring me to confess an answer, when you never ask'd me the question.

Tat. But, gentlemen, this is the most inhuman proceeding——

Val. Nay if you have known *Scandal* thus long, and cannot avoid such a palpable decoy as this was, the ladies have a fine time, whose reputations are in your keeping.

SCENE XII.

[*To them.*] JEREMY.

Jer. Sir, Mrs. *Frail* hath sent to know if you are stirring.

Val. Shew her up when she comes, [Exit *Jer.*

SCENE XIII.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL, TATTLE.

Tat. I'll be gone.

Val. You'll meet her.

Tat. Have you not a back way?

Val. If there were, you have more discretion, than to give *Scandal* such an advantage; why your running away will prove all that he can tell her.

Tat. *Scandal*, you will not be so ungenerous——O, I shall lose my reputation of secrecy for ever—I shall never be receiv'd but upon publick Days, and my visits will never be admitted beyond a drawing-room: I shall never see a bed-chamber again, never be lock'd in a Closet nor run

run behind a screen, or under a table; never be distinguished among the waiting-women by the name of trusty Mr. Tattle more——You will not be so cruel.

Val. Scandal, have pity on him; he'll yield to any conditions.

Tat. Any, any terms.

Scan. Come then sacrifice half a dozen women of good reputation to me presently——come, where are your familiars——and see that they are women of quality too, the first quality.——

Tat. 'Tis very hard——won't a baronet's lady pass;

Scan. No, nothing under a right honourable.

Tat. O Inhuman! you don't expect their names.

Scan. No, their titles shall serve.

Tat. Alas, that's the same thing: Pray spare me their titles; I'll describe their persons.

Scan. Well, begin then: But take notice, if you are so ill a painter, that I cannot know the person by your picture of her, you must be condemn'd like other bad painters, to write the name at the bottom.

Tat. Well, first then ——

SCENE XIV.

[To them] Mrs. FRAIL.

O unfortunate! she's come already; will you have patience 'till another time——I'll double the number.

Scan. Well, on that condition——take heed you don't fail me.

Mrs. *Frail*. Hey dey! I shall get a fine reputation by coming to see fellows in a morning. *Scandal*, you devil, are you here too? oh Mr. *Tattle*, every thing is safe with you, we know.

Scan. Tattle.

Tat. Mum:—O madam you do me too much honour.

Val. Well lady galloper, how does *Angelica*?

Frail. Angelica? manners.

Val. What you will allow an absent lover——

Frail. No, I'll allow a lover present with his mistress to be particular——but otherwise I think his passion ought to give place to his manners.

Val.

Val. But what if he has more passion than manners.

Frail. Then let him marry and reform.

Val. Marriage indeed may qualify the fury of his passion, but it very rarely mends a man's manners.

Frail. You are the most mistaken in the world ; there is no creature perfectly civil but a husband. For in a little time he grows only rude to his wife, and that is the highest good breeding, for it begets civility to other people. Well, I'll tell you news; but I suppose you hear your brother *Benjamin* is landed: And my brother *Forefight*'s daughter is come out of the country — I assure you, there's a match talk'd of by the old people—well, if he be but as great a sea-beast as she is a land-monster, we shall have a most amphibious breed—the progeny will be all otters ; he has been bred at sea, and she has been never out of the country.

Val. Pox take them, their conjunction bodes me no good, I'm sure.

Frail. Now you talk of conjunction, my brother *Forefight* has cast both their nativities, and prognosticates an admiral and an eminent justice of the Peace to be the issue-male of their two bodies ; 'tis the most superstitious old fool ! he would have persuaded me, that this was an unlucky day, and would not let me come abroad : But I invented a dream, and sent him to *Artimedorus* for interpretation, and so stole out to see you. Well, and what will you give me now ? come, I must have something.

Val. Step into the next room—and I'll give you something.

Scan. Ay, we'll all give you something.

Frail. Well, what will you all give me ?

Val. Mine's a secret.

Frail. I thought you would give me something that would be a trouble for you to keep.

Val. And *Scandal* shall give you a good name.

Frail. That's more than he has for himself. And what will you give me. Mr. *Tattle*.

Tat. I? my soul madam.

Frail. Pooh, no I thank you I have enough to do to take care of my own. Well; but I'll come and see you one of these mornings: I hear you have a great many pictures.

Tat.

Tat. I have a pretty good collection at your service, some originals.

Scan. Hang him, he has nothing but the *Seasons* and the *Twelve Cæsars*, paultry copies ; and the *Five Senses* as ill represented as they are in himself. And he himself is the only original you will see there.

Frail. Ay, but I hear he has a closet of beauties.

Scan. Yes, all that have done him favours, if you will believe him.

Frail. Ay, let me see those, Mr. *Tattle*.

Tat. Oh madam, those are sacred to love and contemplation. No man but the painter and my self, was ever blest'd with the sight.

Frail. Well, but a woman——

Tat. Nor woman, 'till she consented to have her picture there too—for then she is obliged to keep the secret.

Scan. No, no: come to me if you wou'd see pictures.

Frail. You?

Scan. Yes faith, I can shew you your own picture, and most of your acquaintance to the life, and as like as at *Kneller's*.

Frail. O lying creature—*Valentine*, does not he lye ?
——I can't believe a word he says.

Val. No indeed, he speaks truth now : For as *Tattle* has pictures of all that have granted him favours, he has the pictures of all that have refus'd [him ; if satyrs, descriptions, characters, and lampoons are pictures.

Scan. Yes, mine are most in black and white—and yet there are some set out in their true colours, both men and women, I can show you pride, folly, affectation, wantonness, inconstancy, covetousness, dissimulation, malice, and ignorance, all in one piece. Then I can shew you lying, foppery, vanity, cowardice, bragging, leachery, impotence, and ugliness, in another piece ; and yet one of these is a celebrated beauty, and t'other a profess'd beau. I have paintings too, some pleasant enough.

Frail. Come let's hear 'em.

Scan. Why, I have a beau in a bagnio, cupping for a complexion, and sweating for a shape.

Frail. So.

Scan.

Scan. Then I have a lady burning brandy in a cella with a hackney-coachman.

Frail. O devil! well but that story is not true.

Scan. I have some hieroglyphicks too, I have a lawyer with a hundred hands, two heads, and but one face! a divine with two faces, and one head; and I have a soldier with his brains in his belly, and his heart where his head should be.

Frail. And no head?

Scan. No head.

Frail. Pooh, this is all invention. Have you ne'er a poet?

Scan. Yes, I have a poet weighing words, and selling praise for praise, and a critick picking his pocket. I have another large piece too, representing a school, where there are huge proportion'd criticks, with long wigs, lac'd coats, *Steinkirk* cravats, and terrible faces; with cat-calls in their hands and horn-books about their necks. I have many more of this kind, very well painted, as you shall see.

Frail. Well, I'll come, if it be only to disprove you.

SCENE XV.

[*To them.*] JEREMY.

Jer. Sir, here's the Steward again from your father.

Val. I'll come to him ——— will you give me leave, I'll wait on you again presently.

Frail. No I'll be gone. Come, who squires me to the exchange? I must call my sister *Forefight* there.

Scan. I will; I have a mind to your sister.

Frail. Civil!

Tat. I will; because I have a *Tendre* for your ladyship.

Frail. That's somewhat the better reason, to my opinion.

Scan. Well, if *Tattle* entertains you, I have the better opportunity to engage your sister.

Val. Tell *Angelica* I am about to make hard conditions to come abroad, and be at liberty to see her.

Scan.

Scan. I'll give an account of you and your proceedings. If indiscretion be a sign of love, you are the most of a lover of any body that I know : You fancy that parting with your estate will help you to your mistress——In my mind he is a thoughtless adventurer.

*Who hopes to purchase Wealth by selling Land,
Or win a Mistress with a losing Hand.*



ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in FORESIGHT's House.

FORESIGHT and SERVANT.

FORESIGHT.

HEY day ! What are all the women of my family abroad ? is not my wife come home ? nor my sister, nor my Daughter ?

Serv. No, sir.

Fore. Mercy on us, what can be the meaning of it ? Sure the moon is in all her fortitudes. Is my niece *Angelica* at home ?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Fore. I believe you lie sir.

Serv. Sir ?

Fore. I say you lie, sir. It is impossible that any thing should be as I would have it ; for I was born, sir, when the crab was ascending, and all my affairs go backward.

Serv. I can't tell indeed sir.

Fore. No, I know you can't, sir : But I can tell, sir, and foretel, sir,

SCENE

SCENE II.

[To them NURSE.]

Nurse where's your young mistress?

Nurse. Wee'ft heart I know not, they're none of 'em come home yet: Poor child, I warrant she's fond o' seeing the town——Marry pray heav'n they ha' given her any dinner——Good lack a day, ha, ha, ha, Oh strange; I'll vow and swear now, ha, ha, ha. Marry, and did you ever see the like!

Fore. Why how now, what's the matter?

Nurse. Pray heav'n fend your worship good luck, marry and Amen with all my heart, for you have put on one stocking with the wrong side outward.

Fore. Ha, how? Faith and troth I'm glad of it, and so I have, that may be good luck in troth, in troth it may, very good luck: Nay I have had some omens; I got out of bed backwards too this morning, without premeditation; pretty good that too: But then I stumbled coming down stairs, and met a weasel; bad omens those; some bad, some good, our lives are chequer'd: Mirth and sorrow, want and plenty, night and day, make up our time——But in troth I am pleas'd at my stocking, very well pleas'd at my stocking——O here's my neice!

SCENE III.

Enter ANGELICA.

Sirrah, go tell Sir Sampson Legend I'll wait on him, if he's at leisure---'tis now three a clock, a very good hour for business, Mercury governs this hour.

[Exit Servant.]

Ang. Is it not a good hour for pleasure too, uncle? pray lend me your coach, mine's out of order.

Fore. What, wou'd you be gadding too? Sure all females are mad to-day——It is of evil portent, and bodes mischief to the master of a family——I remember an old prophesie written by *Messabalah* the *Arabian*, and thus translated by a reverend *Buckinghamshire* bard.

When

*When House-wives all the house forsake,
And leave good man to brew and bake,
Withouten guile then be it said,
That house doth stond upon its head;
And when the head is set in grond,
Ne marl, if it be fruitful fond.*

Fruitful, the head fruitful, that bodes horns; the fruit of the head is horns——Dear niece, stay at home——for by the head of the house is meant the husband; the prophecy needs no explanation.

Ang. Well but I can neither make you a cuckold, uncle by going abroad; nor secure you from being one by staying at home.

For. Yes, yes; while there's one woman left, the prophecy is not in full force.

Ang. But my inclinations are in force; I have a mind to go abroad, and if you won't lend me your Coach, I'll take a hackney, or a chair, and leave you to erect a scheme, and find who's in conjunction with your wife. Why don't you keep her at home, if you're jealous of her when she's abroad? You know my aunt is a little retrograde (as you call it) in her nature. Uncle, I'm afraid you are not Lord of the ascendant, Ha, ha, ha.

For. Well, jill-flirt, you are very pert-----and always ridiculing that celestial science.

Ang. Nay, uncle, don't be angry——If you are, I'll reap up all your false prophecies, ridiculous dreams, and idle divinations. I'll swear you are a nuisance to the neighbourhood——What a bustle did you keep against the last invisible eclipse, laying in a provision as 'twere for a siege? What a world of fire and candle, matches and tinder-boxes did you purchase! one would have thought we were ever after to live under ground, or at least making a voyage to *Greenland*, to inhabit there all the dark season.

For. Why you malapert slut——

Ang. Will you lend me your Coach, or I'll go on——Nay, I'll declare how your prophecy'd popery was coming, only because the butler had mislaid some of the apostle spoons, and thought they were lost. Away went religion and spoon-meat together——Indeed, uncle, I'll indite you for a wizard.

For.

Fore. How, huffy, was there ever such a provoking minx ?

Nurse. O merciful father, how she talks !

Ang. Yes, I can make oath of your unlawful midnight practices ; you and the old nurse there——

Nurse. Marry heav'n defend——I at midnight practices——O lord, what's here to do ? ——I in unlawful doings with my master's worship——Why, did you ever here the like now——Sir, did ever I do any thing of your midnight concerns——but warm your bed and tuck you up, and set the candle and your tobacco-box, and your urinal by you, and now and then rub the soles of your feet ? O lord, I ! ——

Ang. Yes, I saw you together, through the key-hole of the closet one night, like *Saul* and the witch of *Endor*, turning the sieve and sheers, and pricking your thumbs to write poor innocent servants names in blood about a little nutmeg-grater which she had forgot in the caudle-cup——Nay, I know something worse, if I would speak of it.——

Fore. I despise you, huffy ; but I'll remember this, I'll be reveng'd on you, cockatrice ; I'll hamper you——You have your fortune in your own hands——but I'll find a way to make your lover, your prodigal spend-thrift gallant, *Valentine*, pay for all, I will.

Ang. Will you, I care not, but all shall out then——Look to it nurse ; I can bring witness that you have a great unnatural teat under your left arm, and he another ; and that you suckle a young devil in the shape of a tabby cat, by turns, I can.

Nurse. A teat, a teat, I an unnatural eat ! O the false slanderous thing ; feel, feel here, if I have any thing but like another christian. [*Crying.*] or any teats but two, that han't given suck this thirty years.

Fore. I will have patience, since it is the will of the stars I should be thus tormented——This is the effect of the malicious conjunctions and oppositions in the third house of my nativity ; there the curse of kindred was foretold——But I will have my doors lock'd up——I'll punish you, not a man shall enter my house.

Ang. Do, uncle, lock 'em up quickly before my aunt come home——You'll have a letter for alimony to morrow

row morning——But let me be gone first, and then let no mankind come near the house, but converse with spirits and celestial signs, the bull, and the ram, and the goat. Bless me ! there are a great many horned beasts among the twelve signs, uncle. But cuckolds go to heaven.

Fore. But there is but one virgin among the twelve signs, spitfire, but one virgin.

Ang. Nor there had not been one, if she had had to do with any thing but astrologers, that makes my aunt go abroad.

Fore. How ? how ? is that the reason ? Come, you know something ; tell me, and I'll forgive you ; do, good niece——Come, you shall have my coach and horses,——faith and troth you shall——Does my wife complain ? Come, I know women tell one another——She is young and sanguin, has a wanton hazle eye, and was born under *Gemini* which may incline her to Society ; she has a mole upon her lip, with a moist Palm, and an open liberality on the mount of *Venus*.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha.

Fore. Do you laugh ? ——Well gentlewoman, I'll——But come be a good girl, don't perplex your poor uncle, tell me——won't you speak ! Odd, I'll——

S C E N E IV.

[to them] SERVANT.

Ser. Sir *Sampson* is coming down to wait upon you——

Ang. Good bu'y, uncle——Call me a chair——I'll find out my aunt, and tell her, she must not come home.

Fore. I am so perplex'd and vex'd, I'm not fit to receive him ; I shall scarce recover my self before the hour be past : Go nurse, tell Sir *Sampson* I'm ready to wait on him.

Nurse. Yes, Sir.

Fore. Well——Why, if I was born to be a cuckold, there's no more to be said——

S C E N E V.

FORESIGHT, and Sir SAMPSON LEGEND with a Paper.

Sir *Samp.* Nor no more to be done, old boy ; that's plain——here 'tis, I have it in my hand, old *Ptolomee* ;
I'll

I'll make the ungracious prodigal know who begot him I will, old *Nostradamus*. Why, I warrant my Son thought nothing belong'd to a father, but forgiveness and affection ; no authority, no correction, no arbitrary power ; nothing to be done, but for him to offend, and me to pardon. I warrant you, if he danc'd till dooms-day, he thought I was to pay the piper. Well, but here it is under black and white, *Signatum*, *Sigillatum*, and *Deliberatum* ; that as soon as my son *Benjamin* is arriv'd, he is to make over to him his right of inheritance. Where's my daughter that is to be——Ha ! old *Merlin* ! Body o' me, I'm so glad I'm reveng'd on this undutiful rogue.

Fore. Odso, let me see ; let me see the paper——Ay, faith and troth here 'tis, if it will but hold——I wish things were done, and the conveyance made——when was this sign'd ? What hour ? Odd so, you should have consulted me for the time. Well, but we'll make haste ——

Sir Sam. Haste, ay, ay ; haste enough, my son *Ben* will be in town to night——I have order'd my lawyer to draw up writings of settlement and jointure——All shall be done to night——No matter for the time ; prithe, brother *Forefight*, leave superstition——Pox o' th' time ; there's no time but the time present, there's no more to be said of what's past, and all that is to come will happen. If the sun shine by day, and the stars by night, why we shall know one anothers faces without the help of a candle, and that's all the stars are good for.

Fore. How, how ? *Sir Sampson*, that all ? Give me leave to contradict you, and tell you, you are ignorant.

Sir Sam. I tell you I am wise ; and *sapiens dominabitur astris* ; there's *Latin* for you to prove it, and an argument to confound your *Ephemeris*——Ignorant !——I tell you I have travell'd old *Fircu*, and know the globe. I have seen the *Antipodes*, where the sun rises at midnight, and sets at noon-day.

Fore. But I tell you I have travell'd, and travell'd in the coelestial spheres, know the *Signs* and the *Planets*, and their houses. Can judge of the motions, direct and retrograde, of *Sextiles*, *Quadrates*, *Trines* and *Oppositions*, fiery *Trigons*, and aquatical *Trigons*. Know whether life shall

be

be long or short, happy or unhappy, whether diseases are curable or incurable. If journeys shall be prosperous, undertaking successful; or goods stol'n recover'd, I know——

Sir Samp. I know the length of the emperor of *China's* foot; have kiss'd the great *Mogul's* slipper, and rid a hunting upon an elephant with the Cham of *Tartary*——
Body o' me, I have made a cuckold of a King, and the present Majesty of *Bantam* is the issue of these loins.

Fore. I know when travellers lie or speak truth, when they don't know it themselves.

Sir Sam. I have known an astrologer made a cuckold in the twinkling of a star; and seen a conjurer, that could not keep the devil out of his wife's circle.

Fore. What does he twit me with my wife too? I must be better inform'd of this——[*Afide.*]——Do you mean my wife Sir *Sampson*? tho' you made a cuckold of the king of *Bantam*, yet by the body of the sun——

Sir Sam. By the horns of the moon, you would say, brother *Capricorn*.

Fore. *Capricorn* in your teeth, thou modern *Mandevil*; *Ferdinand Mendez Pinto* was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude. Take back your paper of inheritance; send your son to sea again, I'll wed my daughter to an *Egyptian* mummy, 'ere she shall incorporate with a contemner of sciences, and a defamer of virtue.

Sir Sam. Body o' me, I have gone too far;——I must not provoke honest *Albumazar*——an *Egyptian* mummy is an illustrious creature, my trusty hieroglyphick, and may have significations of futurity about him; oddsbud, I would my son were an *Egyptian* mummy for thy sake. What thou art not angry for a jest, my good *Haly*——I reverence the sun, moon, and stars with all my heart——What I'll make thee a present of a mummy: Now I think on't, body o' me. I have a shoulder of an *Egyptian* king, that I purloin'd from one of the pyramids, powder'd with hieroglyphicks; thou shalt have it brought home to thy house, and make an entertainment for all the *Philomaths* and students in physick and astrology in and about *London*.

Fore. But what do you know of my wife, Sir *Sampson*?

Sir

Sir *Sampson*. Thy wife is a constellation of virtues ; she's the moon, and thou art the man in the moon : Nay, she is more illustrious than the moon ; for she has her chastity without her inconstancy. 'Sbud I was but in jest.

SCENE VI.

[To them] JEREMY.

How now, who sent for you ? ha ? what would you have ?

Fore. Nay, if you were but in jest——Who's that fellow ? I don't like his physiognomy.

Sir *Sam*. My son, fir ; what son, fir ? My son *Benjamin*, hoh ?

Fer. No, fir, Mr. *Valentine*, my master——'tis the first time he has been abroad since his confinement, and he comes to pay his duty to you.

Sir *Sam*. Well fir.

SCENE VII.

FORESIGHT. Sir SAMPSON, VALENTINE, JEREMY.

Fer. He is here fir.

Val. Your blessing, fir.

Sir *Sam*. You've had it already, fir, I think I sent it you to-day in a bill of four thousand pound : a great deal of money, brother *foresight*.

Fore. Aye indeed, Sir *Sampson*, a great deal of money for a young man, I wonder what he can do with it.

Sir *Sam*. Body o' me, so do I——hark ye *Valentine*, if there be too much, refund the superfluity, dost hear boy ?

Val. Superfluity, fir ; it will scarce pay my debts——I hope you'll have more indulgence, than to oblige me to those hard conditions which my necessity sign'd to.

Sir *Sam*. Sir, how, I beseech you, what were you pleas'd to intimate concerning indulgence ?

Val. Why, fir, that you would not go to the extremity of the conditions, but releafe me at least from some part——

Sir *Sam*. O Sir, I understand you——that's all, ha ?

Val.

Val. Yes, sir, all that I presume to ask — but what you, out of fatherly fondness, will be pleas'd to add, shall be doubly welcome.

Sir Samp. No doubt of it, sweet sir, but your filial piety, and my fatherly fondness, wou'd fit like two tallies — here's a rogue, brother *Forefight*, makes a bargain under hand and seal in the morning, and wou'd be releas'd from it in the afternoon ; here's a rogue, dog, here's conscience and honesty ; this is your wit now, this is the morality of your wits ! you are a wit, and have been a beau, and may be a ——— why, firrah, is it not here under hand and seal ——— can you deny it ?

Val. Sir I don't deny it ———

Sir Samp. Sirrah, you'll be hang'd ; I shall live to see you go up *Holburn-Hill* ——— has not he a rogue's face ? — speak, brother, you understand physiognomy, a hanging look, to me — of all my boys the most unlike me ; he has a damn'd *Tyburn* face, without the benefit of the clergy.

Fore. Hum — truly I don't care to discourage a young man, he has a violent death in his face, but I hope no danger of hanging.

Val. Sir is this usage for your son — for that old weather-headed fool, I know how to laugh at him ; but you, sir ———

Sir Samp. You, sir ; and you, sir : ——— why, who are you sir ?

Val. Your son, sir.

Sir Samp. That's more than I know, sir, and I believe not.

Val. Faith, I hope not.

Sir Samp. What wou'd you have your mother a whore ? did you ever hear the like ! did you ever hear the like ! body o' me ———

Val. I would have an excuse for your barbarity and unnatural usage.

Sir Samp. Excuse ! Impudence ! why firrah, mayn't I do what I please ? are not you my slave ? did not I begot you ? and might not I have chosen whether I would have begot you or no ? Oons who are you ? whence came you ?

you ? what brought you into the world ? how came you here, sir ? here, to stand here upon those two legs, and look erect with that audacious face, hah ? answer me that : Did you come a voluntier into the world ? or did I beat up for you with the lawful authority of a parent, and press you into the service ?

Val. I know no more why I came, than you do why you call'd me. But here I am, and if you don't mean to provide for me, I desire you would leave me as you found me.

Sir Samp. With all my heart : Come, uncase, strip, and go naked out of the world, as you came into it.

Val. My Clothes are soon put off——but you must also deprive me of reason, thought, passions, inclinations, affections, appetites, senses, and the huge train of attendants that you begot along with me.

Sir. Samp. Body o' me, what a many-headed monster have I propagated !

Val. I am of my self a plain easy simple creature, and to be kept at small expence ; but the retinue that you gave me are craving and invincible ; they are so many devils that you have rais'd, and will have employment.

Sir Samp. 'Oons what had I to do to get children ? ——can't a private man be born without all these followers ? ——why nothing under an emperor should be born with appetites —— why at this rate, a fellow that has but a groat in his pocket, may have a stomach capable of a ten shilling ordinary.

Fer. Nay that's as clear as the sun ; I'll make oath of it before any Justice in *Middelfex*.

Sir Samp. Here's a cormorant too-----s'heart this fellow was not born with you ?——I did not beget him, did I ?

Fer. By the provision that's made for me, you might have begot me too —— nay and to tell your worship another truth, I believe you did, for I find I was born with those same whoreson appeties too, that my master speaks of.

Sir Samp. Why look you there now----I'll maintain it, that by the rule of right reason, this fellow ought to have been born without a palate——s'heart, what should

he

he do with a distinguishing taste? ——— I warrant now he'd rather eat a pheasant than a piece of poor *John*; and smell now, why I warrant he can smell, and loves perfumes above a stink———why there's it; and musick, don't you love musick, scoundrel?

Jer. Yes, I have a reasonable good ear, sir, as to jiggs and country dances, and the like; I don't much matter your *Sola's* or *Sonata's*, they give me the spleen.

Sir Samp. The spleen, ha, ha, ha, a pox confound you——*Sola's* or *Sonata's*! 'Oons, whose son are you; how were you engender'd, muck-worm?

Jer. I am by my father the son of a chair-man, my mother sold oysters in winter, and cucumbers in summer; and I came upstairs into the world, for I was born in a cellar.

Fore. By your looks, you shou'd go upstairs out of the world too, friend.

Sir Samp. And if this rogue were anatomiz'd now, and dissected, he has vessels of digestion and concoction, and so forth, large enough for the inside of a cardinal———this son of a cucumber———these things are unaccountable and unreasonable———body o' me, why was not I a bear, that my cubs might have liv'd upon sucking their paws? nature has been provident only to bears and spiders; the one has its nutriment in its own hands, and the other spins his habitation out of his own entrails.

Val. Fortune was provident enough to supply all the necessities of my nature; if I had my right of inheritance.

Sir Samp. Again! 'Oons han't you four thousand pounds?———if I had it again, I would not give thee a groat———what, would'st thou have me turn pelican, and feed thee out of my own vitals?———'sheart, live by your wits———you were always fond of the wits———now let's see if you have wit enough to keep your self?———your brother will be in town to night, or to morrow morning, and then look you perform covenants, and so your friend and servant———come brother *Forefight*.

S C E N E VIII.

VALENTINE, JEREMY.

Jer. I told you what your visit would come to.

Val. 'Tis as much as I expected———I did not come to see him, I came to *Angelica*: But since she was gone a-

VOL. I.

K

abroad

broad, it was easily turned another way ; and at least look'd well on my side : What's here, Mrs. *Foresight* and Mrs. *Frail*, they are earnest-----I'll avoid 'em-----come this way and go and enquire when *Angelica* will return.

SCENE IX.

Mrs. FORESIGHT, and Mrs. FRAIL.

Frail. what have you to do to watch me ?-----'s life, I'll do what I please.

Mrs. Fore. You will ?

Frail. Yes marry will I-----a great piece of business to go to *Covent Garden Square* in a hackney coach, and take a turn with one's friend.

Mrs. Fore. Nay two or three turns, I'll take my oath.

Frail. What if I took twenty-----I warrant, if you had been there, it had been only innocent recreation.-----Lord, where's the comfort of this life, if we can't have the happiness of conversing where we like.

Mrs. Fore. But can't you converse at home ?-----I own it, I think there's no happiness like conversing with an agreeable man : I don't quarrel at that, nor I don't think but your conversation was very innocent ; but the place is publick, and to be seen with a man in a hackney-coach is scandalous ; What if any body else should have seen you aught, as I did ?——How can any body be happy, while they're in perpetual fear of being seen and censur'd ?——Besides it would not only reflect upon you sister, but me.

Frail. Pooh, here's a clutter—why should it reflect upon you ?——I don't doubt but you have thought your self happy in a hackney-coach before now—If I had gone to *Knightsbridge* or to *Chelsey*, or to *Spring-Garden*, to *Barn-Elms* with a man alone—something might have been said.

Mrs. Fore. Why, was I ever in any of those places ? What do you mean sister ?

Frail. Was I ? What do you mean ?

Mrs. Fore. You have been at a worse place.

Frail. I at a worse place, and with a man !

Mrs. Fore. I suppose you would not go alone to the *World's End*.

Frail.

Frail. The *World's End*! What do you mean to banter me?

Mrs. Fore. Poor innocent? You don't know that there is a place call'd the *World's End*? I swear you can keep your countenance purely, you'd make an admirable player.

Frail. I'll swear you have a great deal of confidence, and in my mind too much for the stage.

Mrs. Fore. Very well, that will appear who has most. You never was at the *World's End*.

Frail. No.

Mrs. Fore. You deny it positively to my face.

Frail. Your face, what's your face?

Mrs. Fore. No matter for that, it's as good a face as your's.

Frail. Not by a dozen years wearing—But I do deny it positively to your face then.

Mrs. Fore. I'll allow you now to find fault with my face;—for I'll swear your impudence has put me out of countenance;—but look you here now—where did you lose this gold bodkin?—O sister, sister!

Frail. My bodkin!

Mrs. Fore. Nay, 'tis yours, look at it.

Frail. Well, if you go to that, where did you find this bodkin?—O sister, sister!—sister every way.

Mrs. Fore. O devil on't, that I could not discover her without betraying my self. [*Aside.*]

Frail. I have heard gentlemen say, sister, that one should take great care, when one makes a thrust in fencing, not to lay open one's self.

Mrs. Fore. It's very true, sister: Well since all's out, and, as you say, since we both are wounded, let us do what is often done in duels, take care of one another, and grow better friends than before.

Frail. With all my heart, ours are but the slight flesh-wounds, and if we keep them from air, not at all dangerous: Well, give me your hand in token of sisterly secrecie and affection.

Mrs. Fore. Here 'tis, with all my heart.

Frail. Well, as an earnest of friendship and confidence, I'll acquaint you with a design that I have: To tell truth, and speak openly one to another, I'm afraid the

world has observ'd us more than we have observ'd one another. You have a rich husband, and are provided for, I am at a loss, and have no great stock either of fortune or reputation; and therefore must look sharply about me. Sir Sampson has a son that is expected to-night; and by the account I have heard of his education, can be no conjurer: The estate you know is to be made over to him: ——— Now if I could wheedle him, sister, ha? You understand me?

Mrs. Fore. I do; and will help you to the utmost of my power——And I can tell you one thing that falls out luckily enough; my awkward daughter-in-law, who you know is design'd to be his wife, is grown fond of Mr. Tattle; now if we can improve that, and make her have an aversion for the booby, it may go a great way towards his liking you. Here they come together; and let us contrive some way or other to leave them together.

SCENE X.

[To them] TATTLE and Miss PRUE.

Miss. Mother, mother, mother, look you here.

Mrs. Fore. Fie, fie, Miss, how you bawl—besides I have told you, you must not call me mother.

Miss. What must I call you then, are you not my father's wife?

Mrs. Fore. Madam; You must say madam; — By my soul, I shall fancy my self old indeed, to have this great girl call me Mother—Well, but Miss, what are you so overjoy'd at.

Miss. Look you here, madam then, what Mr. Tattle has given me—Look you here, cousin, here's a snuff-box; nay there's snuff in't;—here will you have any—Oh good! how sweet it is——Mr. Tattle is all over sweet; his peruke is sweet, and his gloves are sweet—and his handkerchief is sweet, pure, sweet, sweeter than roses——Smell him mother——madam I mean: He gave me this ring for a kiss.

Tat. O fie, Miss, you must not kiss and tell.

Miss. Yes; I may tell my mother——And he says he'll give me something to make me smell so——

Oh

Oh pray lend me your handkerchief——Smell cousin, he says he'll give me something that will make my smocks smell this way——Is it not pure?——It's better than lavender, mun——I'm resolv'd I won't let nurse put any more lavender among my smocks——ha, cousin.

Frail. Fie, Miss, amongst your linnen, you must say——you must never say smock.

Miss. Why, it is not bawdy, is it, cousin?

Tat. Oh madam, you are too severe upon Miss; you must not find fault with her pretty simplicity, it becomes her strangely——pretty Miss, don't let them persuade you out of your innocency.

Mrs. Fore. Oh, demm you toad——I wish you don't persuade her out of her innocency.

Tat. Who I, madam?——Oh lord how can your ladyship have such a thought——sure you don't know me!

Frail. Ah devil, fly devil——He's as close, sister, as a confessor——He thinks we don't observe him.

Mrs. Fore. A cunning cur, how soon he could find out a fresh harmless creature; and left us, sister, presently.

Tat. Upon reputation——

Mrs. Fore. They're all so, sister——these men——they love to have the spoiling of a young thing, they are as fond of it, as of being first in the fashion, or of seeing a new play the first day——I warrant it would break Mr. *Tattle's* heart, to think that any body else should be beforehand with him.

Tat. Oh lord, I swear I would not for the world.

Frail. O hang you, who'll believe you?——You'd be hang'd before you'd confess——we know you——she's very pretty! Lord! what pure red and white!——she looks so wholesome; ——ne'er stir I don't know, but I fancy, if I were a man——

Miss. How you love to jeer one, cousin.

Mrs. Fore. Heark'ee sister——by my soul the girl is spoil'd already——d'ee think she'll ever endure a great lubberly tarpawlin——gad I warrant you she won't let him come near her, after Mr. *Tattle*.

Frail. O' my soul I'm afraid not——eh!——filthy creature, that smells all of pitch and tar——Devil take

you, you confounded toad-----why did you see her before she was married?

Mrs. Fore. Nay, why did we let him ----- my husband will hang us ----- he'll think we brought 'em acquainted.

Frail. Come, faith let us begone ----- If my brother *Forefight* should find us with them; he'd think so sure enough.

Mrs. Fore. So he wou'd ----- But then leaving 'em together is as bad ----- And he's such a sly devil, he'll never miss an opportunity.

Frail. I don't care; I won't be seen in it.

Mrs. Fore. Well, if you shou'd, Mr. *Tattle*, you'll have a world to answer for: remember I wash my hands of it, I'm thoroughly innocent.

SCENE XI.

TATTLE, Miss PRUE.

Miss. What makes 'em go away, Mr. *Tattle*? What do they mean; do you know?

Tat. Yes, my dear ----- I think I can guess ----- But hang me if I know the reason of it.

Miss. Come, must not we go too?

Tat. No, no, they don't mean that.

Miss. No! what then? what shall you and I do together?

Tat. I must make love to you, pritty *Miss*; will you let me make love to you.

Miss. Yes if you please.

Tat. Frank I'gad at least. What a pox does Mrs. *Forefight* mean by this civility? Is it to make a fool of me; or does she leave us together out of good morality, and do as she would be done by ----- Gad I'll understand it so. *(Aside.)*

Miss. Well, and how will you make love to me ----- come, I long to have you begin ----- must I make love too? You must tell me how.

Tat. You must let me speak, *Miss*, you must not speak first; I must ask you questions, and you must answer.

Miss. What is it like the catechism? ----- come then ask me.

Tat.

Tat. D'ye think you can love me ?

Miss. Yes.

Tat. Pooh, pox, you must not say yes already ; I shan't care a farthing for you in a twinkling.

Miss. What must I say then ?

Tat. Why you must say no, or you believe not, or you can't tell——

Miss. Why must I tell a lie then ?

Tat. Yes, if you would be well-bred. All well-bred persons lie----- Besides you are a woman, you must never speak what you think : Your words must contradict your thoughts ; but your actions may contradict your words. So when I ask you if you can love me, you must say no, but you must love me too----- If I tell you, you are handsome, you must deny it, and say I flatter you----- But you must think your self more charming than I speak you----- And like me for the beauty which I say you have, as much as if I had it my self----- If I ask you to kiss me, you must be angry, but you must not refuse me, if I ask you for more, you must be more angry----- but more complying, and as soon as ever I make you say you'll cry out, you must be sure to hold your tongue.

Miss. O Lord, I swear this is pure----- I like it better than our old-fashion'd country-way of speaking one's mind ! ----- And must not you lie too ?

Tat. Hum----- yes----- but you must believe I speak truth.

Miss. O *Gemini* ! well, I always had a great mind to tell lies----- but they frightened me, and said it was a sin.

Tat. Well, my pretty creature ; will you make me happy by giving me a kiss ?

Miss. No, indeed ; I'm angry at you-----

[*Runs and kisses him.*]

Tat. Hold, hold, that's pretty well----- but you should not have given it me, but have suffer'd me to have taken it.

Miss. Well, we'll do't again.

Tat. With all my heart----- Now then my little angel.

[*Kisses her.*]

Miss. Pish.

Tat. That's right——again my charmer.

[*Kisses again.*]

Miss. O fie, nay, now I can't abide you.

Tat. Admirable ! 'That was as well as if you had been born and bred in *Covent-garden*,——And won't you shew me, pretty miss, where your bed-chamber is ?

Miss. No, indeed won't I : but I'll run there, and hide my self from you behind the curtains.

Tat. I'll follow you.

Miss. Ah, but I will hold the door with both hands, and be angry——and you shall push me down before you come in.

Tat. No, I'll come in first, and push you down afterwards.

Miss. Will you ? then I'll be more angry, and more complying.

Tat. Then I'll make you cry out.

Miss. Oh but you shan't, for I'll hold my tongue——

Tat. Oh my dear, apt scholar.

Miss. Well, now I'll run and make more haste than you.

Tat. You shall not fly so fast, as I'll pursue.



ACT III. SCENE I.

NURSE alone.

NURSE.

MIss, miss, miss *Prue*——Mercy on me, marry and amen. Why, what's become of the child ? —— Why miss, miss *Forefight*——Sure she has lock'd herself up in her chamber, and gone to sleep or to Prayers ; miss, miss. I hear her——Come to your father, child : Open the door——Open the door miss —— I hear you cry husht——Oh Lord, who's there ? [*peeps*] What's here to

to do ? — O the father ! a man with her ! — Why, miss, I say, God's my life here's fine doings towards — O Lord we're all undone — O you young harlotry, [knocks] Od's my life, won't you open the door ? I'll come in the back way.

SCENE II.

TATTLE, Miss PRUE.

Miss O Lord, she's coming--- and she'll tell my father ; what shall I do now ?

Tat. Pox take her ; if she had stay'd two minutes longer, I should have wish'd for her coming.

Miss. O dear what shall I say ? tell me Mr. Tattle, tell me a lie.

Tat. There's no occasion for a lie ; I could never tell a lie to no purpose — But since we have done nothing, we must say nothing, I think. I hear her — I'll leave you together, and come off as you can.

[Thrusts her in and shuts the door.]

SCENE III.

TATTLE, VALENTINE, SCANDAL and ANGELICA.

Ang. You can't accuse me of inconstancy ; I never told you that lov'd you.

Val. But I can accuse you of uncertainty, for not telling me whether you did or not.

Ang. You mistake indifference for uncertainty ; I never had concern enough to ask my self the question.

Scan. Nor good nature enough to answer him that did ask you. I'll say that for you, madam.

Ang. What are you setting up for good nature ?

Scan. Only for the affectation of it, as the women do for ill nature ?

Ang. Persuade your friend that it is all affectation.

Scan. I shall receive no benefit from the opinion ; for I know no effectual difference between continued affectation and reality.

Tat. [coming up.] Scandal, are you in private discourse, any thing of secrecy ?

[Aside to Scandal.]

Scan. Yes, but I dare trust you ; we were talking of *Angelica's* love to *Valentine* ; you won't speak of it.

Tat. No, no, not a syllable — I know that's a secret, for it's whisper'd every where.

Scan. Ha, ha, ha.

Ang. What is, Mr. *Tattle*? I heard you say something was whisper'd every where.

Scan. Your love of *Valentine*.

Ang. How ?

Tat. No, madam, his love for your ladyship — Gad take me, I beg your pardon — for I never heard a word of your ladyship's passion, till this instant.

Ang. My passion! And who told you of my passion, pray sir?

Scan. Why is the devil in you? Did not I tell it you for a secret?

Tat. Gadso; but I thought she might have been trusted with her own affairs.

Scan. Is that your discretion? trust a woman with herself?

Tat. You say true, I beg your pardon — I'll bring all off — It was impossible madam, for me to imagine, that a person of your ladyships wit and and galantry, could have so long receiv'd the passionate addressles of the accomplish'd *Valentine*, and yet remain insensible; therefore you will pardon me, if from a just weight of his merit, with your ladyship's good judgment, I form'd the ballance of a reciprocal affection.

Val. O the devil, what damn'd costive poet has given thee this lesson of fustian to get by rote?

Ang. I dare swear you wrong him, it is his own — And Mr. *Tattle* only judges of the success of others from the effects of his own merit. For certainly Mr. *Tattle* was never deny'd any thing in his life.

Tat. O Lord! yes indeed madam, several times.

Ang. I swear I don't think 'tis possible.

Tat. Yes, I vow and swear I have: Lord, madam, I'm the most unfortunate man in the world, and the most cruelly us'd by the ladies.

Ang. Nay, now you're ungrateful.

Tat. No, I hope not — 'tis as much ingratitude to own some favours as to conceal others.

Val.

Val. There now it's out.

Ang. I don't understand you now. I thought you had never ask'd any thing but what a lady might modestly grant, and you confess.

Scan. So faith, your business is done here ; now you may go brag somewhere else.

Tat. Brag ! O heavens ! Why, did I name any body ?

Ang. No ; I suppose that is not in your power ; but you wou'd if you cou'd, no doubt on't.

Tat. Not in my power madam ! what does your ladyship mean, that I have no woman's reputation in my power ?

Scan. Oons, why you won't own it, will you ? [*Aside.*

Tat. Faith, madam you are in the right ; no more I have, as I hope to be saved ; I never had it in my power to say any thing to a lady's prejudice in my life ——— For as I was telling you madam, I have been the most unsuccessful creature living, in things of that nature, and never had the good fortune to be trusted once with a lady's secret ; not once.

Ang. No !

Val. Not once ; I dare answer for him.

Scan. And I'll answer for him ; for I'm sure if he had, he would have told me ; I find, madam, you don't know Mr. *Tattle*.

Tat. No indeed, madam you don't know me at all, I find : for sure my intimate friends would have known—

Ang. Then it seems you wou'd have told if you had been trusted.

Tat. O pox *Scandal* that was too far put—never have told particulars madam. Perhaps I might have talk'd as of a third person—or have introduc'd an amour of my own, in conversation, by way of novel, but never have explain'd particulars.

Ang. But whence comes the reputation of Mr. *Tattle*'s secrecy, if he never was trusted ?

Scan. Why thence it arises—The thing is proverbially spoken ; but may be applied to him ——— As if we should say in general terms, he only is secret who never was trusted ; a satirical proverb upon our sex. ———

There's

Val.

There's another upon yours——As she is chaste who was never ask'd the question. That's all.

Val. A couple of very civil proverbs, truly : 'tis hard to tell, whether the Lady or Mr. *Tattle* be the more obliged to you. For you found her virtue upon the backwardness of the men ; and his secrecy upon the mistrust of the women.

Tat. Gad, 'tis very true, madam, I think we are oblig'd to acquit our selves —— And for my part —— But your ladyship is to speak first——

Ang. Am I ? well, I freely confess I have resisted a great deal of temptation.

Tat. And I Gad, I have given some temptation that has not been resisted.

Val. Good.

Ang. I cite *Valentine* here, to declare to the court, how fruitless he has found his endeavours, and to confess all his solicitations and my denials.

Val. I am ready to plead, not guilty for you ; and guilty for my self.

Scan. So, why this is fair, here's demonstration with a witness.

Tat. Well my witnesses are not present—but I confess I have had favours from persons—but as the favours are numberless, so the persons are nameless.

Scan. Pook, this proves nothing.

Tat. No ? I can shew letters, lockets, pictures, and rings ; and if there be occasion for witnesses, I can summon the maids of the chocolate-houses ; all the porters of *Pall-Mall* and *Covent-Garden*, the door-keepers at the play-house, the drawers at *Locket's* *Pontacks's* the *Rummer*, *Spring-Garden*, my own landlady, and *Valet de Chambre* ; all who shall make oath, that I receive more letters than the secretary's office ; and that I have more vizor-masks to enquire for me, than ever went to see the hermaphrodite or the naked prince. And it is notorious that in a country-church, once, an enquiry being made, who I was, it was answer'd, I was the famous *Tattle*, who had ruined so many women.

Val. It was there, I suppose you got the nick-name of the *Grand-Turk*.

Tat.

Tat. True ; I was called *Turk Tattle* all over the parish--the next *Sunday* all the old women kept their daughters at home, and the person had not half his congregation. He wou'd have brought me into the spiritual court, but I was reveng'd upon him, for he had a handsome daughter whom I initiated into the science. But I repented it afterwards, for it was talk'd of in town—and a lady of quality that shall be nameless, in a raging fit of jealousy, came down in her coach and six horses, and expos'd herself upon my account: Gad, I was sorry for it with all my heart—you know whom I mean—you know where we ruffled——

Scan. Mum *Tattle*.

Val. S'death, are not you asham'd?

Ang. O barbarous ! I never heard so insolent a peice of vanity — fie, Mr. *Tattle*—— I'll swear I could not have believed it——is this your secrecy ?

Tat. Gad so, the heat of my story carry'd me beyond my discretion, as the heat of the lady's passion hurry'd her beyond her reputation——but I hope you don't know whom I mean; for there were a great many lady's ruffled——pox on't now could I bite of my tongue.

Scan. No don't ; for then you'll tell us no more——come I'll recommend a song to you upon the hint of my two proverbs, and I see one in the next Room that will sing it. [Goes to the Door.

Tat. For heavens's sake, if you do guess, say nothing; gad, I'm very unfortunate.

Scan. Pray sing the first song in the last new play.

S O N G.

Set by Mr. *John Eccles*.

I.

A *Nymph* and a *Swain* to *Apollo* once pray'd:
The *Swain* had been jilted, the *Nymph* been betray'd:
Their Intent was to try if his Oracle knew
Ere a *Nymph* that was Chaste, or a *Swain* that was true.
Apollo

II.

*Apollo was mute, and had like t'have been pos'd,
But sagely at length he this Secret disclos'd:
He alone won't betray in whom none will confide;
And the Nymph may be Chaste that has never been try'd.*

SCENE IV.

[*To them*] Sir SAMPSON, Mrs. FRAIL, Miss PRUE,
and Servant.

Sir Samp. Is Ben come? odso, my son Ben come?—odd I'm glad on't: Where is he? I long to see him. Now, Mrs. Frail, you shall see my son Ben ——— body o'me he's the hopes of my family——I han't seen him these three years ——— I warrant he's grown——call him in, bid him make haste——I'm ready to cry for joy.

Mrs. Frail. Now Miss, you shall see your husband.

Miss. Pish, he shall be none of my husband.

(*Aside to Frail.*

Mrs. Frail. Hush: Well he shan't, leave that to me—I'll beckon Mr. Tattle to us.

Ang. Won't you stay and see your brother?

Val. We are the twin stars and cannot shine in one sphere; when he rises I must set——besides, if I should stay, I don't know but my father in good nature may press me to the immediate signing the deed of conveyance of my estate, and I'll defer it as long as I can——well, you'll come to a resolution.

Ang. I can't. Resolution must come to me, or I shall never have one.

Scan. Come, *Valentine*, I'll go with you; I've something in my head to communicate to you.

SCENE V.

ANGELICA, Sir SAMPSON, TATTLE, Mrs. FRAIL,
Miss PRUE.

Sir Samp. What is my son *Valentine* gone? what, is he sneak'd off, and would not see his brother? there's an unnatural whelp! there's an ill-natur'd dog! what, were you here too, madam, and could not keep him! could neither

neither love, nor duty, nor natural affection oblige him ? Odsbud, madam, have no more to say to him ; he is not worth your consideration. The rogue has not a drachm of generous love about him : All interest, all interest ; he's an undone scoundrel, and courts your estate : body o'me, he does not care a doit for your person.

Ang. I'm pretty even with him, Sir *Sampson* ; for if ever I cou'd have lik'd any thing in him, it should have been his estate too : But since that's gone, the bait's off, and the naked hook appears.

Sir *Samp.* Odsbud, well spoken ; and you are a wiser woman than I thought you were : for most young women now-a-days are to be tempted with a naked hook.

Ang. If I marry, Sir *Sampson*, I'm for a good estate with any man, and for any man with a good estate : therefore if I were obliged to make a choice, I declare I'd rather have you than your son.

Sir *Samp.* Faith and troth you're a wise woman, and I'm glad to hear you say so ; I was afraid you were in love with the reprobate ; odd I was sorry for you with all my heart. hang him, mungrel ; cast him off ; you shall see the rogue shew himself, and make love to some desponding *Cadua* of fourscore for sustenance. Odd, I love to see a young spend-thrift forced to cling to an old woman for support, like ivy round a dead oak ; faith I do ; I love to see 'em hug and cotton together like down upon a thistle.

S C E N E VI.

[*To them.*] BEN LEGEND, and SERVANT.

Ben. Where's father ?

Serv. There, sir, his back's toward you.

Sir *Samp.* My son *Ben* ! blest thee my dear boy ; body o'me, thou art heartily welcome.

Ben. Thank you father, ——— and I'm glad to see you.

Sir *Samp.* Odsbuds, and I'm glad to see thee ; kifs me boy, kifs me again and again, dear *Ben*.

[*kisses him.*]

Ben. So so, enough father ——— mels, I'd rather kifs these gentlewomen.

Sir *Samp.* And so thou shalt ——— Mrs. *Angelica*, my son *Ben*.

Ben.

Ben. Forfooth an you please—(*Salutes her*) nay mistress, I'm not for dropping anchor here; about ship I faith—
(*kisses Frail*) nay, and you too my little cock-boat—
so _____ [*kisses Miss.*]

Tat. Sir you're welcome a-shore.

Ben. Thank you, thank you friend.

Sir Samp. Thou hast been many a weary league *Ben*, since I saw thee.

Ben. Ey, ey, been! been far enough, an that be all _____ well father, and how do all at home; how does brother *Dick*, and brother *Val*.

Sir Samp. *Dick*! body o'me, *Dick* has been dead these two years: I writ you word, when you were at *Leghorn*.

Ben. Mefs, and that's true: marry I had forgot. *Dick's* dead as you say—well, and how? I have many questions to ask you, well, you ben't marry'd again, father be you?

Sir Samp. No, I intend you shall marry, *Ben*; I would not marry for thy sake.

Ben. Nay, what does that signifie?—an you marry again—why then I'll go to sea again, so there's one for t'other, an that be all—pray don't let me be your hindrance; e'en marry a god's name, an the wind fit that way. As for my part, may hap I have no mind to marry.

Frail. That would be pity, such a handsome young gentleman.

Ben. Handsome! he, he, he! nay, forfooth, an you be for joking, I'll joke with you; for I love my jest an the ship were sinking, as we sayn at sea. But I'll tell you why I don't much stand towards matrimony. I love to roam about from port to port, and from land to land. I could never abide to be port bound, as we call it: Now a man that is marry'd, has, as it were d'ye see, his feet in the bilboes, and may hap mayn't get 'em out again when he would.

Sir Samp. *Ben's* a wag.

Ben. A man that is marry'd, d'ye see, is no more like another man, than a galley-slave is like one of us free sailors; he is chain'd to an oar all his life; and may hap be forced to tug a leaky vessel into the bargian.

Sir

Sir Samp. A very wag, *Ben's* a very wag; only a little rough; he wants a little polishing.

Frail. Not at all; I like his humour mightily, 'tis plain and honest; I should like such a humour in a husband extremely.

Ben. Sayn you so forsooth? marry and I should like such a handsome gentlewoman for a bedfellow hugely. How say you, Mrs, would you like going to sea? Mefs you're a tight vessel, and well rigg'd, an you were but as well mann'd.

Frail. I should not doubt that, if you were master of me.

Ben. But I tell you one thing an you come to sea in a high wind, or that lady—you mayn't carry so much sail o' your head—top and top gallant, by the mefs.

Frail. No, why so?

Ben. Why an you do, you may run the risk to be over-set, and then you will carry your keels above water, he, he, he.

Ang. I swear Mr. *Benjamin* is the veriest wag in nature; an absolute sea-wit.

Sir Samp. Nay, *Ben* has parts, but as I told you before, they want a little polishing. You must not take any thing ill, madam.

Ben. No, I hope the gentlewoman is not angry; I mean all in good part; for if I give a jest I'll take a jest: and so forsooth, you may be as free with me.

Ang. I thank you, Sir, I am not at all offended—but methinks, *Sir Sampson*, you shou'd leave him alone with his mistress. Mr. *Tattle*, we must not hinder lovers.

Tat. Well *Mifs*, I have your promise. [*Aside to Mifs.*]

Sir Samp. Body o' me, madam you say true: ——— Look you *Ben*; this is your mistress, ——— come *Mifs* you must not be shame-fac'd, we'll leave you together.

Mifs. I can't abide to be left alone, mayn't my cousin stay with me?

Sir Samp. No, no. Come, let's away.

Ben. Look you father, may hap the young woman mayn't take a liking to me. ———

Sir Samp. I warrant thee boy, come, come, we'll be gone; I'll venture that.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

BEN, and Miss PRUE.

Ben. Come, mistress, will you please to sit down, for an you stand a stern that'n, we shall never grapple together——come, I'll hawl a chair; there an you please to sit, I'll sit by you.

Miss. You need not sit so near one, if you have any thing to say, I can hear you farther off, I an't deaf.

Ben. Why that's true as you say, nor I an't dumb. I can be heard as far as another——I'll heave off to please you (*sits farther off.*) An we were a league asunder, I'd undertake to hold discourse with you an'twere not a main high wind indeed, and full in my teeth. Look you forth I am as it were, bound for the land of matrimony; 'tis a voyage d'ye see that was none of my seeking, I was commanded by father; and if you like of it, may hap I may steer into your harbour. How say you mistress? the short of the thing is this, that if you like me, and I like you, we may chance to swing in a hammock together.

Miss. I don't know what to say to you, nor I don't care to speak with you at all.

Ben. No! I'm sorry for that——but pray why are you so scornful?

Miss. As long as one must not speak one's mind, one had better not speak at all, I think and truly I won't tell a lie for the matter.

Ben. Nay, you say true in that, it's but a folly to lie; for to speak one thing, and to think just the contrary way, is as it were to look one way, and to row another. Now, for my part d'ye see, I'm for carrying things above board, I'm not for keeping any thing under the hatches.——so that if you ben't as willing as I, say so a god's name, there's no harm done. May hap you may be shamefac'd, some maidens tho'f they love a man well enough, yet they don't care to tell'n so to's face: If that's the case, why silence gives consent.

Miss. But I'm sure it is not so, for I'll speak, sooner than you should believe that; and I'll speak truth, tho'

one

one should always tell a lie to a man; and I don't care, let my father do what he will; I'm too big to be whipt, so I'll tell you plainly, I don't like you, nor love you at all, nor never will that's more: So there's your answer for you; and don't trouble me no more you ugly thing!

Ben. Look, you young woman you may learn to give good words, however. I spoke you fair d'ye see, and civil—as for your love or your liking, I don't value it of a rope's end; and may hap I like you as little as you do me: —What I said was in obedience to father. Gad I fear a whipping no more than you do. But I tell you one thing, if you should give such language at sea, you'd have a cat o' ninetails laid across your shoulders. Flesh, who are you? You heard t'other handsome young woman speak civilly to me, of her own accord: Whatever you think of your self, gad I don't think you are any more to compare to her, than a can of small beer to a bowl of punch.

Miss. Well, and there's a handsome gentleman, and a fine gentleman, and a sweet gentleman, that was here that loves me, and I love him; and if he sees you speak to me any more, he'll thrash your jacket for you, he will, you great sea-calf.

Ben. What do you mean that fair-weather spark that was here just now? will he thrash my jacket? --- let'n -- let'n--- but an he comes near me, may hap I may giv'n a salt Eel for's tupper, for all that what does father mean, to leave me alone as soon as I come home, with such a dirty dowdy—sea-calf? I an't calf enough to lick your chalk'd face, you cheese-curd you: —————Marry thee! Oons I'll marry a *Lapland* witch as soon, and live upon selling contrary winds and wreck'd vessels.

Miss. I won't be call'd names, nor I won't be abus'd thus, so I won't—if I were a man—(*Cries*)—You durst not talk at this rate———— No you durst not you stinking tar-barrel.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

[*To them.*] Mrs. FORESIGHT, and Mrs. FRAIL.

Mrs. Fore. They have quarrell'd, just as we could with.

Ben. Tar-barrel? Let your sweet-heart there call me so, if he'll take your part, your *Tom Essence*, and I'll say something to him: Gad I'll lace his musk doublet for him, I'll make him stink; he shall smell more like a weasel than a civit-cat, afore I ha' done with 'en:

Mrs. Fore. Bless me, what's the matter? miss, what does she cry? ——— Mr. Benjamin, what have you done to her?

Ben. Let her cry: The more she cries the less she'll ——— she has been gathering foul weather in her mouth, and now it rains out at her eyes.

Mrs. Fore. Come, Miss, come along with me, and tell me, poor child.

Frail. Lord, what shall we do, there's my brother Foresight and Sir Sampson coming. Do sister, you take miss down into the parlour, and I'll carry Mr. Benjamin into my chamber, for they must not know that they are fallen out. ——— Come, sir, will you venture yourself with me? [Looks kindly on him.]

Ben. Venture! mess, and that I will, tho' 'twere to sea in a storm.

SCENE IX.

Sir SAMPSON and FORESIGHT.

Sir Samp. I left 'em together here; what, are they gone? Ben's a brisk boy: He has got her into a corner, father's own son faith, he'll touzle her, and mouzle her, the rogue's sharp set, coming from sea, if he should not stay for saying grace, old Foresight, but fall too without the help of a parson, ha? odd if he should I could not be angry with him; 'twould be but like me, *A chip of the old Block*. Ha! thou'rt melancholy old *Prognostication* as melancholy, as if thou hadst spilt the salt, or par'd thy nails on a Sunday: ——— Come cheer up, look a-

bout

about thee : Look up old star-gazer. Now he is poring upon the ground for a crooked pin, or an old horse-nail, with the head towards him.

Fore. Sir Sampson, we'll have the wedding to morrow morning.

Sir Samp. With all my heart.

Fore. At ten a clock, punctually at ten.

Sir Samp. To a minute, to a second ; thou shalt set thy watch, and the bridegroom shall observe its motions ; they shall be marry'd to a minute, go to bed to a minute ; and when the alarm strikes, they shall keep time like the figures of St. Dunstan's clock, and *Consummatum est* shall ring all over the parish.

SCENE X.

[*To them.*] SCANDAL.

Scan. Sir Sampson, sad news.

Fore. Bless us !

Sir Samp. Why, what's the matter ?

Scan. Can't you guess at what ought to afflict you and him, and all of us, more than any thing else.

Sir Samp. Body o'me, I don't know any universal grievance, but a new tax, and the loss of the *Canary* fleet ; unless popery should be landed in the *West*, or the *French* fleet were at anchor at *Blackwall*.

Scan. No. Undoubtedly Mr. *Forefight* knew all this, and might have prevented it.

Fore. 'Tis no earthquake !

Scan. No, not yet ; nor whirlwind. But we don't know what it may come to——But it has had a consequence already that touches us all.

Sir Samp. Why, body of me, out with it.

Scan. Something has appear'd to your Son *Valentine*--- He's gone to bed upon it, and very ill——He speaks little, yet says he has a world to say ; asks for his father and the wife *Forefight* ; talks of *Raymond* ally, and the ghost of *Lilly*. He has secrets to impart I suppose to you two. I can get nothing out of him but sighs. He desires he may see you in the morning, but would not be disturb'd to-night, because he has some business to do in a dream.

Sir

Sir *Samp.* Hoity toity. What have I to do with his dreams or his divination——Body o'me, this is a trick to defer signing the conveyance. I warrant the devil will tell him in a dream, that he must not part with his estate: But I'll bring him a parson to tell him that the devil is a liar:—— Or if that won't do, I'll bring a lawyer that shall out-lie the devil. And so I'll try whether my black-guard or his shall get the better of the day.

SCENE XI.

SCANDAL, FORESIGHT.

Scan. Alafs, Mr. *Foresight*, I'm afraid all is not right—— You are a wise man, and a consciencious man; a searcher into obscurity and futurity; and if you commit an error, it is with a great deal of consideration, and discretion, and caution.——

Fore. Ah, good Mr. *Scandal*——

Scan. Nay, nay, 'tis manifest; I do not flatter you—— But Sir *Sampson* is hasty, very hasty; I'm afraid he's not scrupulous enough, Mr. *Foresight*—— He has been wicked, and heav'n grant he may mean well in his affair with you—— But my mind gives me, these things cannot be wholly insignificant. You are wise, and shou'd not be over-reach'd, methinks you should not——

Fore. Alafs, Mr. *Scandal*—— *Humanum est errare.*

Scan. You say true, man will err; mere man will err—— but you are something more—— There have been wise men, but they were such as you—— Men who consulted the Stars, and were observers of omens—— *Solomon* was wise, but how?—— By his Judgment in astrology—— So says *Pineda* in his third book, and eighth chapter.——

Fore. You are learn'd, Mr. *Scandal*——

Scan. A trifler—— but a lover of art—— And the wise men of the *East* ow'd their instructions to a star, which is rightly observ'd by *Gregory* the great, in favour of astrology! and *Albertus Magnus* makes it the most valuable science; Because, says he, it teaches us to consider the causation of causes, in the causes of things.

Fore.

Fore. I protest I honour you, Mr. *Scandal*—— I did not think you had been read in these matters—— Few young men are inclin'd——

Scan. I thank my stars that have inclin'd me—— But I fear this marriage, and making over this estate, this transferring of a rightful inheritance, will bring judgments upon us. I prophesie it, and I wou'd not have the fate of *Cassandra*, not to be believ'd. *Valentine* is disturb'd, what can be the cause of that? And *Sir Sampson* is hurry'd on by an unusual violence—— I fear he does not act wholly from himself: methinks he does not look as he used to do.

Fore. He was always of an impetuous nature—— But as to this marriage, I have consulted the stars; and all appearances are prosperous——

Scan. Come, come, Mr. *Forefight*, let not the prospect of worldly lucre carry you beyond your judgment nor against your conscience—— you are not satisfied that you act justly.

Fore. How?

Scan. You are not satisfied, I say—— I am loth to discourage you—— but it is palpable that you are not satisfy'd.

Fore. How does it appear, Mr. *Scandal*, I think I am very well satisfy'd.

Scan. Either you suffer your self to deceive your self; or you do not know your self.

Fore. Pray explain your self.

Scan. Do you sleep well o'nights?

Fore. Very well.

Scan. Are you certain? you do not look so.

Fore. I am in health, I think.

Scan. So was *Valentine* this morning; and look'd just so.

Fore. How am I alter'd any way? I don't perceive it.

Scan. That may be, but your beard is longer than it was two hours ago.

Fore. Indeed! bless me.

SCENE

SCENE XII.

[To them] Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Mrs. Fore. Husband, will you go to bed? it's ten a clock. Mr. Scandal, your servant——

Scan. Pox on her, she has interrupted my design——; but I must work her into the project. You keep early hours, madam.

Mrs. Fore. Mr. Foresight is punctual, we sit up after him.

Fore. My dear, pray lend me your glass, your little looking glass.

Scan. Pray lend it him, madam——I'll tell you the reason. [She gives him the Glass: Scandal and she whispers] my passion for you is grown so violent——that I am no longer master of my self——I was interrupted in the morning, when you had charity enough to give me your attention, and I had hopes of finding another opportunity of explaining my self to you——but was disappointed all this day; and the uneasiness that has attended me ever since, brings me now hither at this unseasonable hour——

Mrs. Fore. Was there ever such impudence, to make love before my husband's face? I'll swear I'll tell him.

Scan. Do, I'll die a martyr, rather than disclaim my passion. But come a little farther this way, and I'll tell you what project I had to get him out of the way; that I might have an opportunity of waiting upon you.

[Whisper.

[Foresight looking in the glass.

Fore. I do not see any revolution here; ——Me-thinks I look with a serene and benign aspect——pale, a little pale——but the roses of these cheeks have been gather'd many years; ——ha! I do not like that sudden flushing——Gone already! ——hem, hem, hem! faintish. My heart is pretty good; yet it beats and my pulses, ha! ——I have none——Mercy on me——hum——Yes here they are——Gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, he! whither will they hurry me? ——Now they are gone again——And now I'm faint

faint

faint again, and pale again, and hem ! and my hem ! ----
breath, and hem ! ----- grows short ; hem ! hem ! he,
he, hem !

Scan. It takes, pursue it in the name of love and pleasure.

Mrs. Fore. How do ye do, Mr. *Forefight* ?

Fore. Hum, not so well as I thought I was. Lend me your hand.

Scan. Look you there now-----Your lady says, your sleep has been unquiet of late.

Fore. Very likely.

Mrs. Fore. O mighty restless, but I was afraid to tell him so-----He has been subject to talking and starting.

Scan. And did not use to be so ?

Mrs. Fore. Never, never ; till within these three nights, I cannot say that he has once broken my rest, since we have been marry'd.

Fore. I will go to bed.

Scan. Do so, Mr. *Forefight*, and say your prayers ; - - -
He looks better than he did.

Mrs. Fore. Nurse, nurse !

[*Calls.*

Fore Do you think so, Mr. *Scandal* ?

Scan. Yes, yes, I hope this will be gone by morning, take it in time-----

Fore. I hope so.

S C E N E XIII.

[*To them*] NURSE.

Mrs. Fore. Nurse, your master is not well ; put him to bed.

Scan. I hope you will be able to see *Valentine* in the morning-----You had best take a little diacodion and cowslip water, and lie upon your back, may be you may dream.

Fore. I thank you Mr. *Scandal* ; I will ----- Nurse, let me have a watch light, and lay the crumbs of comfort by me-----

Nurse. Yes, sir.

Fore. And-----hem, hem ! I am very faint-----

Scan. No, no, you look much better.

Fore. Do I? And d'ye hear—bring me let me, see—within a quarter of twelve-----hem-----he, hem!-----just upon the turning of the tide, bring me the urinal; — And I hope, neither the lord of my ascendant, nor the moon will be combust, and then I may do well.

Scan. I hope so, — Leave that to me; I will erect a scheme; and I hope I shall find both *Sol* and *Venus* in the sixth house.

Fore. I thank you Mr. *Scandal*, indeed that wou'd be a great comfort to me. Hem, hem! good night.

S C E N E XIV.

SCANDAL Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Scan. Good night, good Mr. *Foresight*; — and I hope *Mars* and *Venus* will be in conjunction; — while your wife and I are together.

Mrs. Fore. Well; and what use do you hope to make of this project? You don't think that you are ever like to succeed in your design upon me?

Scan. Yes faith, I do; I have a better opinion both of you and my self, than to despair.

Mrs. Fore. Did you ever hear such a toad-----hark'ee devil; do you think any woman's honest?

Scan. Yes, several, very honest; — they'll cheat a little at cards, sometimes, but that's nothing.

Mrs. Fore. P'shaw! But virtuous, I mean.

Scan. Yes, faith, I believe some women are virtuous too; but it is as I believe some men are valiant through fear——For why should a man court danger, or a woman shun pleasure.

Mrs. Fore. O monstrous! what are conscience and honour?

Scan. Why honour is a publick enemy; and conscience a domestick thief; and he that wou'd secure his pleasure, must pay a tribute to one, and go halves with t'other. As for honour, that you have secur'd, for you have purchas'd a perpetual opportunity for pleasure.

Mrs. Fore. An opportunity for pleasure!

Scan. Aye your husband; a husband is an opportunity for pleasure; so you have taken care of honour

and 'tis the least I can do to take care of conscience.

Mrs. Fore. And so you think we are free for one another?

Scan. Yes, Faith, I think so; I love to speak my mind.

Mrs. Fore. Why then I'll speak my mind now as to this affair between you and me. Here you make love to me; why: I'll confess it does not displease me. Your person is well enough, and your understanding is not amiss.

Scan. I have no great opinion of my self; but I think I'm neither deform'd, nor a fool.

Mrs. Fore. But you have a villainous character; you are a libertine in speech, as well as practice.

Scan. Come, I know what you would say, you think it more dangerous to be seen in conversation with me, than to allow some other men the last favour; you mistake, the liberty I take in talking, is purely affected, for the service of your sex. He that first cries out stop thief, is often he that has stolen the treasure. I'm a jugler, that act by confederacy; and if you please, we'll put a trick upon the world.

Mrs. Fore. Aye; but you are such an universal jugler, that I am afraid you have a great many confederates.

Scan. Faith, I'm found.

Mrs. Fore. O fie, I'll swear you are impudent.

Scan. I'll swear you're handsome.

Mrs. Fore. Pish, you'd tell me so, tho' you did not think so.

Scan. And you'd think so tho' I shou'd not tell you so: And now I think we know one another pretty well.

Mrs. Fore. O lord, who's here?

SCENE XV.

[To them] Mrs. FRAIL and BEN.

Ben. Mefs, I love to speak my mind-----Father has nothing to do with me-----Nay, I can't say that neither; he has something to do with me. But what does that signifie? If so be, that I ben't minded to be steer'd by him; 'tis as tho'f he should strive against wind and tide.

L 2

Mrs. Frail.

Mrs. *Frail*. Aye, but my dear, we must keep it secret, till the estate be settled; for you know, marrying without an estate, is like sailing in a ship without ballast.

Ben. He, he, he; why that's true; just so for all the world it is indeed, as like as two cable-ropes.

Mrs. *Frail*. And tho' I have a good portion; you know one would not venture all in one bottom.

Ben. Why that's true again; for may-hap one bottom may spring a leak. You have hit it indeed, mifs you've nick'd the channel.

Mrs. *Frail*. Well, but if you shou'd forsake me after all, you'd break my heart.

Ben. Break your heart; I'd rather the *Marygold* should break her cable in a storm, as well as I love her. Flesh, you don't think I'm false-hearted, like a land-man. A sailor will be honest, tho'f may-hap he has never a penny of money in his pocket—— May-hap I may not have so fair a face, as a citizen or a courtier; but for all that, I've as good blood in my veins, and a heart as sound as a biscuit.

Mrs. *Frail*. And will you love me always?

Ben. Nay, an I love once, I'll stick like pitch; I'll tell you that. Come, I'll sing you a song of a sailor.

Mrs. *Frail*. Hold, there's my sister, I'll call her to hear it.

Mrs. *Fore*. Well I won't go to bed to my husband to night; because I'll retire to my own chamber, and think of what you have said.

Scan. Well; you'll give me leave to wait upon you to your chamber-door; and leave you my last instructions?

Mrs. *Fore*. Hold, here's my sister coming towards us.

Mrs. *Frail*. If it won't interrupt you, I'll entertain you with a song.

Ben. The song was made upon one of our ship's-crew's wife; our boat-swain made the song, may-hap you may know her, sir. Before she marry'd, she was call'd Buxom Joan of Deptfort.

Scan. I have heard of her.

[Ben sings.

BALLAD

BALLAD.

Set by Mr. John Eccles.

I.

A Soldier, and a Sailor,
 A Tinker, and a Tailor,
 Had once a doubtful Strife, Sir,
 To make a Maid a Wife, Sir,
 Whose Name was Buxom Joan.
 For now the time was ended,
 When she no more intended
 To lick her Lips at Men, Sir,
 And gnaw the Sheets in vain, Sir,
 And lye o' Nights alone.

II.

The Soldier swore like Thunder,
 He lov'd her more than Plunder;
 And shew'd her many a Scar, Sir,
 That he had brought from far, Sir,
 With fighting for her Sake.
 The Tailor thought to please her,
 With off'ring her his Measure.
 The Tinker too with Mettle,
 Said he could mend her Kettle,
 And stop up ev'ry Leak.

III.

But while these three were prating,
 The Sailor sily waiting,
 Thought if it came about, Sir,
 That they should all fall out, Sir:
 He then might play his Part.
 And just e'en as he meant, Sir,
 To Loggerheads they went, Sir,
 And then he let fly at her,
 A Shot 'twixt Wind and Water,
 That won this fair Maid's Heart.

Ben. If some of our crew that came to see me, are not gone, you shall see, that we sailors can dance sometimes, as well as other folks. [*Whistles.*] I warrant that brings 'em, an they be within hearing.

Enter SEAMEN.

Oh here they be———and fidlers along with 'em; come, my lads, let's have a round, and I'll make one.

[*Dance.*

Ben. We're merry folks, we sailors, we han't much to care for. Thus we live at sea; eat bisket, and drink flip; put on a clean shirt once a quarter—come home, and lye with our landladies once a year, get rid of a little money; and then put off with the next fair wind. How d'ye like us?

Mrs. Frail. O, you are the happiest, merriest men alive.

Mrs. Fore. We're beholden to Mr. *Benjamin* for this entertainment.

I believe it's late.

Ben. Why, forsooth, an you think so, you had best go to bed. For my part, I mean to tofs a can, and remember my sweet-heart, a-fore I turn in; may-hap I may dream of her.

Mrs. Fore. Mr. *Scandal*, you had best go to bed and dream too.

Scan. Why faith, I have a good lively imagination; and can dream as much to the purpose as another, if I set about it; But dreaming is the poor retreat of a lazy, hopeless, and imperfect lover; 'tis the last glimpse of love to worn-out finners, and the faint dawning of a bliss to wishing girls, and growing boys.

*There's nought but willing, waking Love that can
Make blest the Ripen'd Maid and Finish'd Man.*

End of the Third Act.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

VALENTINE'S Lodging.

Enter SCANDAL and JEREMY.

Scan. WELL, is your master ready; does he look madly, and talk madly?

Jer. Yes, sir; you need make no great doubt of that; he that was so near turning poet yesterday-morning, can't be much to seek in playing the madman to-day.

Scan. Would he have *Angelica* acquainted with the reason of his design?

Jer. No, sir, not yet? ——— he has a mind to try whether his playing the madman, won't make her play the fool, and fall in love with him; or at least own that she has lov'd him all this while, and conceal'd it.

Scan. I saw her take coach just now with her maid; and think I heard her bid the coachman drive hither.

Jer. Like enough, sir, for I told her maid this morning, my master was run stark mad only for love of her mistress. I hear a coach stop; if it should be she, sir, I believe he would not see her, till he hears how she takes it.

Scan. Well, I'll try her——'tis she, here she comes.

SCENE II.

[*To them*] ANGELICA with JENNY.

Ang. Mr. *Scandal*, I suppose you don't think it a novelty, to see a woman visit a man at his own lodgings in a morning.

Scan. Not upon a kind occasion, madam. But when a lady comes tyrannically to insult a ruin'd lover, and

make manifest the cruel triumphs of her beauty ; the barbarity of it, something surprizes me.

Ang. I don't like raillery from a serious face—— pray tell me what's the matter ?

Jer. No strange matter, madam ; my master's mad, that's all ; I suppose your ladyship has thought him so a great while ?

Ang. How d'ye mean, mad ?

Jer. Why faith, madam, he's mad for want of his wits, just as he was poor for want of money ; his head is e'en as light as his pockets ; and any body that has a mind to a bad bargain, can't do better than to beg him for his estate.

Ang. If you speak truth, your endeavouring at wit is very unseasonable.

Scan. She's concern'd, and loves him. [*Aside.*

Ang. Mr. *Scandal*, you can't think me guilty of so much inhumanity, as not to be concern'd for a man I must own my self oblig'd to—— pray tell me truth.

Scan. Faith, madam, I wish telling a lie would mend the matter. But this is no new effect of an unsuccessful passion.

Ang. [*Aside*] I know not what to think—— Yet I shou'd be vex'd to have a trick put upon me—— may I not see him ;

Scan. I'm afraid the physician is not willing you shou'd see him yet—— *Jeremy*, go in and enquire.

SCENE III.

SCANDAL, ANGELICA, JENNY.

Ang. Ha ! I saw him wink and smile—— I fancy 'tis a trick—— I'll try—— I wou'd disguise to all the world a failing which I must own to you—— I fear my happiness depends upon the recovery of *Valentine* ; therefore I conjure you, as you are his friend, and as you have compassion upon one fearful of affliction, to tell me what I am to hope for—— I cannot speak—— But you may tell me ; for you know what I would ask ?

Scan. So, this is pretty plain—— Be not too much concern'd, madam ; I hope his condition is not desperate ;

rate: An acknowledgment of love from you perhaps may work a cure; as the fear of your aversion occasion'd, his distemper.

Ang. Aside.] Say you so? nay then I'm convinc'd. And if I don't play trick for trick, may I never taste the pleasure of revenge——acknowledgment of love! I find you have mistaken my compassion, and think me guilty of a weakness I am a stranger to. But I have too much sincerity to deceive you, and too much charity to suffer him to be deluded with vain hopes. Good nature and humanity oblige me to be concern'd for him; but to love is neither in my power nor inclination: And if he can't be cur'd without I suck the poyson from his wounds, I'm afraid he won't recover his senses till I lose mine.

Scan. Hey, brave, woman, I faith——won't you see him then, if he desire it?

Ang. What signify a mad-man's desires? besides 'twould make me uneasy——If I don't see him, perhaps my concern for him may lessen——If I forget him, 'tis no more than he has done by himself and now the surprize is over, methinks I'm not half so sorry for him as I was——

Scan. So, faith, good nature works a-pace; you were confessing just now an obligation to his love.

Ang. But I have consider'd that passions are unreasonable and involuntary; if he loves, he can't help it; and if I don't love, I can't help it; no more than he can help his being a man, or I my being a woman; or no more than I can help my want of inclination to stay longer here——come *Jenny*.

SCENE IV.

SCANDAL, JEREMY.

Scan. Humph! —— an admirable composition, faith, this same womankind.

Jer. What is she gone, sir?

Scan. Gone; why she was never here, nor any where else; nor I don't know her if I see her; nor you neither.

Jer. Good lack! what's the matter now? Are any more of us to be mad? why, sir, my master longs to

see her; and is almost mad in good earnest, with the joyful news of her being here.

Scan. We are all under a mistake——ask no questions, for I can't resolve you; but I'll inform your master. In the mean time, if our project succeed no better with his father, than it does with his mistress, he may descend from his exaltation of madness into the road of common sense, and be content only to be made a fool with other reasonable people. I hear Sir Sampson, you know your cue; I'll to your master.

S C E N E V.

JEREMY, Sir SAMPSON LEGEND, *with a* LAWYER.

Sir Samp. D'ye see, Mr. Buckram, here's the paper signed with his own hand.

Buck. Good sir, and the conveyance is ready drawn in this box, if he be ready to sign and seal.

Sir Samp. Ready, body o'me, he must be ready; his sham sickness shan't excuse him.——O, here's his scoundrel, firrah, where's your master?

Jer. Ah, sir, he's quite gone.

Sir Samp. Gone! what, he is not dead?

Jer. No, sir, not dead.

Sir Samp. What, is he gone out of town, run away, ha! has he trick'd me? speak, varlet.

Jer. No, no, sir; he's safe enough, sir, an he were but as sound, poor gentleman. He is indeed here, sir and not here, sir.

Sir Samp. Hey dey, rascal, do you banter me? firrah, d'ye banter me——Speak firrah where is he, for I will find him.

Jer. Would you could, sir; for he has lost himself indeed, sir, I've almost broke my heart about him——I can't refrain tears when I think of him, sir; I'm as melancholy for him as a passing-bell, sir; or a horse in a pound.

Sir Samp. A Pox confound your similitudes, sir——speak to be understood, and tell me in plain terms what the matter is with him, or I'll crack your fool's skull.

Jer. Ah, you've hit it. Sir; that's the matter with him, sir; his skull's crack'd, poor gentleman; he's stark mad, sir.

Sir

Sir Samp. Mad!

Buck. What, is he *Non Compos*?

Jer. Quite *Non Compos*, fir.

Buck. Why then all's obliterated, fir *Sampson*, if he be *Non Compos Mentis*, his act and deed will be of no effect, it is not good in law.

Sir Samp. Oo'ns, I won't believe it; let me see him, fir——mad, I'll make him find his senses.

Jer. Mr. *Scandal* is with him, fir, I'll knock at the door.
(*Goes to the scene, which opens.*)

SCENE VI.

Sir SAMPSON, VALENTINE, SCANDAL, JEREMY and LAWYER. (*VALENTINE upon a couch disorderly dress'd.*)

Sir Samp. How now, what's here to do.

Val. Ha! who's that? [*starting.*]

Scan. For heaven's fake softly, fir, and gently; don't provoke him.

Val. Answer me; who is that? and that?

Sir Samp. Gads bobs, does he not know me? Is he mischievous? I'll speak gently——Val, Val, dost thou not know me, boy; not know thy own father, Val! I am thy own father, and this is honest *Brief Buckram* the lawyer.

Val. It may be so—I did not know you—the world is full——there are people that we do know and people we do not know; and yet the sun shines upon all alike——there are fathers that have many children; and there are children that have many fathers——'tis strange! but I am truth and come to give the world the lie.

Sir Samp. Body o'me, I know not what to say to him.

Val. Why, does that lawyer wear black?——does he carry his conscience o' th' out-side?——lawyer, what art thou? dost thou know me?

Buck. O lord, what must I say?——Yes, fir.

Val. Thou liest, for I am truth. 'Tis hard I cannot get a livelihood among you. I have been sworn out of *Westminster-Hall* the first day of every term——Let me see——no matter how long——But I'll tell you one thing; 'tis a question that would puzzle an arithmetician,

tician, if you should ask him, whether the bible saves more souls in *Westminster-Abbey*, or damns more in *Westminster-Hall*: For my part, I am truth, and can't tell, I have very few acquaintance.

Sir Samp. Body o' me, he talks sensibly in his madness—has he no intervals?

Jer. Very short, sir.

Buck. Sir, I can do you no service while he's in this condition: Here's your paper, sir,—he may do me a mischief if I stay—the conveyance is ready, sir, if he recovers his senses.

SCENE VII.

Sir Sampson, Valentine, Scandal, Jeremy.

Sir Samp. Hold, hold, don't you go yet.

Scan. You'd better let him go, sir and send for him if there be occasion; for I fancy his presence provokes him more.

Val. Is the lawyer gone? 'Tis well, then we may drink about without going together by the ears.—heigh ho! what a Clock is't? My father here! Your blessing sir?

Sir Samp. He recovers—bless thee, *Val.*—how dost thou do, boy?

Val. Thank you, sir, pretty well—I have been a little out of order; won't you please to sit, sir?

Sir Samp. Ay boy—come thou shalt sit down by me.

Val. Sir, 'tis my duty to wait.—

Sir Samp. No, no, come, come, sit you down honest

Val: How dost thou do? Let me feel thy pulse—

Oh, pretty well now *Val:* Body o' me, I was sorry to see thee indisposed: But I'm glad thou'rt better, honest *Val.*

Val. I thank you sir.

Scan. Miracle! the monster grows loving. [*Aside.*

Sir Samp. Let me feel thy hand again *Val,* It does not shake—I believe thou can't write, *Val:* Ha, boy; thou can't write thy name. *Val*—*Jeremy,* step and overtake Mr. *Buckram,* bid him make haste back with the conveyance—quick—quick.— (*He whispers to Jeremy.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Sir SAMPSON, VALENTINE, SCANDAL.

Scan. *Aside.* That ever I should suspect such a heathen of any remorse;

(Aside.)

Sir Samp. Do'st thou know this paper, Val. I know thou'rt honest, and will perform articles.

[*Shows him the paper, but holds it out of his reach.*]

Val. Pray let me see it, sir : You hold it so far off, that I can't tell whether I know it or no.

Sir Samp. See it, boy ; Aye, aye, why thou do'st see it—'tis thy own hand, Val : Why let me see, I can read it as plain as can be : Look you here, [*Reads*] *The Condition of this Obligation*——Look you, as plain as can be, so it begins—And then at the bottom.—*As witness my Hand*, VALENTINE LEGEND, in great letters, why, 'tis as plain as the nose on one's face : What, are my eyes better than thine ? I believe I can read it farther off yet——let me see.

(stretches his arm as far as he can)

Val. Will you please to let me hold it, sir ?

Sir Samp. Let thee hold it, say'st thou——Aye, with all my heart——What matter is it who holds it ; what need any body hold it ? I'll put it up in my pocket

Val. and then no body need hold it (*puts the paper in his pocket.*) There Val. it's safe enough, boy——But thou shalt have it as soon as thou hast set thy hand to another paper, little Val.

SCENE IX.

[*To them*] JEREMY with BUCKRAM.

Val. What, is my bad genius here again ! Oh no, 'tis the lawyer with an itching palm ; and he's come to be scratch'd——My nails are not long enough, let me have a pair of red hot tongs quickly, quickly, and you shall see me at St. Dunstan, and lead the devil by the nose.

Buck. O lord, let me be gone : I'll not venture my self with a madman.

SCENE X.

Sir SAMPSON, VALENTINE, SCANDAL, JEREMY.

Val. Ha, ha, ha : You need not run so fast, honesty will not overtake you ---- Ha, ha, ha, the rogue found me out to be in *forma pauperis* presently.

Sir

Sir Samp. Oo'ns! what a vexation is here? I know not what to do, or say, nor which way to go.

Val. Who's that, that's out of his way? — I am truth, and can set him right — Hearkee, friend, the strait road is the worst way you can go; he that follows his nose always, will very often be led into a stink, *probatum est*. But what are you for? religion or politicks? There's a couple of topicks for you, no more like one another than oil and vinegar; and yet those two beaten together by a state-cook, may make sauce for the whole nation.

Sir Samp. What the devil had I to do, ever to beget sons? Why did I ever marry?

Val. Because thou wer't a monster; old boy — The two greatest monsters in the world are a man and a woman; What's thy opinion?

Sir Samp. Why, my opinion is, that those two monsters join'd together, make yet a greater; that's a man and his wife.

Val. A ha, old Truepenny, say'st thou so? Thou hast nick'd it — But its wonderful strange, *Jeremy*.

Jer. What is, sir.

Val. That grey hairs shou'd cover a green head — and I make a fool of my father. What's here? *Erra Pater*: Or a bearded *Sybil*? If prophecy comes truth must give place.

SCENE XI.

Sir SAMPSON, SCANDAL, FORESIGHT, Mrs. FORESIGHT. Mrs. FRAIL.

Fore. What says he? What, did he prophesie; Ha, Sir Sampson, blefs us! How are we?

Sir Samp. Are we? A pox o' your prognostication — Why, we are fools as we use to be — Oo'ns, that you cou'd not foresee that the moon wou'd predominate, and my son be mad, — Where's your oppositions, your trines, and your qualitates? — What did your *Cardan* and your *Ptolemy* tell you? Your *Messabalah*, and your *Longomontanus*; your harmony of chiromancy with astrology.

Ah!

Ah! pox on't, that I that know the world, and men and manners, that don't believe a syllable in the sky and stars, and sun and Almanacks, and trash, should be directed by a dreamer, an omen-hunter, and defer business in expectation of a lucky hour; when, body o'me, there never was a lucky hour after the first opportunity.

SCENE XII.

SCANDAL, FORESIGHT, Mrs. FORESIGHT,
Mrs. FRAIL.

Fore. Sir Sampson, heav'n help your head——This is none of your lucky hour; *Nemo omnibus horis sapit*. What, is he gone, and in contempt of science! Ill stars and unconvertible ignorance attend him.

Scan. You must excuse his passion, Mr. Foresight; for he has been heartily vexed——his son is *Non compos mentis*, and thereby incapable of making any conveyance in law; so that all his measures are disappointed.

Fore. Ha; say you so?

Frail. What, has my sea-lover lost his anchor of hope then? [Aside to Mrs. Foresight.

Mrs. Fore. Oh, sister, what will you do with him?

Frail. Do with him, send him to sea again in the next foul weather——He's us'd to an unconstant element, and won't be surpriz'd to see the tide turn'd.

Fore. Wherein was I mistaken, not to foresee this?

(Considers.

Scan. Madam, you and I can tell him something else, that he did not foresee, and more particularly relating to his own fortune. [Aside to Mrs. Foresight.

Mrs. Fore. What do you mean? I don't understand you.

Scan. Hush, softly——the pleasures of last night, my dear, too considerable to be forgot so soon.

Mrs. Fore. Last night! and what wou'd your impudence infer from last night? last night was like the night before, I think.

Scan. S'death, do you make no difference between me and your husband?

Mrs

Mrs. Fore. Not much——he's superstitious, and you are mad, in my opinion.

Scan. You make me mad——You are not serious——Pray recollect your self.

Mrs. Fore. O yes, now I remember, you were very impertinent and impudent—and would have come to bed to me.

Scan. And did not?

Mrs. Fore. Did not? With what face can you ask the question?

Scan. This I have heard of before, but never believed. I have been told she had that admirable quality of forgetting to a man's face in the morning, that she had lain with him all night, and denying that she had done favours with more impudence than she cou'd grant 'em.—Madam, I'm your humble servant, and honour you — You look pretty well, Mr. Forefight; How did you rest last night?

Fore. Truly, Mr. Scandal, I was so taken up with broken dreams and distracted visions, that I remember little.

Scan. 'Twas a very forgetting night. But would you not talk with *Valentine*? perhaps you may understand him: I'm apt to believe there's something mysterious in his discourses, and sometimes rather think him inspir'd than mad.

Fore. You speak with singular good judgment, Mr. Scandal truly,——I am inclining to your *Turkish* opinion in this matter, and do reverence a man whom the vulgar think mad. Let us go to him.

Frail. Sister, do you stay with them; I'll find out my lover, and give him his discharge, and come to you, O' my conscience here he comes.

SCENE XIII.

Mrs FRAIL, BEN.

Ben. All mad, I think——Flesh, I believe all the *Calentures* of the sea are come a-shore, for my part.

Frail. Mr. Benjamin in choler!

Ben. No, I'm pleas'd well enough, now I have found you—Mifs I've had such a hurricane upon your account yonder——

Frail.

Frail. My account, pray what's the matter.

Ben. Why, father came and found me squabbling with you chitty-fac'd thing, as he would have me marry—so he ask'd what was the matter——He ask'd in a surly sort of a way—[it seems brother *Val* is gone mad, and so that put'n into a passion: But what did I know that, what's that to me?] So he ask'd in a surly sort of manner— and gad I answer'd 'n as furlily——What tho'f he be my father, I a'nt bound prentice to 'en——so faith I told 'n in plain terms, if I were minded to marry, I'd marry to please my self, not him; and for the young woman he provided for me, I thought it more fitting for her to learn her sampler, and make dirt-pies, than to look after a husband; for my part I was none of her man——I had another voyage to make, let him take it as he will.

Frail. So then you intend to go to sea again?

Ben. Nay, nay, my mind run upon you——but I would not tell him so much——So he said he'd make my heart ake; and if so be that he could get a woman to his mind, he'd marry himself: Gad, says I, an you play the fool and marry at these years, there's more danger of your head's aking than my heart——He was woundy angry when I gav'n that wipe.——He hadn't a word to say, and so I left'n and the green girl together; may-hap the bee may bite, and he'll marry her himself, with all my heart.

Frail. And were you this undutiful and graceless wretch to your father.

Ben. Then why was he graceless first——If I am undutiful and graceless, why did he beget me so? I did not get my self.

Frail. O impiety! How have I been mistaken! What an inhuman merciless creature have I set my heart upon? O I am happy to have discover'd the shelves and quicksands that lurk beneath that faithless smiling face.

Ben. Hey tofs! What's the matter now? Why you ben't angry, be you?

Frail. O see me no more,——for thou wert born among rocks, suckled by whales, cradled in a tempest, and whistled to by winds; and thou art come forth with
fins

fins and scales: and three rows of teeth, a most outrageous fish of prey.

Ben. O lord, O lord, she's mad, poor young woman, love has turn'd her senses, her brain is quite overiet. Well-a-day, how shall I do to set her to rights.

Frail. No, no, I am not mad, monster I am wise enough to find you out———Hadst thou the impudence to aspire at being a husband with that stubborn and disobedient temper? You that know not how to submit to a father, presume to have a sufficient stock of duty to undergo a wife? I should have been finely fobbed indeed, very finely fobb'd.———

Ben. Hearkee forsooth; if so be that you are in your right senses, d'ye see; for ought as I perceive, I'm like to be finely fobb'd———If I have got anger here upon your account, and you are tack'd about already———What d'ye mean, after all your fair speeches, and stroking my cheeks, and kissing and hugging, what would you sheer off so; would you, and leave me a-ground?

Frail. No, I leave you adrift, and go which way you will.

Ben. What, are you false-hearted then?

Frail. Only the wind's chang'd.

Ben. More shame for you———the wind's chang'd? It's an ill wind blows no body good———may-hap I have a good riddance on you, if these be your tricks.———What d'ye mean all this while, to make a fool of me.

Frail. Any fool but a husband.

Ben. Husband! Gad I would not be your husband if you would have me, now I know your mind, tho' you had your weight in gold and jewels, and tho' I lov'd you never so well.

Frail. Why canst thou love, porpoise?

Ben. No matter what I can do! don't call names———I don't love you so well as to bear that, what ever I did———I'm glad you show yourself, mistress:———Let them marry you, as don't know you:———Gad I know you too well, by sad experience; I believe he that marries you will go to sea in a hen-peck'd frigate.

—— I believe that, young woman——and may-hap may come to an anchor at *Cuckold's-point*; so there's a dash for you, take it as you will, may-hap you may holla after me when I won't come too.

Frail. Ha, ha, ha, no doubt on't

My true love is gone to sea——

[Sings.

SCENE XIV.

Mrs. FRAIL, and Mrs. FORESIGHT.

Mrs. FRAIL.

O sifter, had you come a minute sooner, you would have seen the resolution of a lover——*Honest Tar* and I are parted; —— and with the same indifference that we met: —— O'my life I am half vex'd at the insensibility of a brute that I despis'd.

Mrs. Fore. What then, he bore it most heroically?

Frail. Most tyrannically——for you see he has got the start of me; and I the poor forsaken maid am left complaining on the shore. But I'll tell you a hint that he has given me; Sir *Sampson* is enrag'd, and talks desperately of committing matrimony himself.——If he has a mind to throw himself away, he can't do it more effectually than upon me, if we could bring it about.

Mrs. Fore. O hang him, old fox, he's too cunning, besides he hates both you and me ----- But I have a project in my head for you, and I have gone a good way towards it. I have almost made a bargain with *Jeremy*, *Valentine's* man, to sell his master to us.

Frail. Sell him, how?

Mrs. Fore. *Valentine* raves upon *Angelica*, and took me for her, and *Jeremy* says will take any body for her that he imposes on him-----Now I have promis'd him mountains; if in one of his mad fits he will bring you to him in her stead, and get you married together, and put to bed together; and after consummation, girl, there's no revoking. And if he should recover his senses, he'll be glad at least to make you a good settlement——Here they come, stand a side a little, and tell me how you like the design.

SCENE

SCENE XV.

Mrs. FORESIGHT, Mrs. FRAIL, VALENTINE, SCANDAL, FORESIGHT and JEREMY.

Scan. And have you given your master a hint of their plot upon him? [To Jeremy.]

Jer. Yes, sir; he says he'll favour it, and mistake her for *Angelica*.

Scan. It may make us sport.

Fore. Mercy on us!

Val. Hush!-----interrupt me not-----I'll whisper prediction to thee, and thou shalt prophesy;-----I am truth, and can teach thy tongue a new trick,-----I have told thee what's past,-----now I tell thee what's to come-----Dost thou know what will happen to-morrow?-----Answer me not-----for I will tell thee, to-morrow knaves will thrive through craft, and fools through fortune; and honesty will go as it did, frost nipt in a summer-suit. Ask me questions concerning to-morrow?

Scan. Ask him, Mr. *Fore-sight*.

Fore. Pray what will be done at court?

Val. *Scandal* will tell you----I am truth, I never come there.

Fore. In the city?

Val. Oh, prayers will be said in empty churches at the usual hours: Yet you will see such zealous faces behind counters, as if religion were to be sold in every shop. Oh things will go methodically in the city, the clocks will strike twelve at noon, and the horn'd herd buzz in the exchange at two. Wives and husbands will drive distinct trades, and care and pleasure separately occupy the family. Coffee-houses will be full of smock and stratagem. And the cropt prentice, that sweeps his master's shop in the morning, may ten to one, dirty his sheets before night. But there are two things that you will see very strange; which are, wanton wives with their legs at liberty, and tame cuckolds, with chains about their necks. But hold, I must examine you before I go further; you look suspiciously. Are you a husband?

Fore. I am married.

Val.

Val. Poor creature, is your wife of *Covent-garden* parish?

Fore. No; *St. Martin's* in the fields.

Val. Alas, poor man; his eyes are sunk, and his hands shrivell'd; his legs dwindled, and his back bow'd; pray, pray for a metamorphosis——Change thy shape, and shake off age; get thee *Medea's* kettle, and be boil'd anew; come forth with lab'ring *Callous* hands, a chine of steel, and *Atlas's* shoulders. Let *Talliacotius* trim the calves of twenty chairmen, and make thee pedestals to stand erect upon, and look matrimony in the face. Ha, ha, ha, that a man should have a stomach to a wedding supper, when the pigeons ought rather to be laid to his feet, ha, ha, ha.

Fore. His frenzy is very high now, *Mr. Scandal*.

Scan. I believe it is a spring-tide.

Fore. Very likely truly: You understand these matters——*Mr. Scandal*, I shall be very glad to confer with you about these things which he has utter'd——His sayings are very mysterious and hieroglyphical.

Val. Oh, why would *Angelica* be absent from my eyes so long?

Jer. She's here, sir.

Mrs. Fore. Now, sister.

Frail. O Lord, what must I say?

Scan. Humour him, madam, by all means.

Val. Where is she? Oh I see her——she comes, like riches, health, and liberty at once, to a despairing, starving, and abandon'd wretch.

Oh welcome, welcome.

Frail. How d'ye sir? can I serve you?

Val. Harkee;-----I have a secret to tell you——*Endymion* and the *Moon* shall meet us upon mount *Latmos*, and we'll be married in the dead of night. But say not word. *Hyemn* shall put his torch into a dark lanthorn, that it may be secret; and *Juno* shall give her peacock poppy-water, that he may fold his ogling tail, and *Argos's* hundred eyes be shut, ha? No body shall know, but *Jeremy*.

Frail. No, no, we'll keep it secret, it shall be done presently.

Val.

Val. The sooner the better.----*Jeremy*, come hither—closer—that none may over-hear us ; ----- *Jeremy*, I can tell you news ; —*Angelica* is turn'd nun, and I am turning friar, and yet we'll marry one another in spite of the pope——Get me a caul and beads, that I may play my part——for she'll meet me two hours hence in black and white, and a long veil to cover the project, and we won't see one another's faces, 'till we have done something to be ashamed of, and then we'll blush once for all.

SCENE XVI.

[*To them*] TATTLE and ANGELICA.

Jer. I'll take care, and——

Val. Whisper.

Ang. Nay, Mr. *Tattle*, if you make love to me, you spoil my design, for I intend to make you my confident.

Tat. But madam, to throw away your person, such a person ! and such a fortune on a madman !

Ang. I never lov'd him till he was mad ; but don't tell any body so.

Scan. How's this ! *Tattle* making love to *Angelica* !

Tat. Tell, madam ! alas you don't know me—I have much ado to tell your Ladyship how long I have been in love with you-----but encourag'd by the impossibility of *Valentine's* making any more addresses to you, I have ventur'd to declare the very inmost passion of my heart. Oh, madam, look upon us both. There you see the ruins of a poor decay'd creature.—Here, a compleat lively figure with youth and health, and all his five senses in perfection, madam, and to all this the most passionate lover.——

Ang. O fie for shame, hold your tongue, a passionate lover, and five senses in perfection ! When you are as mad as *Valentine*, I'll believe you love me, and the maddest shall take me.

Val. It is enough. Ha ! Who's here ?

Frail. O Lord, her coming will spoil all.

[*To Jeremy.*
Jer. No, no, madam, he won't know her ; if he should, I can persuade him.

Val.

Val. Scandal, who are these ? foreigners ? If they are, I'll tell you what I think-----Get away all the company but *Angelica*, that I may discover my design to her.

[*Whispers.*

Scan. I will-----I have discover'd something of *Tattle*, that is of a piece with *Mrs. Frail*. He courts *Angelica*, if he could contrive to couple 'em together---hark'ee---

[*Whispers.*

Mrs. Fore. He won't know you, cousin, he knows no body.

Fore. But he knows more than any body---Oh, niece, he knows things past and to come, and all the profound secrets of time.

Tat. Look you, *Mr. Foresight*, it is not my way to make many words of matters, and so I shan't say much-----but in short, d'ye see, I will hold you a hundred pound now, that I know more secrets than he.

Fore. How ! I cannot read that knowledge in your face, *Mr. Tattle*-----pray what do you know ?

Tat. Why, d'ye think I'll tell you, sir ! read it in my face ? no, sir, 'tis written in my heart, and safer there, sir, than letters writ in juice of lemon, for no fire can fetch it out. I am no blab, sir.

Val. Acquaint *Jeremy* with it, he may easily bring it about-----they are welcome, and I'll tell 'em so my self. [*To Scandal*] What, do you look strange upon me ? then I must be plain.

[*Coming up to them*]

I am truth, and hate an old acquaintance with a new face.

[*Scandal goes aside with Jeremy.*

Tat. Do you know me, *Valentine* ?

Val. You ? who are you ? no I hope not.

Tat. I'm *Jack Tattle*, your friend.

Val. My friend, what to do ? I am no married man, and thou canst not lye with my wife : I am very poor, and thou canst not borrow money of me : Then what employment have I for a friend.

Tat. Hah ! a good open speaker, and not to be trusted with a secret.

Ang. Do you know me, *Valentine* ?

Val. Oh very well.

Ang. Who am I ?

Val.

Val. You're a woman,—one to whom heav'n gave beauty, when it grafted roses on a briar. You are the reflection of heav'n in a pond, and he that leaps at you is sunk. You are all white, a sheet of lovely spotless paper, when you first are born; but you are to be scrawl'd and blotted by every goose's quill. I know you; for I lov'd a woman and lov'd her so long, that I found out a strange thing: I found out what a woman was good for.

Tat. Ay; prithee what's that?

Val. Why, to keep a secret.

Tat. O lord!

Val. O exceeding good to keep a secret; for tho' she should tell, yet she is not to be believ'd.

Tat. Hah! good again, faith.

Val. I would have musick ——— sing me the song that I like ———

SONG.

Set by Mr. Finger.

I Tell thee, Charmion, could I Time retrieve,
And could again begin to Love and Live,
To you I should my earliest Off'ring give;
I know my Eyes would lead my Heart to you,
And I should all my Vows and Oaths renew;
But to be plain, I never would be true.

II.

For by our weak and weary Truth, I find,
Love hates to center in a Point assign'd,
But runs with Joy the Circle of the Mind.
Then never let us chain what should be free,
But for Relief of either Sex agree,
Since Women love to change, and so do we.

No more for I am melancholy.

[Walks musing.

Jer. I'll do't, sir.

[To Scandal.

Scan. Mr. Foresight, we had best leave him. He may grow outrageous and do mischief.

Fore. I will be directed by you.

Jer. [To Frail] You'll meet, madam; I'll take care every thing shall be ready.

Frail.

Frail. Thou shalt do what thou wilt, have what thou wilt, in short, I will deny thee nothing.

Tat. Madam, shall I wait upon you? [*To Angelica.*

Ang. No, I'll stay with him ——— Mr. *Scandal* will protect me. Aunt, Mr. *Tattle* desires you would give him leave to wait on you.

Tat. Pox on't, there's no coming off, now she has said that ——— madam, will you do me the honour?

Mrs. Fore. Mr. *Tattle* might have us'd less ceremony.

SCENE XVII.

ANGELICA, VALENTINE, SCANDAL.

Scan. *Jeremy*, follow *Tattle*.

Ang. Mr. *Scandal*, I only stay till my maid comes, and because I had a mind to be rid of Mr. *Tattle*.

Scan. Madam, I am very glad that I over-heard a better reason, which you gave to Mr. *Tattle*; for his impertinence forc'd you to acknowledge a kindness for *Valentine*, which you deny'd to all his sufferings and my solicitations. So I'll leave him to make use of the discovery; and your ladyship to the free confession of your inclinations.

Ang. O heavens! you won't leave me alone with a madman?

Scan. No, madam; I only leave a madman to his remedy.

SCENE XVIII.

ANGELICA, VALENTINE.

Val. Madam; you need not be very much afraid, for I fancy I begin to come to my self.

Ang. Ay, but if I don't fit you, I'll be hang'd [*aside.*

Val. You see what disguises love makes us put on; gods have been in counterfeited shapes for the same reason; and the divine part of me, my mind, has worn this mask of madness, and this motly livery only as the slave of love, and menial creature of your beauty.

Ang. Mercy on me, how he talks! poor *Valentine*!

Val. Nay faith, now let us understand one another, hypocrisie apart ——— the comedy draws toward an end, and let us think of leaving acting, and be our selves; and since you have lov'd me, you must own I have at length deserv'd you should confesse it.

Ang. [*Sighs*] I would I had lov'd you ——— for heaven knows I pity you; and could I have foreseen the bad effects, I would have striven; but that's too late. [*Sighs.*]

Val. What sad effects? ——— what's too late? My seeming madness has deceiv'd my father, and procur'd me time to think of means to reconcile me to him, and preserve the right of my inheritance to his estate; which otherwise by articles I must this morning have resign'd; And this I had inform'd you of to day, but you were gone, before I knew you had been here.

Ang. How! I thought your love of me had caus'd this transport in your soul; which it seems you only counterfeited for mercenary ends, and sordid interest.

Val. Nay, now you do me wrong; for if any interest was considered, it was yours; since I thought I wanted more than love, to make me worthy of you.

Ang. Then you thought me mercenary ——— but how am I deluded by this interval of sense, to reason with a madman?

Val. Oh, 'tis barbarous to misunderstand me longer.

SCENE XIX.

[*To them*] JEREMY.

Ang. Oh here's a reasonable creature ——— sure he will not have the impudence to persevere ——— come, *Jeremy*, acknowledge your trick, and confess your master's madness counterfeit.

Jer. Counterfeit, madam! I'll maintain him to be absolutely and substantially mad, as any freeholder in *Bethlehem*; nay he's as mad as any projector, fanatick chymist, lover, or poet in *Europe*.

Val. Sirrah, you lie; I am not mad.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha, you see he denies it.

Jer. O lord, madam, did you ever know any madman mad enough to own it?

Val. Sot, can't you apprehend ?

Ang. Why he talk'd very sensibly just now.

Jer. Yes, madam ; he has intervals : But you see he begins to look wild again now.

Val. Why you thick-skull'd rascal, I tell you the farce is done, and I will be mad no longer.

[Beats him.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha, is he mad or no, *Jeremy* ?

Jer. Partly, I think,——for he does not know his own mind two hours——I'm sure I left him just now in the humour to be mad, and I think I have not found him very quiet at this present. Who's there?

[One knocks.

Val. Go see, you sot. I'm very glad that I can move your mirth, tho' not your compassion.

Ang. I did not think you had apprehension enough to be exceptionous : But madmen shew themselves most, by over-pretending to a sound understanding ; as drunken men do by over-acting sobriety ; I was half inclining to believe you, till I accidentally touch'd upon your tender part : But now you have restor'd me to my former opinion and compassion.

Jer. Sir, your father has sent to know if you are any better yet —— Will you please to be mad, sir, or how ?

Val. Stupidity ! You know the penalty of all I'm worth, must pay for the confession of my senses : I'm mad, and will be mad to every body but this lady.

Jer. So——just the very backside of truth——but lying is a figure in speech, that interlards the greatest part of my conversation——madam, your ladyship's woman.

[Goes to the Door.

SCENE XX.

VALENTINE, ANGELICA, JENNY.

Ang. Well, have you been there ?——Come hither.

Jenny. Yes, madam, Sir *Sampson* will wait on you presently.

[Aside to Angelica.

Val. you are not leaving me in this uncertainty ?

Ang. Wou'd any thing but a madman complain of uncertainty ? Uncertainty and expectation are the Joys of life. Security is an insipid thing, and the overtaking and possessing of a wish discovers the folly of the chase. Never let us know one another better ; for the pleasure of a masquerade is done when we come to shew our faces : But I'll tell you two things before I leave you ; I am not the fool you take me for ; and you are mad, and don't know it.

SCENE XXI.

VALENTINE, JEREMY.

Val. From a riddle you can expect nothing but a riddle, there's my instruction, and the moral of my lesson.

Jer. What is the lady gone again, sir ; I hope you understood one another before she went.

Val. Understood ! she is harder to be understood than a piece of *Ægyptian* antiquity, or an *Irish* manuscript ; you may pore till you spoil your eyes, and not improve your knowledge.

Jer. I have heard 'em say, sir, they read hard *Hebrew* books backwards ; may be you begin to read at the wrong end.

Val. They say so of a witch's prayer, and dreams, and *Dutch* almanacks are to be understood by contraries. But there's regularity and method in that ; she is a medal without a reverse or inscription ; for indifference has both sides alike. Yet while she does not seem to hate me, I will pursue her, and know her, if it be possible, in spite of the opinion of my satyrical friend *Scandal*, who says,

*That Women are like Tricks by slight of Hand,
Which to admire we should not understand.*

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Fourth Act.



ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in FORESIGHT'S House.

Enter ANGELICA and JENNY.

Ang. **W**Here is Sir *Sampson*? did you not tell me, he would be here before me?

Jenny. He's at the great glass in the dining-room, madam, settling his cravat and wig.

Ang. How! I'm glad on't——if he has a mind I should like him, it's a sign he likes me; and that's more than half my design.

Jen. I hear him madam.

Ang. Leave me; and d'ye hear, if *Valentine* should come or send, I'm not to be spoken with.

SCENE II.

ANGELICA, Sir SAMPSON.

Sir Samp. I have not been honour'd with the commands of a fair lady a great while —— odd, madam, you have reviv'd me —— Not since I was five and thirty.

Ang. Why you have no great reason to complain, *Sir Sampson*, that is not long ago.

Sir Samp. Zooks, but it is, madam, a very great while, to a man that admires a fine woman as much as I do.

Ang. You're an absolute courtier, *Sir Sampson*.

Sir Samp. Not at all, madam: Odsbud you wrong me; I am not so old neither, to be a bare courtier, only a man of words: Odd I have warm blood about me yet, and can serve a lady any way——come, come, let me tell you, you women think a man old too soon,

faith and troth you do——come don't despise fifty ; odd, fifty, in a hale constitution, is no such contemptible age.

Ang. Fifty a contemptible age ! not at all, a very fashionable age, I think——I assure you I know very considerable beaus, that set a good face upon fifty. Fifty ! I have seen fifty in a side-box by candle-light, out-blossom five and twenty,

Sir Samp. Outsides, outsiders ; a pize take 'em, meer outsiders : Hang your side-box beaus ; no I'm none of those, none of your forc'd trees, that pretend to blossom in the fall, and bud when they should bring forth fruit : I'm of a long-liv'd race, and inherit vigour, none of my ancestors married till fifty ; yet they begot sons and daughters, till fourscore : I am of your patriarchs, I a branch of one of your *Antediluvian* families, fellows that the flood could not wash away : Well, madam, what are your commands ? has any young rogue affronted you, and shall I cut his throat ? or——

Ang. No, *Sir Sampson*, I have no quarrel upon my hands——I have more occasion for your conduct than courage at this time. To tell you the truth, I'm weary of living single, and want a husband.

Sir Samp. Oddsbud, and 'tis pity you should——odd wou'd she wou'd like me, then I shou'd hamper my young rogues : Odd, wou'd she wou'd ; Faith and troth she's devilish handsome. [*Aside.*] madam, you deserve a good husband, and t'were a pity you shou'd be thrown away on any of these young idle rogues about the town. Odd, there's ne'er a young fellow worth hanging——that is a very young fellow——pize on 'em, they never think beforehand of any thing ; and if they commit matrimony, 'tis as they commit murder, out of a frolick ; and are ready to hang themselves, or to be hang'd by the law, the next morning——Odso, have a care, madam.

Ang. Therefore I ask your advice, *Sir Sampson* : I have fortune enough to make any man easy that I can like ; if there were such a thing as a young agreeable man, with a reasonable stock of good nature and sense——for I would neither have an absolute wit, nor a fool.

Sir

Sir Samp. Odd, you are hard to please, madam ; to find a young fellow that is neither a wit in his own eye, nor a fool in the eye of the world, is a very hard task. But, faith and troth, you speak very discreetly ; for I hate both a wit and a fool.

Ang. She that marries a fool, Sir Sampson, forfeits the reputation of her honesty and understanding : And she that marries a very witty man is a slave to the severity and insolent conduct of her husband. I should like a man of wit for a lover, because I would have such an one in my power : But I would no more be his wife, than his enemy. For his malice is not a more terrible consequence of his aversion, than his jealousy is of his love.

Sir Samp. None of old *Forefight's* sibyls ever utter'd such a truth. Odsbud you have won my heart : I hate a wit ; I had a son that was spoil'd among 'em ; a good hopeful lad, till he learn'd to be a wit——And might have risen in the state——But a pox on't, his wit run him out of his money, and now his poverty has run him out of his wits.

Ang. Sir Sampson, as your friend, I must tell you, you are very much abus'd in that matter ; he's no more mad than you are.

Sir Samp. How, madam ! wou'd I cou'd prove it.

Ang. I can tell you how that may be done----But it is a thing that wou'd make me appear to be too much concern'd in your Affairs.

Sir Samp. Odsbud, I believe she likes me-----[*Aside.*]——Ah, madam, all my affairs are scarce worthy to be laid at your feet ; and I wish, madam, they were in a better-posture, that I might make a more becoming offer to a lady of your incomparable beauty and merit——If I had *Peru* in one hand, and *Mexico* in t'other, and the *Eastern* empire under my feet, it would make me only a more glorious victim to be offer'd at the shrine of your beauty.

Ang. Bless me, Sir Sampson, what's the matter ?

Sir Samp. Odd, madam, I love you——And if you would take my advice in a husband——

Ang. Hold, hold, Sir Sampson, I ask'd your advice for a husband, and you are giving me your consent-----I was

indeed thinking to propose something like it in Jest, to satisfy you about *Valentine*: For if a match were seemingly carry'd on between you and me, it would oblige him to throw off his disguise of madness, in apprehension of losing me: For you know he has long pretended a passion for me.

Sir *Samp.* Gadzooks, a most ingenious contrivance----- if we were to go thro' with it. But why must the match only be seemingly carried on?---Odd, let it be a real contract.

Ang. O fie, fir *Sampson*, what would the world say?

Sir *Samp.* Say, they would say you were a wise woman and I a happy man. Odd, madam, I'll love you as long as I live; and leave you a good jointure when I die.

Ang. Aye, but that is not in your power, Sir *Sampson*; for when *Valentine* confesses himself in his senses, he must make over his inheritance to his younger brother.

Sir *Samp.* Odd, you're a cunning wary baggage! Faith and troth I like you the better.----- But I warrant you, I have a proviso in the obligation in favour of my self----- Body o' me, I have a trick to turn the settlement upon the issue male of our two bodies begotten. Odsbud, let us find children, and I'll find an estate.

Ang. Will you? well, do you find the estate, and leave t'other to me.-----

Sir *Sam.* O rogue! But I'll trust you. And will you consent? Is it a match then?

Ang. Let me consult my lawyer concerning this obligation; and if I find what you propose practicable, I will give you my answer.

Sir *Samp.* With all my heart; ----- Come in with me, and I'll lend you the bond ----- You shall consult your lawyer, and I'll consult a parson: Odzooks I'm a young man: Odzooks I'm a young man, and I'll make it appear ----- Odd, you're devilish handsome: Faith and troth, you're very handsome, and I am very young, and very lussy ----- Odsbud, hussy, you know how to chuse, and so do I; ----- Odd I think we're very well met; ----- Give me your hand, odd let me kiss it; 'tis as warm and as soft ----- as what? ----- Odd as t'other

to'other hand -- Give me to'ther hand, and I'll mumble 'em, and kifs 'em, till they melt in my mouth.

Ang. Hold, Sir *Sampson* -- You're profuse of your vigour before your time : You'll spend your estate before you come to it.

Sir Samp. No, no, only give you a rent-roll of my possessions -- Ah ! Baggage -- I warrant you for little *Sampson* : Odd, *Sampson's* a very good name for an able fellow : Your *Sampsons* were strong dogs from the beginning.

Ang. Have a care and don't over-act your part -- If you remember, *Sampson*, the strongest of the name, pull'd an old house over his head at last.

Sir Samp. Say you so, hussy ? -- come let's go then ; Odd I long to be pulling down to, come away, -- Odso, here's somebody coming.

SCENE III.

TATTLE and JEREMY.

Tat. Is not that she gone out just now ?

Jer. Aye, Sir, she's just going to the place of appointment. Ah, Sir, if you are not very faithful and close in this business, you'll certainly be the death of a person that has a most extraordinary passion for your honour's service.

Tat. Ay, who's that ?

Jer. Ev'n my unworthy self, fir -- Sir, I have had an appetite to be fed with your commands a great while ; -- And now, fir, my former master having much troubled the fountain of his understanding, it is a very plausible occasion for me to quench my thirst at the spring of your bounty -- I thought I could not recommend my self better to you, fir, than by the delivery of a great beauty and fortune into your arms, whom I have heard you sigh for.

Tat. I'll make thy fortune ; say no more -- thou'rt a pretty fellow, and can'st carry a message to a lady in a pretty soft kind of phrase, and with a good persuading accent.

Jer. Sir, I have the seeds of rhetoric and oratory in my head — I have been at *Cambridge*.

Tat. Ay ; 'tis well enough for a servant to be bred at an university : But the education is a little too pedantick for a gentleman. I hope you are secret in your nature, private, close, ha ?

Jer. O Sir, for that, sir, 'tis my chief talent ; I'm as secret as the head of *Nilus*

Tat. Aye ! Who's he, tho' ? A privy-councillor ?

Jer. O Ignorance ! [*Aside*] A cunning *Egyptian*, sir, that with his arms would over-run the county, yet no body could ever find out his head quarters.

Tat. Close dog ! A good whoremaster, I warrant him — the time draws nigh, *Jeremy*. *Angelica* will be veil'd like a nun ; and I must be hooded like a friar ; ha, *Jeremy* ?

Jer. Aye, sir, hooded like a hawk, to seize at first sight upon the quarry. It is the whim of my master's madness to be so dress'd ; and she is so in love with him, she'll comply with any thing to please him. Poor lady, I'm sure she'll have reason to pray for me, when she finds what a happy exchange she has made, between a madman and so accomplish'd a gentleman.

Tatt. Ay faith, so she will, *Jeremy* : You're a good freind to her, poor creature — I swear I do it hardly so much in consideration of my self, as compassion to her.

Jer. 'Tis an act of charity, sir, to save a fine woman with thirty thousand pound, from throwing her self away.

Tat. So 'tis faith — I might have sav'd several others in my time ; but I gad I could never find in my heart to marry any body before.

Jer. Well, sir, I'll go and tell her my master's coming ; and meet you in half a quarter of an hour with your disguise, at your own lodgings. You must talk a little madly, she won't distinguish the tone of your voice.

Tat. No, no, let me alone for a counterfeit ; — I'll be ready for you.

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

TATTLE, *Miss* PRUE.

Miss. O Mr. *Tattle*, are you here! I'm glad I have found you; I have been looking up and down for you like any thing, till I'm as tir'd as any thing in the world.

Tat. O Pox, how shall I get rid of this foolish girl?
[*Aside*.

Miss. O I have pure news, I can tell you pure news ——— I must not marry the seaman now ——— my father says so. Why won't you be my husband? you say you love me and you won't be my husband: And I know you may be my husband now if you please.

Tat. O fie, *Miss*, who told you so, child?

Miss. Why, my father ——— I told him that you lov'd me.

Tat. O fie, *Miss*, why did you do so? and who told you so, Child?

Miss. Who? why you did; did not you?

Tat. O pox, that was yesterday, *Miss*, that was a great while ago, child. I have been a sleep since; slept a whole night, and did not so much as dream of the matter.

Miss. P'shaw, O but I dreamt that it was so tho'.

Tat. Ay, but your father will tell you that dreams come by contraries, child ——— O fie; what, we must not love one another now ——— P'shaw, that wou'd be a foolish thing indeed ——— Fie, fie, you're a woman now, and must think of a new man every morning, and forget him every night ——— No, no, to marry, is to be a child again, and play with the same rattle always: O fie, marrying is a paw thing.

Miss. Well, but don't you love me as well as you did last night then?

Tat. No, no, child, you wou'd not have me.

Miss. No? Yes but I wou'd tho'.

Tat. P'shaw, but I tell you, you would not ——— You forget you're a woman, and don't know your own mind.

Miss. But here's my father, and he knows my mind.

SCENE

SCENE V.

[To them] FORESIGHT.

Fore. O, Mr. *Tattle*, your servant, you are a close man ; but methinks your love to my daughter was a secret I might have been trusted with——Or had you a mind to try if I could discover it by my art——hum, ha ! I think there is something in your physiognomy, that has a resemblance of her ; and the girl is like me.

Tat. And so you wou'd infer, that you and I are alike——What does the old prig mean ? I'll banter him, and laugh at him, and leave him. [*Aside*] I fancy you have a wrong notion of faces.

Fore. How ? What ? A wrong notion ! How so ?

Tat. In the way of art : I have some taking features, not obvious to vulgar eyes ; that are the indications of a sudden turn of good fortune, in the lottery of wives ; and promise a great beauty and good fortune reserv'd alone for me, by a private intrigue of destiny, kept secret from the piercing eye of perspicuity ; from all astrologers and the stars themselves.

Fore. How ! I will make it appear that what you say is impossible.

Tat. Sir, I beg your pardon. I'm in haste——

Fore. For what ?

Tat. To be married, sir, married.

Fore. Ay, but pray take me along with you, sir.

Tat. No, sir, 'tis to be done privately——I never make confidants.

Fore. Well ; but my consent I mean——You won't marry my daughter without my consent ?

Tat. Who I, sir ? I'm an absolute stranger to you and your daughter, sir.

Fore. Hey-dey ! What time of the moon is this ?

Tat. Very true, sir, and desire to continue so. I have no more love for your daughter than I have likeness of you ; and I have a secret in my heart, which you would be glad to know, and shan't know, and yet you shall know it too, and be sorry for't afterwards. I'd have you to know, sir, that I am as knowing as the stars, and

and as secret as the night ; And I'm going to be marry'd just now, yet did not know of it half an hour ago, and the lady stays for me, and does not know of it yet— There's a mystery for you. I know that you love to untie difficulties—or if you can't solve this, stay here a quarter of an hour, and I'll come and explain it to you.

SCENE VI.

FORESIGHT, *Miss* PRUE.

Miss. O father, why will you let him go ? Won't you make him to be my husband.

Fore. Mercy on us, what do these lunacies portend ? Alas ! he's mad, child, stark wild !

Miss. What, and must not I have e'er a husband then ? What, must I go to bed to nurse again, and be a child as long as she's an old woman ? Indeed but I won't : For now my mind is set upon a man, I will have a man some way or other. Oh ! methinks I'm sick when I think of a man ; and if I can't have one, I would go to sleep all my life : For when I'm awake, it makes me wish and long, and I don't know for what—— and I'd rather be always asleep, than sick with thinking.

Fore. O fearful ! I think the girl is influenc'd too, ——Hussy you shall have a rod.

Miss. A fiddle of a rod, I'll have a husband ; and if you won't get me one, I'll get one for my self. I'll marry our *Robin* the butler, he says he loves me, and he's a handsome man, and shall be my husband : I warrant he'll be my husband ; and thank me too, for he told me so.

SCENE VII.

[*To them*] SCANDAL, *Mrs.* FORESIGHT, and *Nurse*.

Fore. Did he so——I'll dispatch him for't presently ; rogue ! Oh nurse, come hither.

Nurse. What's your worship's pleasure ?

Fore. Here take your young mistress, and lock her up presently, till farther orders from me——Not a word, hussy——do what I bid you, no reply, away, and bid *Robin* make ready to give an account of his plate and linnen, d'ye hear. Be gone when I bid you.

Mrs. Fore.

Mrs. Fore. What's the matter, husband?

Fore. 'Tis not convenient to tell you now——Mr. Scandal, heaven keep us all in our senses——I fear there is a contagious frenzy abroad. How does *Valentine*?

Scan. O I hope he'll do well again—I have a message from him to your niece *Angelica*.

Fore. I think she's not return'd since she went abroad with Sir *Sampson*. Nurse, why are you not gone?

S C E N E VIII.

FORESIGHT, SCANDAL, Mrs. FORESIGHT, BEN.

Mrs. Fore. Here's Mr. *Benjamin*, he can tell us if his father be come home.

Ben. Who? father; ay, he's come home with a vengeance.

Mrs. Fore. Why, what's the matter?

Ben. Matter? why he's mad.

Fore. Mercy on us! I was afraid of this.

Ben. And there's the handsome young woman; she as they say brother *Val*. went mad for, she's mad too, I think.

Fore. O my poor niece, my poor niece, is she gone mad too? Well, I shall run mad next.

Mrs. Fore. Well, but how mad, how d'ye mean?

Ben. Nay, I'll give you leave to guess——I'll undertake to make a voyage to *Antegoa*——No, hold, I mayn't say so neither——But I'll sail as far as *Leghorn*, and back again, before you shall guess at the matter, and do nothing else; Mefs, you may take in all the points of the compass, and not hit right.

Mrs. Fore. Your experiment will take up a little too much time.

Ben. Why then I'll tell you. There' a new wedding upon the stocks; and they two are going to be married to-rights.

Scan. Who?

Ben. Why father, and——the young woman, I can't hit of her name.

Scan. *Angelica*?

Ben. Ay, the same.

Mrs. Fore.

Mrs Fore. Sir Sampson and Angelica? Impossible!

Ben. That may be—but I'm sure it's as I tell you.

Scan. 'Sdeath, it's a jest, I can't believe it.

Ben. Look you, friend, it's nothing to me, whether you believe it, or no. What I say is true; d'ye see, they are either married, or just going to be married, I know not which.

Fore. Well, but they are not mad, that is not lunatick.

Ben. I don't know what you may call madness — But she's mad for a husband, and he's horn-mad, I think, or they'd ne'er make a match together. — Here they come.

SCENE IX.

[To them] Sir SAMPSON, ANGELICA, BUCKRAM.

Sir Samp. Where is this old soothsayer? this uncle of mine elect? A ha, old Foresight. Uncle Foresight, with me joy, uncle Foresight, double joy, both as uncle and astrologer; here's a conjunction that was not foretold in all your Ephemeris — The brightest star in the blue firmament — is shot from above, in a jelly of love, and so forth; and I'm lord of the ascendant; Odd, you're an old fellow, Foresight, uncle, I mean, a very old fellow, uncle Foresight; and yet you shall live to dance at my wedding; faith and troth you shall. Odd, we'll have the musick of the spheres for thee, old Lilly, that we will, and thou shalt lead up a dance in *Via Lactea*.

Fore. I'm thunder-struck! You are not married to my niece?

Sir Samp. Not absolutely married, uncle; but very near it, within a kifs of the matter, as you see.

[Kisses Angelica.

Ang. 'Tis very true indeed, uncle; I hope you'll be my father, and give me.

Sir Samp. That he shall, or I'll burn his globes — Body o' me, he shall be thy father, I'll make him thy father, and thou shalt make me a father, and I'll make thee a mother, and we'll beget sons and daughters enough to put the *Weekly Bills* out of countenance.

Scan. Death and hell! where's *Valentine*?

SCENE

SCENE X.

Sir SAMPSON, ANGELICA, FORESIGHT, Mrs. FORESIGHT, BEN, BUCKRAM.

Mrs. Fore. This is so surprizing——

Sir Samp. How ! What does my aunt say ? Surprizing, aunt ? Not at all, for a young couple to make a match in winter ? Not at all——It's a plot to undermine cold weather ; and destroys that usurper of a bed call'd a warming-pan.

Mrs. Fore. I'm glad to hear you have so much fire in you, *sir Sampson*.

Ben. Mefs, I fear his fire's little better than tinder ; may-hap it will only serve to light up a match for some body else. The young woman's a handsome young woman, I can't deny it : But, father, if I might be your pilot in this case, you should not marry her. It's just the same thing, as if to be you should sail so far as the *Straights* without provision.

Sir Samp. Who gave you authority to speak, *sirrah* ? To your element, fish, be mute fish, and to sea, rule your helm, *sirrah*, don't direct me.

Ben. Well, well take you care of your own helm, or you may'nt keep your new vessel steady.

Sir Samp. Why, you impudent tarpaulin ! *Sirrah*, do you bring your forecattle jests upon your father ? But I shall be even with you, I won't give you a groat. *Mr. Buckram*, is the conveyance so worded, that nothing can possibly descend to this scoundrel ? I wou'd not so much as have him have the prospect of an estate ; tho' there were no way to come to it, but by the *North-east* passage.

Buck. Sir, it is drawn according to your directions ; there is not the least cranny of the law unstopt.

Ben. Lawyer, I believe there's many a cranny and leak unstopt in your conscience——If so be that one had a pump to your bosom, I believe we should discover a foal hold. They say a witch will sail in a sieve ---- But I believe the devil wou'd not venture aboard o'your conscience. And that's for you.

Sir. Samp. Hold your tongue, *sirrah*. How now, who's here ?

SCENE

SCENE XI.

[To them] TATTLE, and Mrs. FRAIL.

Frail. O, sister, the most unlucky accident !

Mrs. Fore. What's the matter ?

Tat. Oh the two most unfortunate poor creatures in the world we are.

Mrs. Fore. Bless us ! how so ?

Frail. Ah, Mr. *Tattle* and I, poor Mr. *Tattle* and I are—— I can't speak it out.

Tat. Nor I—— but poor Mrs. *Frail* and I are——

Frail. Married !

Mrs. Fore. Married ! How ?

Tat. Suddenly —— before we knew where we were——that villain *Jeremy*, by the help of disguises trick'd us into one another.

Fore. Why you told me just now, you went hence in haste to be married.

Ang. But I believe Mr. *Tattle* meant the favour to me, I thank him.

Tat. I did, as I hope to be sav'd, madam, my intentions were good—but this is the most cruel thing, to marry one does not know how, nor why, nor wherefore —— The devil take me if ever I was so much concern'd at any thing in my life.

Ang. 'Tis very unhappy, if you don't care for one another.

Tat. The least in the world — that is for my part, I speak for my self, gad, I never had the least thought of serious kindness —— I never lik'd any body less in my life. Poor woman ! gad I'm sorry for her too ; for I have no reason to hate her neither, but I believe I shall lead her a damn'd sort of a life.

Mrs. Fore. He's better than no husband at all —— tho' he's a coxcomb.

[To *Frail*.

Frail. [to her] Ay, ay, it's well 'tis no worse — nay for my part, I always despis'd Mr. *Tattle* of all things ; nothing but his being my husband could have made me like him less.

Tat-

Tat. Look you there, I thought as much — pox on't, I wish we could keep it secret, why I don't believe any of this company would speak of it.

Frail. But, my dear, that's impossible; the parson and that rogue *Jeremy* will publish it.

Tat. Ay, my dear, so they will, as you say.

Ang. O, you'll agree very well in a little time; custom will make it easy to you.

Tat. Easy! pox on't, I don't believe I shall sleep to-night.

Sir Samp. Sleep quotha! no, why you would not sleep o' your wedding-night? I'm an older fellow than you, and don't mean to sleep

Ben. Why there's another match now, as tho' a couple of privateers were looking for a prize, and should fall foul of one another. I'm sorry for the young man with all my heart. Look you, friend, if I may advise you, when she's going, for that you must expect, I have experience of her, when she's going, let her go. For no matrimony is tough enough to hold her, and if she can't drag her anchor along with her, she'll break her cable, I can tell you that. Who's here? the madman?

SCENE *The Last.*

VALENTINE, SCANDAL, *Sir SAMPSON*, ANGELICA, FORESIGHT, *Mrs. FORESIGHT*, TATTLE, *Mrs. FRAIL*, BEN, JEREMY, BUCKRAM.

Val. No here's the Fool; and if occasion be, I'll give it under my hand.

Sir Samp. How now?

Val. Sir I am come to acknowledge my errors, and ask your pardon.

Sir Samp. What have you found your senses at last then? In good time, sir.

Val. You were abus'd, sir; I never was distracted.

Fore. How! not mad, Mr. *Scandal*!

Scan. No really, sir; I am his witness it was all counterfeit.

Val. I thought I had reasons——but it was a poor contrivance; the effect has shewn it such.

Sir

Sir Samp. Contrivance! what to cheat me? to cheat your father! firrah, how could you hope to prosper?

Val. Indeed, I thought, fir, when the father endeavour'd to undo the son, it was a reasonable return of nature.

Sir Samp. Very good, fir,——*Mr. Buckram*, are you ready?—come, fir, will you sign and seal?

Val. If you please, fir; but first I would ask this lady one question.

Sir Samp. Sir, you must ask me leave first; that lady, no, fir; you shall ask that lady no questions, till you have ask'd her blessing, fir; that lady is to be my wife.

Val. I have heard as much, fir; but I would have it from her own mouth.

Sir Samp. That's as much as to say I lie, fir, and you don't believe what I say.

Val. Pardon me, fir. But I reflect that I very lately counterfeited madness; I don't know but the frolick may go round.

Sir Samp. Come, chuck, satisfy him, answer him;——come, come, *Mr. Buckram*, the pen and ink.

Buck. Here it is, fir, with the deed; all is ready.

[*Val. goes to Ang.*]

Ang. 'Tis true you have a great while pretended love to me; nay, what if you were sincere? still you must pardon me, if I think my own inclinations have a better right to dispose of my person than yours.

Sir Samp. Are you answer'd now, fir?

Val. Yes, fir.

Sir Samp. Where's your plot, fir? and your contrivance now, fir? will you sign, fir? come will you sign and seal?

Val. With all my heart, fir.

Scan. 'Sdeath, you are not mad indeed, to ruin your self?

Val. I have been disappointed of my only hope; and he that loses hope may part with any thing. I never valued fortune, but as it was subservient to my pleasure, and my only pleasure was to please this lady: I have made many vain attempts, and find at last that nothing but my ruin can effect it. which for that reason I will sign to. Give me the paper.

Ang.

Ang. Generous *Valentine*.

(*Aside.*

Buck. Here is the deed, sir.

Val. But where is the bond, by which I am obliged to sign to this?

Buck. Sir *Sampson*, you have it.

Ang. No, I have it; and I'll use it, as I would every thing that is an enemy to *Valentine*.

[*Tears the Paper.*

Sir Samp. How now!

Val. Ha!

Ang. Had I the world to give you, it could not make me worthy of so generous and faithful a passion: Here's my hand, my heart was always yours, and struggled very hard to make this utmost trial of your virtue.

[*To Val.*

Val. Between pleasure and amazement I am lost. But on my knees I take the blessing.

Sir Samp. Oons, what is the meaning of this.

Ben. Mefs, here's the wind chang'd again. Father, you and I may make a voyage together now.

Ang. Well, Sir *Sampson*, since I have play'd you a trick, I'll advise you, how you may avoid such another. Learn to be a good father, or you'll never get a second wife. I always lov'd your son, and hated your unfor-giving nature. I was resolv'd to try him to the utmost; I have try'd you too, and know you both. You have not more faults than he has virtues; and 'tis hardly more pleasure to me, that I can make him and my self happy, than that I can punish you.

Val. If my happiness could receive addition, this kind surprize would make it double.

Sir Samp. 'Oons, you're a crocodile.

Fore. Really, Sir *Sampson*, this is a sudden eclipse——

Sir Samp. You're an illiterate old fool, and I am another, and the stars are liars; and if I had breath enough, I'd curse them and you, my self and every body——'Oons, cully'd, bubbl'd, jilted, woman-bobb'd at last; I have not patience.

Tat. If the Gentleman is in this disorder for want of a wife, I can spare him mine. Oh, are you there, sir? I'm indebted to you for my happiness.

[*To Jer.*
Jer.

Jer. Sir, I ask you ten thousand pardons, 'twas an arrant mistake——you see, sir my master was never mad, nor any thing like it——then how could it be otherwise?

Val. Tattle, I thank you; you would have interposed between me and heav'n, but providence laid purgatory in your way——you have but justice.

Scan. I hear the fiddles that Sir *Sampson* provided for his own wedding; methinks 'tis pity they should not be employed when the match is so much mended, *Valentine*, tho' it be morning, we may have a dance.

Val. Any thing my friend, every thing that looks like joy and transport.

Scan. Call 'em *Jeremy*.

Ang. I have done dissembling now, *Valentine*; and if that coldness which I have always worn before you, should turn to an extreme fondness, you must not suspect it.

Val. I'll prevent that suspicion——for I intend to doat on you to that immoderate rate, that your fondness shall never distinguish it self enough to be taken notice of. If ever you seem to love too much, it must be only when I can't love enough.

Ang. Have a care of promises. You know you are apt to run more in debt than you are able to pay.

Val. Therefore I yield my body as your prisoner, and make your best on't.

Scan. The musick stays for you. [*Dance*.]

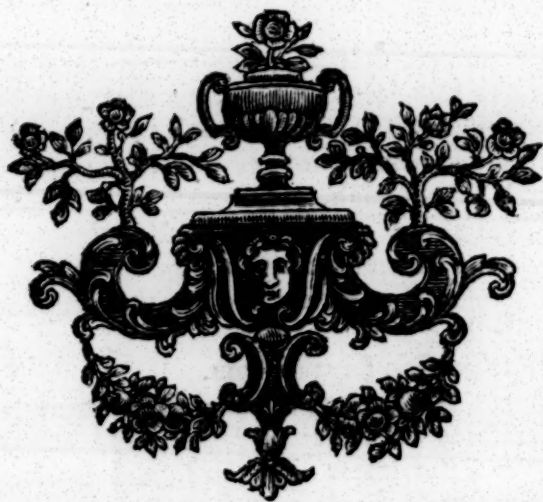
Scan. Well, madam, you have done exemplary justice, in punishing an unhuman father, and rewarding a faithful lover: But there is a third good work, which I in particular must thank you for; I was an infidel to your sex, and you have converted me——for now I'm convinc'd that all women are not, like fortune, blind in bestowing favours, either to those who do not merit, or who do not want 'em.

Ang. This is an unreasonable accusation that you lay upon our sex: You tax us with injustice, only to cover your own want of merit. You would all have the reward of love, but few have the constancy to stay till it becomes your due. Men are generally hypocrites and Infidels

infidels, they pretend to worship, but have neither zeal nor faith: How few like *Valentine*, would persevere even to martyrdom, and sacrifice their interest to their constancy! In admiring me, you misplace the novelty.

*The Miracle to Day is, That we find
A Lover true: Not that a Woman's kind.*

[*Exeunt Omnes.*



E P I.



EPILOGUE.

Spoken at the Opening of the New-House,

By Mrs. Bracegirdle.

SURE Providence at first design'd this Place
To be the Player's Refuge in Distress ;
For still in every Storm, they all run hither,
As to a Shed, that shields 'em from the Weather.
But thinking of this Change which last befel us,
It's like what I have heard our Poets tell us :
For when behind our Scenes their Suits are pleading,
To help their Love, sometimes they show their Reading ;
And wanting ready Cash to pay for Hearts,
They Top their Learning on us and their Parts.
Once of Philosophers they told us Stories,
Whom, as I think, they call'd --Py-Pythagories,
I'm sure 'tis some such Latin Name they give 'em,
And we, who know no better, must believe 'em.
Now to these Men (say they) such Souls were gi'v'n,
That after Death, ne'er went to Hell nor Heav'n,
But liv'd, I know not how, in Beasts ; and then
When many Years were past, in Men again.
Methinks, we Play'rs resemble such a soul ;
That does from Bodies, we from Houses strole.
Thus Aristotle's Soul, of old that was,
May now be doom'd to animate an Ass ;
Or in this very House, for ought we know ,
Is doing painful Penance in some Beau :

And

EPILOGUE.

*And thus, our Audience, which did once resort
To shining Theatres to see our Sport,
Now find us toss'd into a Tennis-Court.
These Walls but t'other Day were fill'd with Noise
Of Roaring Gamesters, and your Damme Boys;
Then bounding Balls and Rackets they encompass, (bass!
And now they're fill'd with Jest, and Flights, and Bom-
I vow, I don't much like this Transmigration,
Stroling from Place to Place, by Circulation;
Grant Heav'n we don't return to our first Station,
I know not what these think, but for my Part,
I can't reflect without an aking Heart,
How we shoul'd end in our Original, a Cart,
But we can't fear, since you're so good to save us,
That you have only set us up, to leave us.
Thus from the past, we hope for future Grace,
I beg it----
And some here know I have a begging Face.
Then pray continue this your kind Behaviour,
For a clear Stage won't do, without your Favour.*



THE
MOURNING BRIDE.

A
TRAGEDY.

*Neque enim lex æquior ulla,
Quàm necis artifices arte perire sua.*

OVID. de Arte Am.



Printed in the Year MDCCXXXV.



Y
to
Y
T
th
th

a
H
f
Y
l



To Her Royal Highness the
P R I N C E S S.

M A D A M,



H A T high Station, which by Your Birth You hold above the People, exacts from every one, as a Duty, whatever Honours they are capable of paying to Your Royal Highness: But that more exalted Place, to which Your Virtues have rais'd You, above the rest of Princes, makes the Tribute of our Admiration and Praise, rather a Choice more immediately preventing that Duty.

The Publick Gratitude is ever founded on a Publick Benefit; and what is universally Bless'd, is always an universal Blessing. Thus from Your self we derive the Offerings which we bring; and that Incense which arises to Your Name only returns to its Original, and but naturally requites the Parent of its Being.

From hence it is that this Poem, constituted on a Moral, whose End is to recommend and to encourage Virtue, of consequence has re-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

course to Your Royal Highness's Patronage; aspiring to cast itself beneath your Feet, and declining Approbation, 'till You shall condescend to own it, and vouchsafe to shine upon it as on a Creature of Your Influence.

'Tis from the Example of Princes that Virtue becomes a Fashion in the People, for even they who are averse to Instruction, will yet be fond of Imitation.

But there are Multitudes, who never can have Means nor Opportunities of so near an Access, as to partake of the Benefit of such Examples. And to these, Tragedy, which distinguishes it self from the Vulgar Poetry by the Dignity of its Characters, may be of Use and Information. For they who are at that Distance from original Greatness, as to be depriv'd of the Happiness of contemplating the Perfections and real Excellencies of Your Royal Highness's Person in Your Court, may yet behold some small Sketches and Imaginings of the Virtues of Your Mind, abstracted and represented on the Theatre.

Thus Poets are instructed, and instruct; not alone by Precepts which persuade, but also by Examples which illustrate. Thus is Delight interwoven with Instruction; when not only Virtue is prescribed, but also represented.

But if we are delighted with the Liveliness of a feign'd Representation of Great and Good Persons and their Actions, how must we be charm'd with beholding the Persons themselves? If one or two excelling Qualities, bare-

ly

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ly touch'd in the single Action and small Compass of a Play, can warm an Audience, with a Concern and Regard even for the seeming Success and Prosperity of the Actor; with what Zeal must the Hearts of all be fill'd, for the continued and encreasing Happiness of those who are the true and living Instances of elevated and persisting Virtue? Even the vicious themselves must have a secret Veneration for those peculiar Graces and Endowments, which are daily so eminently conspicuous in Your Royal Highness; and though repining, feel a Pleasure which inspite of Envy they per-force approve.

If in this Piece, humbly offer'd to Your Royal Highness, there shall appear the Resemblance of any of those many Excellencies which You so promiscuously possess, to be drawn so as to merit Your least Approbation, it has the End and Accomplishment of its Design. And however imperfect it may be in the Whole, through the Inexperience or Incapacity of the Author, yet if there is so much as to convince Your Royal Highness, that a Play may be with Industry so dispos'd (inspite of the licentious Practice of the Modern Theatre) as to become sometimes an Innocent, and not Unprofitable Entertainment; it will abundantly gratifie the Ambition, and recompense the Endeavours of,

Your Royal Highness's

Most Obedient, and

Most humbly Devoted Servant,

William Congreve.



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

THE Time has been when Plays were not so plenty,
And a less Number new would well content ye,
New Plays did then like Almanacks appear ;
And one was thought sufficient for a Year :
Tho' they are more like Almanacks of late ;
For in one Year, I think, they're out of Date.
Nor were they without Reason join'd together ,
For just as one prognosticates the Weather,
How plentiful the Crop, or scarce the Grain,
What Peals of Thunder, and what Show'rs of Rain ;
So'tother can foretel, by certain Rules,
What Crops of Coxcombs, or what Floods of Fools.
In such like Prophecies were Poets skill'd,
Which now they find in their own Tribe fulfill'd :
The Dearth of Wit they did so long presage,
Is fall'n on us, and almost starves the Stage.
Were you not griev'd, as often as you saw
Poor Actors trash such empty Sheafs of Straw ?
Toiling and lab'ring at their Lungs Expence,
To start a Jest, or force a little Sense.
Hard Fate For us ! still harder in th' Event ;
Our Authors Sin, but we alone Repent.
Still they proceed, and at our Charge, write worse ;
'Twere some Amends if they could reimburse,
But there's the Devil, tho' their Cause is lost,

There's

PROLOGUE.

*There's no reco'ring Damages or Cost.
Good Wits, forgive this Liberty we take,
Since Custom gives the Losers leave to Speak.
But if, provok'd, your dreadful Wrath remains,
Take your Re-venge upon the coming Scenes:
For that damn'd Poet's spar'd who damns a brother,
As one Thief 'scapes that executes another.
Thus far alone does to the Wits relate;
But from the rest we hope a better Fate.
To please and move has been our Poet's Theme,
Art may direct, but Nature is his Aim;
And Nature mis'd, in vain he boasts his Art,
For only Nature can affect the Heart.
Then freely judge the Scenes that shall ensue,
But as with Freedom, judge with Candour too.
He wou'd not lose thro' Prejudice his Cause;
Nor wou'd obtain precariously Applause.
Impartial Censure he requests from all,
Prepar'd, by just Decrees to stand or fall.*



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Manuel, the King of *Granada*.
Gonsalez, his Favourite.
Garcia, Son to *Gonsalez*.
Perez, Captain of the Guards.
Alonzo, an Officer, Creature to *Gonsalez*.
Osmyn, a Noble Prisoner.
Heli, a Prisoner, his Friend.
Selim, an Eunuch.

W O M E N.

Almeria, the Princess of *Granada*.
Zara, a Captive Queen.
Leonora, chief Attendant on the Princess.

Women, *Eunuchs* and *Mutes* attending *Zara*,
Guards, &c.

The SCENE *GRANADA*.

THE



THE
MOURNING BRIDE.



ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

The Curtain rising slowly to soft Musick, discovers ALMERIA in Mourning, LEONORA waiting in Mourning.

After the Musick, ALMERIA rises from her Chair, and comes forward.

ALMERIA.



USICK has charms to sooth a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read, that things inanimate have mov'd,
And, as with living souls, have been inform'd

By magick numbers and persuasive sound.
What then am I? Am I more senseless grown
Than trees, or flint? O force of constant woe!
'Tis not in harmony to calm my griefs.

VOL. I.

N 5

Anselms.

Anse'mo sleeps, and is at peace ; last night
The silent tomb receiv'd the good old king ;
He and his sorrows now are safely lodg'd
Within its cold, but hospitable bosom.
Why am I not at peace ?

Leon. Dear madam, cease,
Or moderate your griefs ; there is no cause ———

Alm. No cause ! peace, peace ; there is eternal cause,
And misery eternal will succeed.

'Thou canst not tell ——— thou hast indeed no cause.

Leon. Believe me, madam, I lament *Anselmo*,
And always did compassionate his fortune ;
Have often wept, to see how cruelly
Your father kept in chains his fellow-king :
And oft at night, when all have been retir'd,
Have stol'n from bed, and to his prison crept ;
Where, while his goaler slept, I thro' the grate
Have softly whisper'd, and enquir'd his health ;
Sent in my sighs and pray'rs for his deliv'rance ;
For sighs and pray'rs were all that I could offer.

Alm. Indeed thou hast a soft and gentle nature
That thus cou'dst melt to see a stranger's wrongs.
O *Leonora*, hadst thou known *Anselmo*,
How wou'd thy heart have bled to see his suff'rings.
'Thou hadst no cause, but general compassion.

Leo. Love of my royal mistress gave me cause,
My love of you begot my grief for him ;
For I had heard that when the chance of war
Had bless'd *Anselmo's* arms with victory,
And the rich spoil of all the field, and you,
The glory of the whole, were made the prey
Of his success ; that then, in spite of hate,
Revenge, and that hereditary feud
Between *Valentia's* and *Granada's* kings,
He did endear himself to your affection,
By all the worthy and indulgent ways
His most industrious goodness cou'd invent ;
Proposing by a match between *Alphonso*
His son, the brave *Valentia* prince, and you,
'To end the long dissention, and unite
'The jarring crowns.

Alm.

Alm. Alphonso! O Alphonso!

Thou too art quiet——long hast been at peace——
Both, both——father and son are now no more.
Then why am I? O when shall I have rest?
Why do I live to say you are no more?
Why are all these things thus——is it of force?
Is there necessity, I must be miserable?
Is it of moment to the peace of heav'n
That I should be afflicted thus?——If not,
Why is it thus contriv'd? why are things laid
By some unseen hand, so, as of sure consequence
They must to me bring curses, grief of heart,
The last distress of life, and sure despair?

Leo. Alas, you search too far, and think too deeply.

Alm. Why was I carry'd to Anselmo's court?

Or there, why was I us'd so tenderly?
Why not ill treated like an enemy?
For so my father wou'd have us'd his child.

O Alphonso, Alphonso!

Devouring seas have wash'd thee from my sight,
No time shall raise thee from my memory;
No, I will live to be thy monument:
The cruel ocean is no more thy tomb:
But in my heart thou art interr'd; there, there,
Thy dear resemblance is for ever fix'd;
My love, my lord, my husband still, tho' lost.

Leo. Husband! O heav'ns!

Alm. Alas! what have I said?

My grief has hurry'd me beyond all thought.
I wou'd have kept that secret; though I know
Thy love and faith to me deserve all confidence.
But 'tis the wretch's comfort still to have
Some small reserve of near and inward woe,
Some unsuspected hoard of darling grief,
Which they unseen may wail, and weep and mourn,
And glutton-like alone devour.

Leo. Indeed

I knew not this.

*Alm. O no, thou know'st not half,
Know'st nothing of my sorrows—if thou didst—*

288 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

If I shou'd tell thee, wou'dst thou pity me ?
Tell me : I know thou wou'dst, thou art compassionate.

Leo. Witnesses these tears——

Alm. I thank thee———*Leonora,*

Indeed I do, for pitying thy sad mistress :
For 'tis, alas, the poor prerogative
Of greatness, to be wretched and unpitied——
But I did promise I wou'd tell thee——what ?
My miseries ; thou dost already know 'em :
And when I told thee thou didst nothing know,
It was because thou didst not know *Alphonso* :
For to have known my loss, thou must have known
His worth, his truth, and tenderness of love.

Leo. The memory of that brave prince stands fair
In all report——

And I have heard imperfectly his loss ;
But fearful to renew your troubles past,
I never did presume to ask the story.

Alm. If for my swelling heart I can, I'll tell thee.

I was a welcome captive in *Valentia*,
Ev'n on the day when *Manuel*, my father,
Led on his conqu'ring troops, high as the gates
Of king *Anselmo's* palace ; which in rage,
And heat of war, and dire revenge, he fir'd.
The good king flying to avoid the flames,
Started amidst his foes, and made captivity
His fatal refuge——wou'd that I had fall'n
Amid those flames——but 'twas not so decreed.

Alphonso, who foresaw my father's cruelty,
Had born the queen and me on board a ship
Ready to sail ; and when this news was brought
We put to sea ; but being betray'd by some
Who knew our flight, we closely were pursu'd,
And almost taken ; when a sudden storm
Drove us, and those that follow'd, on the coast
Of *Africk* : there our vessel struck the shoar,
And bulging against a rock was dash'd in pieces.
But heav'n spar'd me for yet much more affliction !
Conducting them who follow'd us, to shun
The shoal, and save me floating on the waves,
While the good queen and my *Alphonso* perish'd.

Leo.

Leo. Alas ! were you then wedded to *Alphonso*,

Alm. That day, that fatal day, our hands were join'd;
For when my lord beheld the ship pursuing,
And saw her rate so far exceeding ours ;
He came to me, and begg'd me by my love,
I wou'd consent the priest shou'd make us one ;
That whether death or victory ensu'd,
I might be his ; beyond the power of fate :
The queen too did assist his suit——I granted ;
And in one day, was wedded, and a widow.

Leo. Indeed 'twas mournful——

Alm. 'Twas——as I have told thee——
For which I mourn, and will for ever mourn ;
Nor will I change these black and dismal robes,
Or ever dry these swoln and watry eyes,
Or ever taste content, or peace of heart,
While I have life and thought of my *Alphonso*. (rows,

Leo. Look down, good heav'n, with pity on her sor-
And grant that time may bring her some relief.

Alm. O no ! time gives encrease to my afflictions.
The circling hours, that gather all the woes,
Which are diffus'd thro' the revolving year,
Come heavy-laden with th' oppressing weight,
To me ; with me, successively, they leave
The sighs, the tears, the groans, the restless cares,
And all the damps of grief, that did retard their flight ;
They shake their downy wings, and scatter all
The dire collected dews on my poor head ;
Then fly with joy and swiftnefs from me.

Leo. Hark ! [Shouts at a distance.
The distant shouts proclaim your father's triumph ;
O cease, for heav'ns sake, assuage a little
This torrent of your grief ; for, much I fear,
'Twill urge his wrath to see you drown'd in tears,
When joy appears in ev'ry other face.

Alm. And joy he brings to ev'ry other heart,
But double, double weight of woe to mine ;
For with him *Garcia* comes——*Garcia*, to whom
I must be sacrific'd, and all the vows
I gave my dear *Alphonso* basely broken.
No, it shall never be ; for I will die ;

First,

First, die ten thousand deaths.—look down, look down.

Alphonso, hear the sacred vow I make ; [kneels.

One moment, cease to gaze on perfect bliss,

And bend thy glorious eyes to earth and me ;

And thou *Anselmo*, if yet thou art arriv'd

Thro' all impediments of purging fire,

To that bright heav'n, where my *Alphonso* reigns,

Behold thou also, and attend my vow.

If ever I do yield, or give consent,

By any action, word, or thought, to wed

Another lord ; may then just heav'n show'r down

Unheard of curses on me, greater far

(If such there be in angry heav'n's vengeance)

Than any I have yet endur'd—and now (Rising.

My heart has some relief ; having so well

Discharg'd this debt, incumbent on my love.

Yet one thing more I wou'd engage from thee.

Leo. My heart, my life and will, are only yours.

Alm. I thank thee, 'tis but this ; anon, when all

Are wrap'd and busied in the general joy,

Thou wilt withdraw, and privately with me

Steal forth, to visit good *Anselmo's* tomb.

Leo. Alas ! I fear some fatal resolution.

Alm. No, on my life, my faith, I mean no ill,

Nor violence.—I feel my self more light,

And more at large, since I have made this vow.

Perhaps I would repeat it there more solemnly,

'Tis that, or some such melancholy thought,

Upon my word no more.

Leo. I will attend you.

SCENE II.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, ALONZO.

Alon. The lord *Gonzalez*, comes to tell your highness
The king is just arriv'd.

Alm. Conduct him in. [Exit Alon.

That's his pretence ; his errand is, I know,

To fill my ears with *Garcia's* valiant deeds ;

And gild and magnifie his son's exploits.

But I am arm'd with ice around my heart,

Not to be warm'd with words, or idle eloquence.

SCENE

SCENE III.

GONSALEZ, ALMERIA, LEONORA.

Gonf. Be ev'ry day of your long life like this.
The sun, bright conquest, and your brighter eyes,
Have all conspir'd to blaze promiscuous light,
And bless this day with most unequal'd lustre.
Your royal father, my victorious lord,
Loaden with spoils, and ever-living laurel,
Is entering now in martial pomp the palace.
Five hundred mules precede his solemn march,
Which grown beneath the weight of *Moorish* wealth.
Chariots of war, adorn'd with glittering gems,
Succeed; and next a hundred neighing steeds,
White as the fleecy rain on *Alpine* hills;
That bound and foam, and champ the golden bit,
As they disdain'd the victory they grace.
Prisoners of war in shining fetters follow;
And captains of the noblest blood of *Africk*
Sweat by his chariot wheel, and lick and grind,
With gnashing teeth, the dust his triumphs raise.
The swarming populace spread every wall,
And cling, as if with claws they did enforce
Their hold, thro' clefted stones, stretching and staring,
As if they were all eyes, and every limb
Would feed it's faculty of admiration.
While you alone retire, and shun this sight;
This sight, which is indeed not seen (tho' twice
The multitude should gaze) in absence of your eyes.

Alm. My lord my eyes ungratefully behold
The gilded trophies of exterior honours.
Nor will my ears be charm'd with sounding words,
Or pompous phrase; the pageantry of souls:
But that my father is return'd in safety,
I bend to heav'n with thanks.

Gonf. Excellent princess!
But 'tis a task unfit for my weak age,
With dying words, to offer at your praise.
Garcia, my son, your beauty's lowest slave,
Has better done; improving with his sword

The

292 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

The force and influence of your matchless charms.

Alm. I doubt not of the worth of *Garcia's* deeds,
Which had been brave, tho' I had ne'er been born.

Leo. Madam, the king, [Flourish.

Alm. My women. I wou'd meet him.

[Attendants to Almeria enter in mourning.

S C E N E IV.

Symphony of Warlike Musick. Enter the King, attended by Garcia and several Officers. Files of Prisoners in Chains, and Guards, who are ranged in order round the stage. Almeria meets the King, and kneels; afterwards Gonsalez kneels and kisses the King's hand, while Garcia does the same to the Princess.

King. Almeria, arise——my best Gonsalez, arise.
What, tears! my good old friend.——

Gonsf. But tears of Joy.

Believe me, sir, to see you thus, has fill'd
My eyes with more delight than they can hold.

King. By heav'n thou lov'st me, and I am pleas'd thou
dost:

Take it for thanks, old man, that I rejoice
To see thee weep on this occasion——some
Here are, who seem to mourn at our success!
Why is't, *Almeria*, that you meet our eyes,
Upon this solemn day, in these sad weeds?
In opposition to my brightness, you
And yours are all like daughters of affliction.

Alm. Forgive me, sir, if I in this offend.
The year, which I have vow'd to pay to heav'n,
In mourning and strict life, for my deliverance
From wreck and death, wants yet to be expired.

King. Your zeal to heav'n is great, so is your debt:
Yet something too is due to me, who gave
That life, which heav'n preserv'd. A day bestow'd
In filial duty, had aton'd and giv'n
A dispensation to your vow——no more.
'Twas weak and wilful——and a woman's error.
Yet——upon thought it doubly wounds my fight,
To see that sable worn upon the day

Succeeding

Succeeding that, in which our deadliest foe,
Hated *Anselmo*, was interr'd——by heav'n,
It looks as thou didst mourn for him : just so,
The senseless vow appear'd to bear its date.
Not from that hour wherein thou wer't preserv'd,
But that wherein the curs'd *Alphonso* perish'd.
Ha ! what ? thou dost not weep to think of that ?

Gonf. Have patience, royal sir, the princess weeps
To have offended you. If fate decreed,
One pointed hour should be *Alphonso's* loss,
And her deliverance ; is she to blame ?

King. I tell thee she's to blame, not to have feasted
When my first foe was laid in earth, such enmity,
Such detestation, bears my blood to his ;
My daughter should have revell'd at his death,
She should have made these palace walls to shake,
And all this high and ample roof to ring
With her rejoicings. What to mourn, and weep !
Then, then to weep, and pray, and grieve ? By heav'n,
There's not a slave, a shackled slave of mine,
But should have smil'd that hour, through all his care,
And shook his chains in transport and rude harmony.

Gonf. What she has done, was in excess of goodness !
Betray'd by too much piety, to seem
As if she had offended.——Sure, no more.

King. To seem is to commit, at this conjuncture.
I wonot have a seeming sorrow seen
To-day——Retire, divest your self with speed
Of that offensive black ; on me be all
The violation of your vow : for you,
It shall be your excuse, that I command it.

(*Garcia kneeling.*)

Gar. Your pardon, sir, if I presume so far,
As to remind you of your gracious promise.

King. Rise, *Garcia*——I forgot. Yet stay, *Almeria*.

Alm. My boding heart !——What is your pleasure,
sir ?

King. Draw near, and give your hand ; and, *Garcia*,
yours :

Receive this lord, as one whom I have found
Worthy to be your husband, and my son.

Gar.

294 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

Gar. Thus let me kneel to take — O not to take —
But to devote, and yield my self for ever
The slave and creature of my royal mistress.

Gonf. O let me prostrate, pay my worthless thanks —

King. No more; my promise long since pass'd, thy
services,

And *Garcia's* well-try'd valour, all oblige me.

This day we triumph, but to-morrow's sun,

Garcia, shall shine to grace thy nuptials —

Alm. Oh!

(Faints.)

Gar. She faints! help to support her.

Gonf. She recovers.

King. A fit of bridal fear. How, 'tis *Almeria*?

Alm. A sudden chills seizes on my spirits.

Your leave, sir, to retire.

King. *Garcia*, conduct her.

Garcia leads Almeria to the Door, and returns.

This idle vow hangs on her woman's fears.

I'll have a priest shall preach her from her faith,

And make it sin not to renounce that vow

Which I'd have broken. Now, what would *Alonzo*?

S C E N E V.

KING, GONSALEZ, GARCIA, ALONZO, Attendants.

Alm. Your beauteous captive, *Zara*, is arriv'd,

And with a train as if she still were wife

To *Abucacim*, and the *Moor* had conquer'd.

King. It is our will she shou'd be so attended.

Bear hence these prisoners. *Garcia*, which is he,

Of whose mute valour you relate such wonders?

[Prisoners led off.]

Gar. *Ofmyn*, who led the *Moorish* horde; but he,
Great sir, at her request attends on *Zara*.

King. He is your prisoner, as you please dispose him.

Gar. I would oblige him, but he shuns my kindness;

And with a haughty mein, and stern civility,

Dumbly declines all offers. But if he speak,

'Tis scarce above a word; as he were born

Alone to do, and did disdain to talk;

At least, to talk where he must not command.

King.

King. Such fullness, and in a man so brave,
Must have some other cause than his captivity.

Did *Zara*, then, request he might attend her?

Gar. My lord, she did.

King. That, join'd with his behaviour,
Begets a doubt. I'd have 'em watch'd; perhaps
Her chains hang heavier on him than his own.

SCENE VI.

*KING, GONSALEZ, GARCIA, ALONZO, ZARA, and
OSMYN bound, conducted by PEREZ and a Guard, and
attended by SELIM and several Mutes and Eunuchs in a
train.*

King. What welcome, and what honours beauteous *Zara*,
A king and conqueror can give, are yours.

A conqueror indeed, where you are won;
Who with such lustre strike admiring eyes,
That had our pomp been with your presence grac'd,
Th' expecting crowd had been deceiv'd; and seen
Their monarch enter not triumphant, but
In pleasing triumph led; your beauty's slave.

Zara. If I on any terms could condescend
To like captivity, or think those honours,
Which conquerors in courtesie bestow,
Of equal value with unborrow'd rule,
And native right to arbitrary sway;
I might be pleas'd when I behold this train
With usual homage wait But when I feel
These bonds, I look with loathing on my self;
And scorn vile slavery, tho' doubly hid
Beneath mock praises, and dissembled state.

King. Those bonds! 'twas my command you should be
free.

How durst you, *Perez*, disobey?

Per. Great Sir,

Your order was, she should not wait your triumph;
But at some distance follow thus attended.

King. 'Tis false; 'twas more; I bid she should be free:
If not in words, I bid it by my eyes.
Her eyes did more than bid——Free her and hers

With

296 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

With speed——Yet stay—— my hands alone can make
Fit restitution here——Thus I release you,
And by releasing you enslave my self.

Zara. Such favours so conferr'd, tho' when unfought,
Deserve acknowledgment from noble minds.
Such thanks as one hating to be oblig'd——
Yet hating more ingratitude, can pay,
I offer.

King. Born to excel, and to command!
As by transcendent beauty to attract
All eyes, so by preheminance of soul
To rule all hearts.

Garcia, what's he, who with contracted brow,
[*Beholding Osmyn as they unbind him.*

And fullen port, glooms downward with his eyes;
At once regardless of his chains, or liberty?

Gar. That, Sir, is he of whom I spoke; that's *Osmyn*.

King. He answers well the character you gave him.
Whence come's it, valiant *Osmyn*, that a man
So great in arms as thou art said to be,
So hardly can endure captivity
The common chance of war.

Osm. Because captivity
Has robb'd me of a dear and just revenge.

King. I understand not that.

Osm. I would not have you.

Zar. That gallant *Moor* in battle lost a friend,
Whom more than life he lov'd; and the regret
Of not revenging on his foes that loss,
Has caus'd this melancholy and despair.

King. She does excuse him; 'tis as I suspected.

[*To Gonzalez.*

Gonz. That friend may be her self; seem not to heed
His arrogant reply. She looks concern'd.

King. I'll have enquiry made; perhaps his friend
Yet lives, and is a prisoner. His name.

Zara. Heli:

King. Garcia, that search shall be your care:
It shall be mine to pay devotion here;
At this fair shrine to lay my laurels down,
And raise love's altar on the spoils of war.

Conquest

Conquest and triumph, now, are mine no more ;
Nor will I victory in camps adore :
For, lingring there, in long suspense she stands,
Shifting the prize in unresolving hands,
Unus'd to wait, I broke thro' her delay,
Fix'd her by force, and snatch'd the doubtful day.
Now, late I find that war is but her sport ;
In love the goddess keeps her awful court :
Fickle in fields, unsteadily she flies,
But rules with settled sway in *Zara's* eyes.



ACT II. SCENE I.

Representing the Isle of a Temple.

GARCIA, HELI, PEREZ.

GARCIA.

THIS way, we're told, *Osmyn* was seen to walk ;
Chusing this lonely mansion of the dead,
To mourn, brave *Heli*, thy mistaken fate.

Heli. Let heav'n with thunder to the centre strike me,
If to arise in very deed from death,
And to re-visit, with my long clos'd eyes
This living light, cou'd to my soul, or sense,
Afford a thought, or shew a glimpse of joy,
In least proportion to the vast delight
I feel, to hear of *Osmyn's* name ; to hear
That *Osmyn* lives, and I again shall see him.

Gar. I've heard, with admiration, of your friendship.

Per. Yonder, my Lord, behold the noble *Moor*.

Heli. Where ? Where ?

Gar. I saw him not, nor any like him——

Per. I saw him when I spoke, thwarting my view,
And striding with distemper'd haste ; his eyes

Seem'd

298 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

Seem'd flame, and flash'd upon me with a glance;
Then forward shot their fires, which he pursu'd,
As to some object frightful, yet not fear'd.

Gar. Let's haste to follow him, and know the cause.

Heli. My lord, let me entreat you to forbear:
Leave me alone, to find and cure the cause.

I know his melancholy, and such starts
Are usual to his temper. It might raise him
To act some violence upon himself,
So to be caught in an unguarded hour,
And when his soul gives all her passions way,
Secure and loose in friendly solitude,
I know his noble heart wou'd burst with shame,
To be surpris'd by strangers in its frailty.

Gar. Go, gen'rous *Heli*, and relieve your friend,
Far be it from me, officiously to pry
Or press upon the privacies of others.

S C E N E II.

GARCIA, PEREZ.

Gar. *Perez*, the king expects from our return
To have his jealousy, confirm'd, or clear'd,
Of that appearing love which *Zara* bears
To *Osmyn*; but some other opportunity
Must make that plain.

Per. To me 'twas long since plain,
And ev'ry look from him and her confirms it.

Gar. If so, unhappiness attends their love,
And I cou'd pity 'em. I hear some coming.
The friends perhaps are met; let us avoid 'em.

S C E N E III.

ALMERIA, LEONORA.

Alm. It was a fancy'd noise, for all is hush'd.

Leo. It bore the accent of a human voice.

Alm. It was thy fear, or else some transient wind
Whistling thro' hollows of this vaulted Isle.
We'll listen——

Leo. Hark!

Alm.

The MOURNING BRIDE. 299

Alm. No, all is hush'd, and still as death ——— 'Tis dreadful !

How rev'rend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof,
By its own weight made stedfast and immoveable,
Looking tranquility. It strikes an awe
And terror on my aking sight ; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice ;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice ——— my own affrights me with its echo's.

Leo. Let us return ; the horror of this place
And silence will encrease your melancholy.

Alm. It may my fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on ; shew me *Anselmo's* tomb,
Lead me o'er bones and skulls and mould'ring earth
Of human bodies ; for I'll mix with them,
Or wind me in the shroud of some pale coarse
Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride
Of *Garcia's* more detested bed : that thought
Exerts my spirits ; and my present fears
Are lost in dread of greater ill. Then shew me,
Lead me, for I am bolder grown ; lead on
Where I may kneel, and pay my vows again
To him, to heav'n, and my *Alphonso's* soul.

Leo. I go ; but heav'n can tell with what regret.

S C E N E IV.

The Scene opening discovers a place of tombs : One Monument fronting the view greater than the rest.

HELI.

I wander thro' this maze of monuments,
Yet cannot find him ——— Hark ! sure 'tis the voice
Of one complaining ——— There it sounds ——— I'll
follow it.

S C E N E

Alm.

300 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

SCENE V.

ALMERIA, LEONORA.

Leo. Behold the sacred vault, within whose womb
The poor remains of good *Anselmo* rest ;
Yet fresh and unconsum'd by time or worms.
What do I see ? O heav'n ! either my eyes
Are false, or still the marble door remains
Unclos'd ; the iron grates that lead to death
Beneath, are still wide stretch'd upon their hinge,
And staring on us with unfolded leaves.

Alm. Sure 'tis the yawn of friendly death for me ;
And that dumb mouth significant in show,
Invites me to the bed where I alone
Shall rest ; shews me the grave, where nature, weary,
And long oppress'd with woes and bending cares,
May lay the burden down, and sink in slumbers
Of peace eternal. Death, grim death, will fold
Me in his leaden arms, and press me close
To his cold clayie breast. My father then
Will cease his tyranny ; and *Garcia* too
Will fly my pale deformity with loathing.
My soul, enlarg'd from its vile bonds, will mount
And range the starry orbs and milky ways,
Of that refulgent world, where I shall swim
In liquid light, and float in seas of bliss
To my *Alphonso's* soul. O joy too great !
O extasie of thought ; Help me, *Anselmo* ;
Help me, *Alphonso* ; take me, reach thy hand ;
To thee, to thee I call, to thee *Alphonso* :
O *Alphonso* !

SCENE VI.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, OSMYN *ascending from the tomb.*

Osm. Whocalls that wretched thing that was *Alphonso*?

Alm. Angels and all the host of heav'n support me !

Osm. Whence is that voice, whose shrillness from the
grave,

And

The MOURNING BRIDE. 301

And growing to his father's shroud, roots up
Alphonso?

Alm. Mercy! Providence! O speak,
Speak to it quickly, quickly; speak to me,
Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me,
Leonora, in thy bosom, from the light,
And from my eyes.

Osm. Amazement and illusion!
Rivet and nail me where I stand, ye pow'rs,
(*Coming forward.*)

That motionless I may be still deceiv'd.
Let me not stir, nor breathe, lest I dissolve
That tender, lovely form of painted air,
So like *Almeria*. Ha! it sinks, it falls;
I'll catch it e're it goes, and grasp her shade.
'Tis life! 'tis warm! 'tis she! 'tis she her self!
Nor dead, nor shade, but breathing and alive!
It is *Almeria*, 'tis, it is my wife;

SCENE VII.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, OSMYN, HELI,

Leo. Alas, she stirs not yet, nor lifts her eyes;
He too is fainting—Help me, help me, stranger,
Who e'er thou art, and lend thy hand to raise
These bodies.

Heli. Ha! 'tis he! and with———*Almeria*!
O miracle of happiness! O joy
Unhop'd for! does *Almeria* live!

Osm. Where is she?
Let me behold and touch her, and be sure
'Tis she; shew me her face, and let me feel
Her lips with mine———'Tis she, I'm not deceiv'd;
I taste her breath, I warm'd her and am warm'd.
Look up, *Almeria*, bless me with thy eyes;
Look on, thy love, thy lover, and thy husband.

Alm. I've sworn I'll not wed *Garcia*; why d'ye force
Is this a father?——— (me?)

Osm. Look on thy *Alphonso*.
Thy father is not here, my love, nor *Garcia*:
Nor am I what I seem, but thy *Alphonso*?

VOL. I.

O

Wilt

Wilt thou not know me ? hast thou then forgot me ?
 Hast thou thy eyes, yet can'st not see *Alphonso* ?
 Am I so alter'd, or art thou so chang'd,
 That seeing my disguise, thou seest not me ?

Alm. It is, it is *Alphonso* ! 'tis his face,
 His voice, I know him now, I know him all.
 O take me to thy arms, and bear me hence,
 Back to the Bottom of the boundless deep,
 To seas beneath, where thou so long hast dwelt.
 O how hast thou return'd ? how hast thou charm'd
 The wildness of the waves and rocks to this ?
 That thus relenting, they have giv'n thee back
 To earth, to light and life, to love and me.

Osm. O I'll not ask, nor answer how, or why
 We both have backward trod the paths of fate,
 To meet again in life ; to know I have thee,
 Is knowing more than any circumstance
 Or means by which I have thee———
 To fold thee thus, to press thy balmy lips,
 And gaze upon thy eyes, is so much joy,
 I have not leisure to reflect, or know,
 Or trifle time in thinking.

Alm. Stay a while———

Let me look on thee, yet a little more.

Osm. What would'st thou ? thou dost put me from thee.

Alm. Yes.

Osm. And why ? What dost thou mean ? Why dost
 thou gaze so ?

Alm. I know not ; 'tis to see thy face, I think——
 It is too much ! too much to bear and live !

To see him thus again is such profusion

Of joy, of bliss——— I cannot bear——— I must
 Be mad——— I cannot be transported thus.

Osm. Thou excellence, thou joy, thou heav'n of love !

Alm. Where hast thou been ? and how art thou alive ?
 How is all this ? All-powerful heav'n, what are we !
 O my strain'd heart——— let me again behold thee,
 For I weep to see thee——— Art thou not paler ?
 Much, much ; how art thou chang'd !

Osm. Not in my love.

Alm.

The Mourning Bride. 303

Alm. No, no, thy Griefs, I know, have done this to
Thou haft wept much, *Alphonfo* ; and, I fear, (thee.
Too much, too tenderly lamented me.

Ofm. Wrong not my love, to fay too tenderly.
No more, my life ; talk not of tears or grief ;
Affliction is no more, now thou art found.
Why doft thou weep, and hold thee from my arms,
My arms which ake to hold thee faft, and grow
To thee with twining ? Come, come to my heart.

Alm. I will, for I fhould never look enough.
They would have marry'd me ; but I had fworn
To heav'n and thee, and fooner would have dy'd——

Ofm. Perfection of all faithfulness and love !

Alm. Indeed I would——Nay, I wou'd tell thee all,
If I cou'd fpeak ; how I have mourn'd and pray'd ;
For I have pray'd to thee, as to a faint :
And thou haft heard my prayer ; for thou art come
To my diftrefs, to my difpair, which heav'n
Could only by reftoring thee have cur'd.

Ofm. Grant me but life, good heav'n, but length of days,
To pay fome part, fome little of this debt,
This countlefs fum of tenderness and love,
For which I ftand engag'd to this all-excellence :
Then bear me in a whirlwind to my fate,
Snatch me from life, and cut me fhort unwarn'd ;
Then, then 'twill be enough——I fhall be old,
I fhall have liv'd beyond all *Æras* then
Of yet unmeasur'd time when I have made
This exquisite, this moft amazing goodnefs,
Some recompence of love and matchlefs truth.

Alm. 'Tis more than recompence to fee thy face :
If heav'n is greater joy it is no happinefs,
For 'tis not to be born——What fhall I fay ?
I have a thoufand things to know, and afk,
And fpeak——That thou art here beyond all hope,
All thought ; that all at once thou art before me,
And with fuch fuddennefs haft hit my fight,
Is fuch furprize, fuch myftery, fuch ecftafie !
It hurries all my foul, and ftuns my fenfe.
Sure from thy father's tomb thou didft arife !

Ofm. I did ; and thou, my love, didft call me ; thou.

304 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

Alm. True ; but how cam'st thou there ? Wert thou

Osm. I was, and lying on my father's lead, (alone ?
When broken echoes of a distant voice
Disturb'd the sacred silence of the vault,
In murmurs round my head. I rose and listned,
And thought I heard thy spirit call *Alphonso* ;
I thought I saw thee too ; but O, I thought not
That I indeed should be so blest to see thee——

Alm. But still how cam'st thou hither ? How thus ?
——Ha !

What's he, who like thy self is started here
E're seen ?

Osm. Where ? ha ! What do I see ? *Antonio* ?
I'm fortunate indeed——my friend too safe !

Heli. Most happily, in finding you thus blest'd.

Alm. More miracles ! *Antonio* too escap'd !

Osm. And twice escap'd, both from the rage of seas
And war : for in the fight I saw him fall.

Heli. But fell unhurt, a prisoner as your self,
And as your self made free ; hither I came
Impatiently to seek you, where I knew
Your grief would lead you, to lament *Anselmo*.

Osm. There are no wonders, or else all is wonder.

Heli. I saw you on the ground, and rais'd you up :
When with astonishment, I saw *Almeria*.

Osm. I saw her too, and therefore saw not thee.

Alm. Nor I ; nor could I, for my eyes were yours.

Osm. What means the bounty of all-gracious heav'n,
That perserving still, with open hand,
It scatters good, as in a waste of mercy !
Where will this end ! but heav'n is infinite
In all, and can continue to bestow,
When scanty number shall be spent in telling.

Leo. Or I'm deceiv'd, or I beheld the glimpse
Of two in shining habits cross the Isle ;
Who by their pointing seem to mark this place.

Alm. Sure I have dreamt, if we must part so soon.

Osm. I wish at least, our parting were a dream,
Or we could sleep 'till we again were met.

Heli. Zara with *Selim*, Sir ! I saw and know 'em :
You must quick, for love will lend her wings.

Alm.

The Mourning Bride. 305

Alm. What love? who is she? why are you alarm'd?

Osm. She's the reverse of thee, she's my unhappiness.
Harbour no thought that may disturb thy peace;
But gently take thy self away, lest she
Should come, and see the straining of my eyes
To follow thee. I'll think how we may meet
To part no more; my friend will tell thee all;
How I escap'd, how I am here, and thus;
How I'm not call'd *Alphonso*, now, but *Osmyn*;
And he *Heli*. All, all he will unfold,
E're next we meet——

Alm. Sure we shall meet again——

Osm. We shall; we part not but to meet again.
Gladness and warmth of ever-kindling love
Dwell with thee, and revive thy heart in absence.

S C E N E VIII.

OSMYN alone.

Yet I behold her —— yet —— and now no more.
Turn your lights inward, eyes, and view my thought,
So shall you still behold her —— 'twill not be.
O impotence of sight! mechanick sense,
Which to exterior objects ow'th thy faculty,
Not seeing of election, but necessity.
Thus do our eyes, as do all common mirrors,
Successively reflect succeeding images:
Not what they would, but must; a star, or toad:
Just as the hand of chance administers.
Not so the mind, whose undetermin'd view
Revolves, and to the present adds the past:
Essaying further to futurity;
But that in vain. I have *Almeria* here
At once, as I before have seen her often ——

S C E N E IX.

ZARA, SELIM, OSMYN.

Zara. See where he stands, folded and fix'd to earth,
Stiff'ning in thought; a statue among statues.
Why, cruel *Osmyn*, dost thou fly me thus?

306 *The Mourning Bride.*

Is it well done ? Is this then the return
 For fame, for honour, and for empire lost ?
 But what is loss of honour, fame and Empire ?
 Is this the recompence reserv'd for love ?
 Why dost thou leave my eyes, and fly my arms,
 To find this place of horror and obscurity ?
 Am I more loathsome to thee than the grave,
 That thou dost seek to shield thee there, and shun
 My love ? but to the grave I'll follow thee ———
 He looks not, minds not, hears not ; barbarous man,
 Am I neglected thus ? Am I despis'd ?
 Not heard ! ungrateful *Osmyn*.

Osm. Ha, 'tis *Zara* !

Zara. Yes, traitor ; *Zara*, lost, abandon'd *Zara*,
 Is a regardless suppliant, now, to *Osmyn*.
 The slave, the wretch that she redeem'd from death,
 Disdains to listen now, or look on *Zara*.

Osm. Far be the guilt of such reproaches from me ;
 Lost in my self, and blinded by my thoughts,
 I saw you not, till now.

Zara. Now then you see me ———
 But with such dumb and thankless eyes you look,
 Better I was unseen, than seen thus coldly.

Osm. What would you from a wretch who came to
 And only for his sorrows chose this solitude ; (mourn ?
 Look round ; joy is not here, nor cheerfulness.
 You have pursu'd misfortune to its dwelling,
 Yet look'd for gaiety and gladness there.

Zara. Inhuman ! why, why dost thou rack me thus ?
 And with perverseness, from the purpose, answer ?
 What is't to me, this house of misery ?
 What joy do I require ? if thou dost mourn,
 I come to mourn with thee ; to share thy griefs,
 And give thee, for 'em, in exchange, my love.

Osm. O that's the greatest grief ——— I am so poor,
 I have not wherewithal to give again.

Zara. Thou hast a heart, though 'tis a savage one ;
 Give it me as it is ; I ask no more
 For all I've done, and all I have endur'd :
 For saving thee, when I beheld thee first
 Driv'n by the tide upon my country's coast,

Pale and expiring, drench'd in briny waves,
Thou and thy friend, till my compassion found thee ;
Compassion ! scarce will't own that name, so soon,
So quickly was it love ; for thou wert god-like
Ev'n then. Kneeling on earth, I loos'd my hair,
And with it dry'd thy wat'ry cheeks ; then chaf'd
Thy temples, 'till reviving blood arose,
And like the morn vermilion'd o'er thy face.
O heav'n ! how did my heart rejoyce and ake,
When I beheld the day-break of thy eyes,
And felt the balm of thy respiring lips !

Osm. O call not to mind what you have done ;
It sets a debt of that account before me,
Which shews me poor and bankrupt even in hopes.

Zara. The faithful *Selim*, and my women know
The dangers which I tempted to conceal you.
You know how I abus'd the credulous king ;
What arts I us'd to make you pass on him,
When he receiv'd you as the prince of *Fez* ;
And as my kinsman, honour'd and advanc'd you.
O, why do I relate what I have done ?
What did I not ? Was't not for you this war
Commenc'd ? not knowing who you were, nor why
You hated *Manual*, I urg'd my husband
To this invasion ; where he late was lost,
Where all is lost, and I am made a slave.
Look on me now, from empire fall'n to slavery ;
Think on my suff'rings first, then look on me ;
Think on the cause of all, then view thy self :
Reflect on *Osmyn*, and then look on *Zara*,
The fall'n, the lost, and now the captive *Zara*,
And now abandon'd——say, what then is *Osmyn* ?

Osm. A fatal wretch——a huge stupendous ruin,
That tumbling on its prop, crush'd all beneath,
And bore contiguous palaces to earth.

Zara. Yet thus, thus fall'n, thus levell'd with the vilest,
If I have gain'd thy love, 'tis glorious ruin ;
Ruin ! 'tis still to reign, and to be more
A queen ; for what are riches, empire, power,
But larger means to gratifie the will ?
The steps on which we tread, to rise, and reach

308 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

Our wish ; and that obtained, down with the scaffolding
Of scepters, crowns, and thrones ; they've serv'd their
And are, like lumber, to be left and scorn'd. (end,

Osm. Why was I made the instrument, to throw
In bonds the frame of this exalted mind ?

Zara. We may be free ; the conqueror is mine ;
In chains unseen I hold him by the heart,
And can unwind or strain him as I please.
Give me thy love, I'll give thee liberty.

Osm. In vain you offer, and in vain require
What neither can bestow. Set free your self,
And leave a slave the wretch that would be so.

Zara. Thou canst not mean so poorly as thou talk'st.

Osm. Alas, you know me not.

Zara. Not who thou art :

But what, this last ingratitude declares,
This groveling baseness——thou say'st true, I know
Thee not, for what thou art yet wants a name :
But something so unworthy, and so vile,
That to have lov'd thee makes me yet more lost,
Than all the malice of my other fate.
Traitor, monster, cold and perfidious slave ;
A slave, nor daring to be free ! nor dares
To love above him, for 'tis dangerous :
'Tis that, I know ; for thou dost look, with eyes
Sparkling desire, and trembling to possess.
I know my charms have reach'd thy very soul,
And thrill'd thee through with darted fires : But thou
Dost fear so much, thou dar'st not wish. The king !
There, there's the dreadful sound, the king's thy rival !

Sel. Madam, the king is here, and entering now.

Zara. As I could wish ; by heav'n I'll be reveng'd.

S C E N E X.

ZARA, OSMYN, SELIM, *the KING*, PEREZ, and
Attendants.

King. Why does the fairest of her kind withdraw
Her shining from the day, to gild this scene
Of death and night ? ha ! what disorder's this ?
Somewhat I heard of king and rival mention'd.

What's

What's he that dares be rival to the king ?
Or lift his eyes to like, where I adore ?

Zara. There, he ; your prisoner, and that was my slave.

King. How ? better than my hopes ? does she accuse him ? *(Aside.)*

Zara. Am I become so low by my captivity,
And do your arms so lessen what they conquer,
That *Zara* must be made the sport of slaves ?
And shall the wretch, whom yester' sun beheld
Waiting my nod, the creature of my pow'r,
Presume to—— day to plead audacious love,
And build bold hopes on my dejected fate ?

King. Better for him to tempt the rage of heav'n,
And wrench the bolt red-hissing from the hand
Of him that thunders, than but think that insolence.
'Tis daring for a god. Hence, to the wheel
With that *Ixion*, who aspires to hold
Divinity embrac'd ; to whips and prisons
Drag him with speed, and rid me of his face.

(Guards seize Osmyn.)

Zara. Compassion led me to bemoan his state,
Whose former fate had merited much more :
And through my hopes in you, I undertook
He should be set at large ; thence sprung his insolence,
And what was charity, he constru'd love.

King. Enough ; his punishment be what you please.
But let me lead you from this place of sorrow,
To one, where young delights attend ; and joys
Yet new, unborn, and blooming in the bud,
Which wait to be full-blown at your approach,
And spread like roses to the morning sun :
Where ev'ry hour shall roll in circling joys,
And love shall wing the tedious-wasting day.
Life without love is load ; and time stands still :
What we refuse to him, to death we give ;
And then, then only, when we love we live.

The End of the Second Act.



A C T III. S C E N E I.

*A Prison.*OSMYN *alone with a Paper.*

O S M Y N.

BUT now, I was clos'd within the tomb
That holds my father's ashes ; and but now,
Where he was pris'ner I am too imprison'd.
Sure 'tis the hand of heav'n that leads me thus,
And for some purpose points out these remembrances.
In a dark corner of my cell I found
This paper, what it is this light will shew.

If my Alphonso——Ha ! (Reading.

*If my Alphonso live, restore him, heav'n ;
Give me more weight, crush my declining years
With bolts, with chains, imprisonment and want ;
But bless my son, visit not him for me.*

It is his hand ; this was his pray'r——yet more :
Let ev'ry hair, which sorrow by the roots (Reading.

Tears from my hoary and devoted head,

Be doubled in thy mercies to my son :

Not for my self, but him ; hear me, all gracious ——

'Tis wanting what shou'd follow—*Heav'n shou'd follow,*

But 'tis torn off——Why shou'd that word alone

Be torn from his petition ? 'twas to heav'n,

But heav'n was deaf, heav'n heard him not ; but thus,

'Thus as the name of heav'n from this is torn,

So did it tear the ears of mercy from

His voice, shutting the gates of pray'r against him.

If piety be thus debarr'd access

On high, and of good men the very best

Is singled out to bleed and bear the scourge,

What is reward ? or what is punishment ?

But who shall dare to tax eternal justice !

Yet

The MOURNING BRIDE. 311

Yet I may think——I may, I must ; for thought
 Precedes the will to think, and error lives
 E're reason can be born. Reason, the power
 To guess at right and wrong ; the twinkling lamp
 Of wand'ring life, that winks and wakes by turns,
 Fooling the follower, betwixt shade and shining.
 What noise ! who's there ? my friend ! how cam'st thou
 hither ?

S C E N E II.

OSMYN, HELI.

Heli. The time's too precious to be spent in telling ;
 The captain, influenc'd by *Almeria's* power,
 Gave order to the guards for my admittance.

Osm. How does *Almeria* ? but I know, she is,
 As I am. Tell me, may I hope to see her ?

Heli. You may ; anon, at midnight when the king
 Is gone to rest, and *Garcia* is retir'd,
 (Who takes the privilege to visit late,
 Presuming on a bridegroom's right) she'll come.

Osm. She'll come ! 'tis what I wish, yet what I fear.
 She'll come ; but whither, and to whom ? O heav'n !
 To a vile prison, and a captiv'd wretch ;
 To one, whom had she never known she had
 Been happy : why, why was that heav'nly creature
 Abandon'd o'er to love what heav'n forsakes ?
 Why does she follow, with unwearied steps,
 One who has tir'd misfortune with pursuing ?
 One, driv'n about the world like blasted leaves
 And chaff, the sport of adverse winds ; 'till late
 At length, imprison'd in some cleft of rock,
 Or earth, it rests, and rots to silent dust.

Heli. Have hopes, and hear the voice of better fate,
 I've learn'd there are disorders ripe for mutiny
 Among the troops, who thought to share the plunder,
 Which *Manuel* to his own use and avarice
 Converts. This news has reach'd *Valentia's* frontiers ;
 Where many of your subjects, long oppress'd
 With tyranny and grievous impositions,

Are

Are risen in arms, and call for chiefs to head
And lead 'em, to regain their rights and liberty.

Osm. By heav'n thou'lt rous'd me from my lethargy,
The spirit which was deaf to my own wrongs,
And the loud cries of my dead father's blood ;
Deaf to revenge ———— nay, which refus'd to hear
The piercing sighs and murmurs of my love
Yet unenjoy'd ; what not *Almeria* could
Revive, or raise, my people's voice has waken'd.
O my *Antonio*, I am all on fire,
My soul is up in arms, ready to charge
And bear amidst the foe, with conqu'ring troops.
I hear 'em call to lead 'em on to liberty,
To victory ; their shouts and clamours rend
My ears, and reach the heav'ns ; where is the king ?
Where is *Alphonso* ? ha ! where ? where indeed ?
O I could tear and brust the strings of life,
To break those chains. Off, off, ye stains of royalty.
Off, slavery. O curse ! that I alone
Can beat and flutter in my cage, when I
Would soar and stoop at victory beneath.

Heli. Our posture of affairs, and scanty time,
My lord, require you should compose your self,
And think on what we may reduce to practice.
Zara, the cause of your restraint, may be
The means of liberty restor'd. That gain'd,
Occasion will not fail to point out ways
For your escape. Mean time, I've thought already
With speed and safety, to convey my self
Where not far off some male-contents hold council
Nightly ; who hate this tyrant ; some, who love
Anselmo's memory, and will, for certain,
When they shall know you live, assist your cause.

Osm. My friend and counsellor, as thou think'st fit,
So do, I will with patience wait my fortune.

Heli. When *Zara* comes, abate of your aversion.

Osm. I hate her not, nor can disemble love :
But as I may I'll do. I have a paper
Which I would shew thee, friend, but that the fight
Would hold thee here, and clog thy expedition,
Within I found it, by my father's hand

'Twas

'Twas writ ; a pray'r for me, wherein appears
Paternal love prevailing o'er his sorrows ;
Such sanctity, such tenderness, so mix'd
With grief, as wou'd draw tears from inhumanity.

Heli. The care of providence sure left it there,
To arm your mind with hope. Such piety
Was never heard in vain : heav'n has in store
For you, those blessings it with-held from him.
In that assurance live ; which time, I hope,
And our next meeting will confirm.

Osm. Farewel,
My friend ; the good thou dost deserve attend thee.

S C E N E III.

OSMYN, alone.

I've been to blame, and question'd with impiety
The care of heav'n. Not so my father bore
More anxious grief. This should have better taught me :
'This lesson, in some hour of inspiration,
By him set down ; when his pure thoughts were born,
Like fumes of sacred incense o'er the clouds,
And wafted thence, on angel's wings, thro' ways
Of light, to the bright source of all. For there
He in the book of prescience saw this day ;
And waking to the world and mortal sense,
Left this example of his resignation,
This his last legacy to me, which, here,
I'll treasure, as more worth than diadems,
Or all extended rule of regal pow'r.

S C E N E IV.

OSMYN, ZARA veil'd.

Osm. What brightness breaks upon me thus thro' shades,
And promises a day to this dark dwelling ?
Is it my love ? —————

Zara. O that thy heart had taught (*Lifting her up Veil.*
Thy tongue that saying.

Osm. *Zara!* I am betray'd
By my surprise.

Zara.

Zara! What, does my face displease thee?
 That having seen it, thou dost turn thy eyes
 Away, as from deformity and horror.
 If so, this sable curtain shall again
 Be drawn, and I will stand before thee seeing,
 And unseen. Is it my love? ask again
 That question, speak again in that soft voice,
 And look again with wishes in thy eyes.
 O no, thou canst not, for thou seest me now,
 As she whose savage breast has been the cause
 Of these thy wrongs; as she, whose barbarous rage
 Has loaden thee with chains and galling irons:
 Well dost thou scorn me, and upbraid my falseness:
 Could one who lov'd, thus torture whom she lov'd?
 No, no, it must be hatred, dire revenge,
 And detestation, that cou'd use thee thus.
 So thou dost think; then do but tell me so;
 Tell me, and thou shall see how I'll revenge
 Thee on this false one, how I'll stab and tear
 This heart of flint 'till it shall bleed; and thou
 Shalt weep for mine, forgetting thy own miseries.

Osm. You wrong me beauteous *Zara*, to believe
 I bear my fortunes with so low a mind,
 As still to meditate revenge on all,
 Whom chance or fate, working by secret causes,
 Has made per-force subservient to that end
 The heav'nly pow'rs allot me; no, not you,
 But destiny and inauspicious stars
 Have cast me down to this low being: or,
 Granting you had, from you I have deserv'd it.

Zara. Canst thou forgive me then? wilt thou believe
 So kindly of my fault, to call it madness?
 O, give that madness yet a milder name,
 And call it passion; then be still more kind,
 And call that passion love

Osm. Give it a name,
 Or being as you please, such I will think it.

Zara. O thou dost wound me more with this thy goodness,
 Than e'er thou could'st with bitterest reproaches;
 Thy anger could not pierce thus to my heart.

Osm. Yet I could wish —————

Zara.

Zara. Haste me to know it : what ?

Osm. That at this time I had not been this thing.

Zara. What thing ?

Osm. This slave.

Zara. O heav'n ! my fears interpret
This thy silence ; somewhat of high concern,
Long fashioning within thy labouring mind,
And now just ripe for birth, my rage has ruin'd.
Have I done this ? tell me, am I so curs'd ?

Osm. Time may have still one fated hour to come,
Which wing'd with liberty, might overtake
Occasion past.

Zara. Swift as occasion, I
My self will fly ; and earlier than the morn
Wake thee to freedom. Now 'tis late ; and yet
Some news few minutes past arriv'd, which seem'd
To shake the temper of the king——who knows
What wracking cares disease a monarch's bed ?
Or love, that late at night still lights his lamp,
And strikes his rays thro' dusk and folded lids,
Forbidding rest, may stretch his eyes awake,
And force their balls abroad at this dead hour.
I'll try.

Osm. I have not merited this grace ;
Nor, shou'd my secret purpose take effect,
Can I repay, as you require, such benefits.

Zara. Thou canst not owe me more, nor have I more
To give, than I've already lost. But now,
So does the form of our engagement rests,
Thou hast the wrong ; I 'till redeem thee hence ;
That done, I leave thy justice to return
My love. Adieu.

S C E N E V.

OSMYN *alone.*

This woman has a soul
Of god-like mould, intrepid and commanding,
And challenges, in spite of me, my best
Esteem ; to this she's fair, few more can boast
Of personal charms, or with less vanity
Might hope to captivate the hearts of kings.

But

316 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

But she has passions which out-strip the wind.
And tear her virtues up, as tempests root
The sea. I fear when she shall know the truth,
Some swift and dire event of her blind rage
Will make all fatal. But behold she comes
For whom I fear, to shield me from my fears.
The cause and comfort of my boding heart.

SCENE VI.

ALMERIA, OSMYN.

Osm. My life, my health, my liberty, my all!
How shall I welcome thee to this sad place?
How speak to thee the words of joy and transport?
How run into thy arms with-held by fetters;
Or take thee into mine, while I'm thus manacled
And pinion'd like a thief or murderer?
Shall I not hurt and bruise thy tender body,
And stain thy bosom with the rust of these
Rude irons! must I meet thee thus, *Almeria*?

Alm. Thus, thus; we parted, thus to meet again.
Thou told'st me thou would'st think how we might meet
To part no more——now we will part no more;
For these thy chains or death, shall join us ever.

Osm. Hard means to ratify that word!——O cruelty,
That ever I should think beholding thee
A torture!——yet such is the bleeding anguish
Of my heart, to see thy sufferings——O heav'n!
That I could almost turn my eyes away,
Or wish thee from my sight.

Alm. O! say not so?
Tho' 'tis because thou lov'st me: do not say,
On any terms, that thou dost wish me from thee.
No, no, 'tis better thus, that we together
Feed on each other's heart, devour our woes
With mutual appetite; and mingling in
One cup the common stream of both our eyes,
Drink bitter draughts, with never slackening thirst.
Thus better, than for any cause to part.
What dost thou think? look not so tenderly
Upon me——speak, and take me in thy arms——
Thou canst not! thy poor arms are bound, and strive

In

In vain with the remorseless chains, which gnaw
And eat into thy flesh, fest'ring thy limbs
With rankling rust.

Osm. Oh ; O——

Alm. Give me that sigh.

Why dost thou heave, and stifle in thy griefs ?
Thy heart will burst, thy eyes look red and start ;
Give thy soul way, and tell me thy dark thought.

Osm. For this world's rule, I would not wound thy
breast

With such a dagger as then stuck my heart.

Alm. Why ? why ? to know it, cannot wound me
more,

Than knowing thou hast felt it : tell it me

—— Thou giv'st me pain with too much tenderness !

Osm. And thy excessive love distracts my sense !

O woud'st thou be less killing, soft or kind,
Grief cou'd not double thus his darts against me.

Alm. Thou dost me wrong, and grief too robs my
heart,

If there he shoot not ev'ry other shaft ;
Thy second self shou'dst feel each other wound,
And woe shou'd be in equal portions dealt.

I am thy wife——

Osm. O thou hast search'd too deep :

There, there I bleed ; there pull the cruel cords,
That strain my cracking nerves ! engines and wheels,
That piece-meal grind, are beds of down and balm
To that soul-racking thought.

Alm. Then I am curs'd

Indeed, if that be so ; if I'm thy torment,
Kill me, then kill me, dash me with thy chains,
Tread on me ; what, am I the bosom snake,
That sucks thy warm life-blood, and gnaws thy heart ?
O that thy words had force to break those bonds,
As they have strength to tear this heart in sunder !
So shou'dst thou be at large from all oppression.
Am I, am I of all thy woes the worst ?

Osm. My all of bliss, my everlasting life,
Soul of my soul, and end of all my wishes,
Why dost thou thus unman me with thy words,

And

318 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

And melt me down to mingle with thy weepings?
Why dost thou ask? why dost thou talk thus piercingly?
Thy sorrows have disturb'd thy peace of mind,
And thou dost speak of miseries impossible. (balm,

Alm. Didst thou not say that racks and wheels were
And beds of ease, to thinking me thy wife?

Osm. No, no; nor shou'd the subtlest pains that hell,
Or hell-born malice can invent, extort
A wish or thought from me, to have thee other.
But thou wilt know what harrows up my heart:
Thou art my wife——nay, thou art yet my bride,
The sacred union of connubial love
Yet unaccomplish'd; his mysterious rites
Delay'd; nor has our hymeneal torch
Yet lighted up his last most grateful sacrifice;
But dash'd with rain from eyes, and swail'd with sighs,
Burns dim and glimmers with expiring light.
Is this dark cell a temple for that god?
Or this vile earth an altar for such off'rings?
This den for slaves, this dungeon damp'd with woes;
Is this our marriage-bed! are these our joys!
Is this to call thee mine? O hold my heart!
To call thee mine? yes; thus, ev'n thus, to call
Thee mine, were comfort, joy, extreamest ecstasie.
But O! thou art not mine, not ev'n in misery;
And 'tis deny'd to me to be so bless'd,
As to be wretched with thee.

Alm. No; not that
Th' extreamest malice of our fate can hinder:
That still is left us, and on that we'll feed,
As on the leavings of calamity.
There we will feast and smile on past distress,
And hug, in scorn of it, our mutual ruin.

Osm. O thou dost talk, my love, as one resolv'd,
Because not knowing danger. But look forward;
Think on to-morrow, when thou shalt be torn
From these weak, struggling, unextended arms;
Think how my heart will heave, and eyes will strain,
To grasp and reach what is deny'd my hands:
Think how the blood will start, and tears will gush
To follow thee. My separating soul.

Think

The MOURNING BRIDE. 319

Think how I am, when thou shalt wed with *Garcia* ;
Then will I smear these walls with blood, disfigure
And dash my face, and rive my clotted hair.
Break on the flinty floor my throbbing breast,
And grovel with gash'd hands to scratch a grave.
Stripping my nails to tear this pavement up,
And bury me alive.

Alm. Heart-breaking horror !

Ofm. Then *Garcia* shall lye panting on thy bosom,
Luxurious, revelling amidst thy charms ;
And thou per-force must yield, and aid his transport.
Hell ! hell ! have I cause not to rage and rave ?
What are all racks, and wheels, and whips to this ?
Are they not soothing softness, sinking ease,
And wafting air to this ? O my *Almeria* !
What do the damn'd endure, but to despair,
But knowing heav'n, to know it lost for ever ?

Alm. O I am struck ; thy words are bolts of ice,
Which shot into my breast, now melt and chill me.
I chatter, shake, and faint with thrilling fears.
No, hold me not——O, let us us not support,
But sink each other, deeper yet, down, down,
Where levell'd low, no more we'll lift our eyes,
But prone, and dumb, rot the firm face of earth
With rivers of incessant scalding rain.

S C E N E VII.

ZARA, PEREZ, SELYM, OSMYN, ALMERIA.

Zara. Somewhat of weight to me requires his freedom.

Dare you dispute the king's command ? behold
The royal signet.

Per. I obey ; yet beg
Your majesty one moment to defer
Your entring, till the princess is return'd
From visiting the noble prisoner.

Zara. Ha ;
What say'st thou ?

Ofm. We are lost ! undone ! discover'd !
Retire, my life, with speed——alas, we're seen :

Speak

320 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

Speak of compassion, let her hear you speak
Of interceding for me with the king;
Say somewhat quickly to conceal our loves
If possible——

Alm. —— I cannot speak.

Osm. Let me

Conduct you forth, as not perceiving her,
But till she's gone; then bless me thus again.

Zara. Trembling and weeping as he leads her forth!
Confusion in his face, and grief in hers!
'Tis plain, I've been abus'd——death and destruction!
How shall I search into this mystery!
The bluest blast of pestilential air
Strike, damp, deaden her charms, and kill his eyes;
Perdition catch 'em both, and ruin part 'em.

Osm. This charity to one unknown, and thus

[*Aloud to Almeria as she goes out.*

Distress'd heav'n will repay; all thanks are poor.

S C E N E VIII.

ZARA, SELIM, OSMYN.

Zara. Damn'd, damn'd dissembler! yet I will be calm,
Choak in my rage, and know the utmost depth
Of this deceiver——you seem much surpriz'd.

Osm. At your return so soon and unexpected!

Zara. And so unwish'd, unwanted too it seems.
Confusion! yet I will contain my self.
You're grown a favourite since last we parted;
Perhaps I'm fawcy and intruding——

Osm. —— Madam!

Zara. I did not know the princess favourite;
Your pardon, Sir——mistake me not; you think
I'm angry; you're deceiv'd. I came to set
You free; but shall return much better pleas'd,
To find you have an interest superior.

Osm. You do not come to mock my miseries?

Zar. I do.

Osm. I could at this time spare your mirth.

Zara. I know thou could'st; but I am not often pleas'd,
And will indulge it now. What miseries?

Who

The Mourning Bride. 321

Who wou'd not be thus happily confin'd,
To be the care of weeping majesty?
To have contending queens at dead of night,
Forſake their down, to wake with watry eyes,
And watch like tapers o'er your hours of reſt.
O curſe! I cannot hold——

Oſm. Come, 'tis too much.

Zara. Villain!

Oſm. How, madam!

Zara. Thou ſhalt die.

Oſm. I thank you.

Zara. Thou ly'ſt; for now I know for whom thou'd'ſt
live.

Oſm. Then you may know for whom I'd die.

Zara. Hell! hell!

Yet I'll be calm——dark and unknown betrayer!
But now the dawn begins, and the ſlow hand
Of fate is ſtretch'd to draw the veil, and leave
Thee bare, the naked mark of publick view.

Oſm. You may be ſtill deceiv'd, 'tis in my pow'r.

Zara. Who waits there? as you'll answer it, look,
this ſlave *(To the Guard.*

Attempt no means to make himſelf away.
I've been deceiv'd. The publick ſafety now
Requires he thou'd be more confin'd, and none,
No, not the princeſs, ſuffer'd or to ſee,
Or ſpeak with him. I'll quit you to the king.
Vile and ingrate? too late thou ſhalt repent
The baſe injuſtice thou haſt done my love:
Yes, thou ſhalt know, ſpite of thy paſt diſtreſs,
And all thoſe ills which thou ſo long haſt mourn'd;
Heav'n has no rage, like love to hatred turn'd,
Nor hell a fury, like a woman ſcorn'd.

The End of the Third Act.

A C T



ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

ZARA, SELIM.

Zara. **T**Hou hast already rack'd me with thy stay ;
Therefore require me not to ask thee twice :
Reply at once to all. What is concluded ?

Sel. Your accusation highly has incens'd
The king, and were alone enough to urge
The fate of *Osmyr* ; but to that, fresh news
Is since arriv'd, of more revolted troops.
'Tis certain *Heli* too is fled, and with him
(Which breeds amazement and distraction) some
Who bore high offices of weight and trust,
Both in the state and army. This confirms
The king in full belief of all you told him,
Concerning *Osmyr*, and his correspondence
With them who first began the mutiny.
Wherefore a warrant for his death is sign'd,
And order given for publick execution.

Zara. Ha ! hast thee ! fly, prevent his fate and mine ;
Find out the king, tell him I have of weight
More than his crown t' impart e're *Osmyr* die.

Sel. It needs not, for the king will strait be here,
And as to your revenge, not his own int'rest,
Pretend to sacrifice the life of *Osmyr*.

Zara. What shall I say ; invent, contrive, advise
Somewhat to blind the king, and save his life
In whom I live. Spite of my rage and pride,
I am a woman and a lover still.

O ! 'tis more grief but to suppose his death,
Than still to meet the rigour of his scorn.
From my despair my anger had its source ;

When

When he is dead I must despair for ever.
For ever ! that's despair——it was distrust
Before ; distrust will ever be in love,
And anger is distrust, both short liv'd pains.
But in despair, and ever-during death,
No term, no bound, but infinite of woe.
O torment, but to think ! what then to bear ?
Not to be born—devise the means to shun it,
Quick ; or, by heav'n, this dagger drinks thy blood.

Sel. My life is yours, nor wish I to preserve it,
But to serve you. I have already thought.

Zara. Forgive my rage ; I know thy love and truth.
But say, what's to be done ; or when, or how
Shall I prevent, or stop th' approaching danger ?

Sel. You must still seem more resolute and fix'd
On *Osmyn's* death ; too quick a change of mercy,
Might breed suspicion of the cause. Advise,
That execution may be done in private.

Zara. On what pretence ?

Sel. Your own request's enough.

However, for a colour, tell him, you
Have cause, to fear his guards may be corrupted,
And some of them bought off to *Osmyn's* int'rest,
Who, at the place of execution, will
Attempt to force his way for an escape.
The state of things will countenance all suspicions.
Then offer to the king to have him strangled
In secret by your mutes ; and get an order
That none but mutes may have admittance to him.
I can no more, the king is here. Obtain
This grant——and I'll acquaint you with the rest.

S C E N E II.

KING, GONSALEZ, PEREZ, ZARA, SELIM.

King. Bear to the dungeon those rebellious slaves,
Th' ignoble curs, that yelp to fill the cry.
And spend their mouths in barking tyranny.
But for their leaders, *Sancho* and *Ramirez*,
Let 'em be led away to present death.
Perez, see it perform'd.

Conf.

324 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

Gonf. Might I presume,
Their execution better were deferr'd,
'Till *Osmyn* die. Mean time we may learn more
Of this conspiracy.

King. Then be it so.
Stay, soldier; they shall suffer with the *Moor*.
Are none return'd of those who follow'd *Heli*?

Gonf. None, Sir. Some papers have been since disco-
ver'd

In *Roderigo's* house, who fled with him,
Which seem to intimate, as if *Alphonso*
Were still alive, and arming in *Valentia*,
Which wears indeed this colour of a truth,
They who are fled have that way bent their course.
Of the same nature divers notes have been
Dispers'd, t' amuse the people; whereupon
Some ready of belief have rais'd this rumour:
That being sav'd upon the coast of *Africk*,
He there disclos'd himself to *Albucacim*,
And by a secret compact made with him,
Open'd and urg'd the way to this invasion;
While he himself, returning to *Valentia*
In private, undertook to raise this tumult.

Zara. Ha! hear'st thou that? Is *Osmyn* then *Alphonso*!
O heav'n! a thousand things occur at once
To my remembrance now, that make it plain.
O certain death for him, as sure despair
For me; if it be known——If not, what hope
Have I? yet 'twere the lowest baseness, now
To yield him up——no, I will still conceal him,
And try the force of yet more obligations.

Gonf. 'Tis not impossible. Yet, it may be
That some impostor has usurp'd his name.
Your beauteous captive *Zara* can inform.
If such a one, so 'scaping, was receiv'd,
At any time, in *Albucacim's* court.

King. Pardon, fair excellence, this long neglect:
An unforeseen, unwelcome hour of business,
Has thrust between us, and our while of love;
But wearing now apace with ebbing sand,
Will quickly waste, and give again the day.

Zara.

The MOURNING BRIDE. 325

Zara. You're too secure: the danger is more imminent
Than your high courage suffers you to see,
While *Osmyn* lives, you are not safe.

King. His doom
Is pass'd; If you revoke it not, he dies.

Zara. 'Tis well. By what I heard upon your entrance,
I find I can unfold what yet concerns
You more. One who did call himself *Alphonso*
Was upon my coast, as is reported,
And oft had private conference with the king;
To what effect I knew not then. But he,
Alphonso, secretly departed, just
About the time our arms embark'd for *Spain*,
What I know more, is that a tripple league
Of strictest friendship, was profess'd between
Alphonso, *Heli*, and the traitor *Osmyn*.

King. Publick report is ratify'd in this.

Zara. And *Osmyn*'s death requir'd of strong necessity.

King. Give order strait that all the pris'ners die.

Zara. Forbear a moment; somewhat more I have
Worthy your private ear, and this your minister.

King. Let all except *Gonsalez* leave the room.

S C E N E III.

KING, GONSALEZ, ZARA, SELIM.

Zara. I am your captive, and you've us'd me nobly;
And in return of that, tho' otherwise
Your enemy, I have discover'd *Osmyn*
His private practice and conspiracy
Against your state: and fully to discharge
My self of what I've undertaken, now
I think it fit to tell you, that your guards
Are tainted; some among 'em have resolv'd
To rescue *Osmyn* at the place of death.

King. Is treason then so near us as our guards!

Zara. Most; certain tho' my knowledge is not yet.
So ripe to point at the particular men.

King. What's to be done?

Zara. That too I will advise.
I have remaining in my train some mutes,

326 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

A present once from the *Sultana* Queen,
In the *Grand Signor's* court. These, from their infancy,
Are practis'd in the trade of death; and shall
(As there the custom is) in private strangle

Osmyn.

Gonf. My lord, the queen advises well.

King. What off'ring, or what recompence remains
In me, that can be worthy so great services?
To cast beneath your feet the crown you've sav'd,
Tho' on the head that wears it, were too little.

Zara. Of that hereafter; but, mean time, 'tis fit
You give strict charge, that none may be admitted
To see the pris'ner, but such mutes as I
Shall send.

King. Who waits there?

S C E N E IV.

KING, GONSALEZ. ZARA, SELIM, PEREZ.

King. On your life take heed,
That only *Zara's* mutes, or such who bring
Her warrant, have admittance to the *Moor*.

Zara. They and no other, not the princess self.

Perez. Your majesty shall be obey'd.

King. Retire.

S C E N E V.

KING, GONSALEZ, ZARA, SELIM,

Gonf. That interdiction so particular,
Pronounc'd with vehemence against the princels,
Shou'd have more meaning than appears barefac'd.
The king is blinded by his love, and heeds
It not——Your majesty sure might have spar'd
That last restraint; you hardly can suspect
The princess is confederate with the *Moor*.

Zara. I've heard, her charity did once extend
So far, to visit him, at his request.

Gonf. Ha!

King. How? she visit *Osmyn*! what, my daughter?

Sel. Madam, take heed; or you have ruin'd all.

Zara.

Zara. And after did solicit you on his
Behalf——

King. Never. You have been mis-inform'd.

Zara. Indeed? than 'twas a whisper spread by some,
Who wish'd it so; a common art in courts.
I will retire, and instantly prepare
Instruction for my ministers of death.

S C E N E VI.

KING, GONSALEZ.

Gonf. There's somewhat yet of mystery in this;
Her words and actions are obscure and double,
Sometimes concur, and sometimes disagree;
I like it not.

King. What dost thou think, *Gonsalez*;
Are we not much indebted to this fair one?

Gonf. I am a little flow of credit, Sir,
In the sincerity of women's actions,
Methinks this lady's hatred to the *Moor*
Disquiets her too much; which makes it seem
As if she'd rather that she did not hate him.
I wish her mutes are meant to be employ'd
As she pretends——I doubt it now——your guards
Corrupted; how? by whom? who told her so?
I'th' evening *Osmyn* was to die; at midnight
She begg'd the royal signet to release him;
I'th' morning he must die again e're noon
Her mutes alone must strangle him, or he'll
Escape. This put together suits not well.

King. Yet, that there's truth in what she hath discover'd,
Is manifest from every circumstance.
This tumult, and the lords who fled with *Heli*,
Are confirmation——that *Alphonso* lives,
Agrees expressly too with her report.

Gonf. I grant it, Sir; and doubt not, but in rage
Of Jealousie, she has discover'd what
She now repents. It may be I'm deceiv'd.
But why that needless caution of the princess?
What if she had seen *Osmyn*? tho' 'twere strange.
But if she had, what was't to her? unless

328 *The* MOURNING BRIDE.

She fear'd her stronger charms might cause the *Moor's*.
Affection to revolt.

King. I thank thee, friend.
There's reason in thy doubt, and I am warn'd.
But think'st thou that my daughter saw this *Moor*.

Gonf. If *Osmyn* be, as *Zara* has related,
Alphonso's friend; 'tis not impossible,
But she might wish on his account to see him.

King. Say'st thou? by heaven thou hast rous'd a thought,
That like a sudden earthquake shakes my frame.
Confusion! then my daughter's an accomplice,
And plots in private with this hellish *Moor*.

Gonf. That were too hard a thought---but see she comes.
'Twere not amiss to question her a little,
And try howe'er, if I've divin'd aright.
If what I fear be true, she'll be concern'd
For *Osmyn's* death, as he's *Alphonso's* friend.
Urge that, to try if she'll solicit for him.

S C E N E VII.

KING, GONSALEZ, ALMERIA, LEONORA,

King. Your coming has prevented me, *Almeria*;
I had determin'd to have sent for you.
Let your attendant be dismiss'd; I have

(*Leonora retires.*)

To talk with you. Come near; why dost thou shake?
What mean those swell'd and red-fleck'd eyes, that look
As they had wept in blood, and worn the night
In waking anguish? why this on the day
Which was design'd to celebrate thy nuptials:
But that the beams of light are to be stain'd
With reeking gore, from traytors on the rack?
Wherefore I have deferr'd the marriage-rites,
Nor shall the guilty horrors of this day
Prophane that jubilee.

Alm. All days to me
Henceforth are equal; this the day of death,
To morrow, and the next, and each that follows,
Will undistinguish'd roll, and but prolong
One hated line of more extended woe.

King.

King. Whence is thy grief? give me to know the cause,
And look thou answer me with truth; for know,
I am not unacquainted with thy falshood.

Why art thou mute? base and degenerate maid!

Gonf. Dear madam, speak, or you'll incense the king.

Alm. What is't to speak? or wherefore shou'd I speak?
What mean these tears, but grief unutterable?

King. They are the dumb confessions of thy mind;
They mean thy guilt; and say thou wert confed'rate
With damn'd conspirators to take my life.

O impious paricide! now canst thou speak?

Alm. O earth, behold, I kneel upon thy bosom,
And bend my flowing eyes, to stream upon
Thy face, imploring thee that thou wilt yield;
Open thy bowels of compassion, take
Into thy womb the last and most forlorn
Of all thy race. Hear me, thou common parent;
—— I have no parent else —— be thou a mother,
And step between me and the curse of him,
Who was —— who was, but is no more a father,
But brands my innocence with horrid crimes;
And for the tender names of child and daughter,
Now calls me murderer and paricide.

King. Rise, I command thee rise —— and if thou
wou'dst

Acquit thy self of those detested names,
Swear thou hast never seen that foreign dog,
Now doom'd to die, that most accursed *Osmyr*.

Alm. Never, but as with innocence I might,
And free of all bad purposes. So heav'n's
My witness.

King. Vile equivocating wretch!
With innocence? O patience! hear — she owns it!
Confesses it! by heav'n I'll have him rack'd,
Torn, mangled, flay'd, impal'd. — all pains and tortures
That wit of man and dire revenge can think,
Shall he accumulated under-bear.

Alm. Oh, I am lost —— there fate begins to wound.

King. Hear me; then, if thou canst, reply; know, traitress,
I'm not to learn that curs'd *Alphonso* lives;
Nor am I ignorant what *Osmyr* is. ——

330 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

Alm. Then all is ended and we both must die.
 Since thou'rt reveal'd, alone thou shalt not die.
 And yet alone wou'd I have dy'd, heav'n knows,
 Repeated deaths, rather than have reveal'd thee.
 Yes, all my father's wounding wrath, tho' each
 Reproach cuts deeper than the keenest sword,
 And cleaves my heart; I wou'd have born it all,
 Nay, all the pains that are prepar'd for thee:
 To the remorseless rack I wou'd have giv'n
 This weak and tender flesh, to have been bruise'd
 And torn, rather than have reveal'd thy being.

King. Hell, hell! do I hear this, and yet endure!
 What, dar'st thou to my face avow thy guilt?
 Hence, e're I curse—fly my just rage with speed;
 Lest I forget us both, and spurn thee from me.

Alm. And yet a father! think I am your child.
 Turn not your eyes away—look on me kneeling;
 Now curse me if you can, now spurn me off.
 Did ever father curse his kneeling child!
 Never: for always blessings crown that posture.
 Nature inclines, and half-way meets that duty,
 Stooping to raise from earth the filial reverence;
 For bended knees returning folding arms,
 With pray'rs, and blessings, and paternal love.
 O hear me then, thus crawling on the earth——

King. Be thou advis'd, and let me go, while yet
 The light impression thou hast made remains.

Alm. No, never will I rise, nor loose this hold,
 'Till you are mov'd, and grant that he may live.

King. Ha! who may live? take heed, no more of that?
 For on my soul he dies, tho' thou, and I,
 And all shou'd follow to partake his doom.

Away, off, let me go.—— Call her attendants.

(*Leonora and women return.*)

Alm. Drag me, harrow the earth with my bare bosom
 I'll not let go till you have spar'd my husband.

King. Ha! what say'st thou? husband! husband!
 damnation!

What husband? which? who?

Alm. He, he is my husband.

King. Poison and daggers! who?

Alm.

The MOURNING BRIDE. 331

Alm. O——

(Faints.)

Gonf. Help, support her.

Alm. Let me go, let me fall, sink deep——I'll dig,
I'll dig a grave, and tear up death; I will;
I'll scrape 'till I collect his rotten bones,
And cloath their nakedness with my own flesh;
Yes, I will strip off life, and we will change:
I will be death; then tho' you kill my husband
He shall be mine, still and for ever mine.

King. What husband? who? whom dost thou mean?

Gonf. She raves!

Alm. O that I did. *Osmyn*, he is my husband.

King. *Osmyn*!

Alm. Not *Osmyn*, but *Alphonso* is my dear
And wedded husband——heav'n, and air, and seas,
Ye winds and waves, I call ye all to witness.

King. Wilder than winds or waves thy self dost rave.
Should I hear more, I too shou'd catch thy madness.
Yet somewhat she must mean of dire import,
Which I'll not hear, 'till I am more at peace.
Watch her returning sense, and bring me word:
And look that she attempt not on her life.

S C E N E VIII.

ALMERIA, GONSALEZ, LEONORA, *Attendants*.

Alm. O stay, yet stay; hear me, I am not mad.
I wou'd to heav'n I were——He's gone.

Gonf. Have comfort.

Alm. Curs'd be that tongue, that bids me be of com-
fort;

Curs'd my own tongue, that could not move his pity;
Curs'd these weak hands that could not hold him here;
For he is gone to doom *Alphonso's* death.

Gonf. Your too excessive grief works on your fancy,
And deludes your sense. *Alphonso*, if living,
Is far from hence, beyond your father's power.

Alm. Hence, thou detested, ill-tim'd flatterer;
Source of my woes: thou and thy race be curs'd;
But doubly thou, who cou'dst alone have policy

And fraud, to find the fatal secret out,
And know that *Osmyn* was *Alphonso*.

Gonf. Ha!

Alm. Why dost thou start? what dost thou see or hear?
Was it the doleful bell, tolling for death?
Or dying groans from my *Alphonso's* breast?
See, see, look yonder! where a grizzled, pale,
And gaffly head glares by, all smear'd with blood,
Gasping as it would speak; and after, see!
Behold a damp, dead hand has dropp'd a dagger:
I'll catch it——Hark! a voice cries murder! ha!
My father's voice! hollow it sounds and calls
Me from the tomb——I'll follow it; for there
I shall again behold my dear *Alphonso*.

S C E N E IX.

GONSALEZ alone.

She's greatly griev'd; nor am I less surpriz'd.
Osmyn Alphonso! no; she over-rates
My policy: I ne'er suspected it:
Nor now had known it, but from her mistake,
Her husband too! ha! where is *Garcia* then?
And where the crown that shou'd descend on him,
'To grace the line of my posterity?
Hold, let me think——if I shou'd tell the King——
Things come to this extremity? his daughter
Wedded already——what if he shou'd yield?
Knowing no remedy for what is past;
And urg'd by nature pleading for his child,
With which he seems to be already shaken.
And tho' I know he hates beyond the grave
Anselmo's race; yet if——that if concludes me.
'To doubt, when I may be assur'd, is folly.
But how prevent the captive queen, who means
'To set him free? ay, now 'tis plain; O well
Invented tale! he was *Alphonso's* friend.
'This subtle woman will amuse the king,
If I delay——'twill do——or better so.
One to my wish. *Alonzo*, thou art welcome.

S C E N E

SCENE X.

GONSALEZ, ALONZO.

Alon. The king expects your lordship.

Gonf. 'Tis no matter.

I'm not I' th' way at present, good *Alonzo*.

Alon. If't please your lordship, I'll return, and say
I have not seen you.

Gonf. Do, my best *Alonzo*.

Yet stay, I would——but go; anon will serve——

Yet I have that requires thy speedy help.

I think thou wou'dst not stop to do me service.

Alon. I am your creature.

Gonf. Say thou art my friend.

I've seen thy sword do noble execution.

Alon. All that it can your lordship shall command.

Gonf. Thanks; and I take thee at thy word, thou'lt seen,
Amongst the followers of the captive queen,
Dumb men, who make their meaning known by signs.

Alon. I have, my lord.

Gonf. Cou'd thou procure with speed
And privacy, the wearing garb of one
Of those, tho' purchas'd by his death, I'd give
Thee such reward, as shou'd exceed thy wish.

Alon. Conclude it done, where shall I wait your lord-
ship?

Gonf. At my apartment. Use thy utmost diligence;
And say I've not been seen——haste, good *Alonzo*.

So, this can hardly fail. *Alphonso* slain,

The greatest obstacle is then remov'd.

Almeria widow'd, yet again may wed;

And I yet fix the crown on *Garcia's* head.

End of the fourth Act.



ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

KING, PEREZ, ALONZO.

King. NOT to be found ? in an ill hour he's absent.
 None, say you, none ? what not the fav'rite
 Nor she her self, nor any of her mates, (eunuch ?
 Have yet requir'd admittance ?

Per. None, my lord.

King. Is *Osmyn* so dispos'd as I commanded ?

Per. Fast bound in double chains, and at full length
 He lyes supine on earth ; with as much ease
 She might remove the center of this earth,
 As loose the rivets of his bonds.

King. 'Tis well.

[*A Mute appears and seeing the King retires.*

Ha ! stop and seize that mute ; *Alonzo*, follow him,
 Ent'ring he met my eyes, and started back,
 Frighted, and fumbling one hand in his bosom,
 As to conceal th' importance of his errand.

[*Alonzo follows him, and returns with a paper.*

Alon. O bloody proof of obstinate fidelity !

King. What dost thou mean ?

Alon. Soon as I seiz'd the man,
 He snatch'd from out his bosom this——and strove
 With rash and greedy haste, at once to cram
 The morsel down his throat. I catch'd his arm,
 And hardly wrench'd his hand to wring it from him ;
 Which done, he drew his ponyard from his side,
 And on the instant plung'd it in his breast.

King. Remove the body thence e're *Zara* see it.

Alon. I'll be so bold to borrow his attire.

'Twill quit me of my promise to *Gonzalez*.

SCENE

SCENE II.

KING, PEREZ.

Per. Whate'er it is, the king's complexion turns.

King. How's this? my mortal foe beneath my roof!

(Having read the Letter.)

O, give me patience, all ye powers! No, rather

Give me new rage, implacable revenge,

And trebled fury——ha! who's there?

Per. My lord.

King. Hence, slave! how dar'st thou 'bide, to watch
and pry

Into how poor a thing a king descends;

How like thy self, when passion treads him down?

Ha! stir not, on thy life: for thou wert fix'd

And planted here to see me gorge this bait,

And lash against the hook——by heav'n, you're all

Rank traitors; thou art with the rest combin'd;

Thou knew'st that *Osmyn* was *Alphonso*, knew'st

My daughter privately with him conferr'd;

And wert the spy and pandar to their meeting.

Per. By all that's holy, I'm amaz'd——

King. Thou ly'st.

Thou art accomplice too with *Zara*; here

Where she sets down——*Still will I set thee free—*(*Reading.*

That somewhere is repeated——*I have power*

*O'er them that are thy guards—*Mark that, thou traitor.

Per. It was your majesty's command, I should
Obey her order——

King. (*Reading.*)——*And still will I set*

*Thee free, Alphonso—*hell! curs'd, curs'd *Alphonso!*

False and perfidious *Zara!* strumpet daughter!

Away, be gone, thou feeble boy, fond love,

All nature, softness, pity and compassion,

This hour I throw ye off, and entertain

Fell hate within my breast, revenge and gall.

By heav'n I'll meet, and counter-work this treachery.

Hark thee, villain, traitor——answer me, slave.

Per. My service has not merited those titles.

King.

336 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

King. Dar'st thou reply? take that——thy service?
thine? *(strikes him.)*

What's thy whole life, thy soul, thy all, to my
One moment's ease? hear my command; and look
That thou obey, or horror on thy head.
Drench me thy dagger in *Alphonso's* heart.
Why dost thou start? resolve, or——

Per. —— Sir, I will.

King. 'Tis well—that when she comes to set him free,
His teeth may grin, and mock at her remorse.

(Perez going.)

—Stay thee—I've farther thought—I'll add to this,
And give her eyes yet greater disappointment.
When thou hast ended him, bring me his robe;
And let the cell where she'll expect to see him
Be darken'd, so as to amuse the sight.
I'll be conducted thither——mark me well——
There with his turbant, and his robe array'd,
And laid along as he now lies supine,
I shall convict her to her face of falshood.
When for *Alphonso's* she shall take my hand,
And breath her sighs upon my lips for his,
Sudden I'll start, and dash her with her guilt.
But see, she, comes; I'll shun th' encounter; thou,
Follow me, and give heed too my direction.

S C E N E III.

ZARA, SELIM.

Zara. The mute not yet return'd! ha, 'twas the king?
The king that parted hence! frowning he went;
His eyes like meteors roll'd, then darted down
Their red and angry beams; as if his sight
Would like the raging dog-star, scorch the earth,
And kindle ruin in its course. Dost think
He saw me?

Sel. Yes: But then, as if he thought
His eyes had err'd he hastily recall'd
Th' imperfect look, and sternly turn'd away.

Zara. Shun me when seen! I fear thou hast undone
me.

Thy

Thy shallow artifice begets suspicion,
And, like a cobweb-veil, but thinly shades
The face of thy design ; alone disguising
What should have ne'er been seen ; imperfect mischief !
Thou like the adder, venomous and deaf,
Hast stung the traveller ; and, after hear'st
Not his pursuing voice ; ev'n where thou think'st
To hide, the rustling leaves and bended grafs
Confess and point the path which thou hast crept.
O fate of fools ! officious in contriving ;
In executing puzzled, lame, and lost.

Sel. Avert it, that thou should ever suffer
For my defect : or that the means which I
Devis'd to serve should ruin your design !
Prescience is heav'n's alone, not giv'n to man.
If I have fail'd in what has been man,
I needs must fail ; impute not as a crime
My nature's want, but punish nature in me :
I plead not for a pardon and to live,
But to be punish'd and forgiv'n. Here, strike ;
I bare my breast to meet your just revenge.

Zara. I have not leisure now to take so poor
A forfeit as thy life : somewhat of high
And more important fate requires my thought.
When I've concluded on my self, if I
Think fit, I'll leave thee my command to die.
Regard me well ; and dare not to reply
To what I give in charge ; for I'm resolv'd.
Give order, that the two remaining mutes
Attend me instantly, with each a bowl
Of such ingredients mix'd as will with speed
Benumb the living faculties, and give
Most easie and inevitable death.
Yes, *Osmyn*, yes ; be *Osmyn* or *Alphonso*,
I'll give thee freedom, if thou dar'st be free :
Such liberty as I embrace my self,
Thou shalt partake. Since fates no more afford ;
I can but die with thee to keep my word.

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

SCENE opening, *shews the Prison.*GONSALEZ *alone, disguis'd like a Mute with a Dagger.*

Gonf. Nor centinel, nor guard! the doors unbarr'd!
 And all as still, as at the noon of night!
 Sure death already has been busie here.
 There lies my way, that door too is unlock'd.

[*Looks in.*]

Ha! sure he sleeps—all's dark within, save what
 A lamp, that feebly lifts a sickly flame,
 By fits reveals—his face seems turn'd, to favour
 Th' attempt: I'll steal, and do it unperceiv'd.
 What noise! some body coming? is't *Alonzo*?
 No body? sure he'll wait without—I would
 'Twere done—I'll crawl, and sling him to the heart:
 Then cast my skin, and leave it there to answer it.

[*Goes in.*]

SCENE V.

GARCIA, ALONZO.

Gar. Where? where, *Alonzo*? where's my father?
 where

The king? confusion! all is on the rout!
 All's lost, all ruin'd by surprize and treachery.
 Where, where is he? why dost thou thus mis-lead me?

Alon. My lord, he enter'd but a moment since,
 And cou'd not pass me unperceiv'd——what, *hoa*!
 My lord, my lord, what, *hoa*! my lord *Gonsalez*!

SCENE VI.

GARCIA, ALONZO, GONSALEZ *bloody.*

Gonf. Perdition choke your clamours——whence this
 rudeness?

Garcia!

Gar. Perdition, slavery, and death,
 Are entering now your doors, where is the king?
 What means this blood? and why this face of horror?

Gonz.

Gonz. No matter——give me first to know the cause
Of these your rash and ill-tim'd exclamations.

Gar. The eastern gate is to the foe betray'd,
Who but for heaps of slain that choak the passages,
Had enter'd long e're now, and born down all
Before 'em, to the palace walls, unless
The king in person animate our men
Granada's lost; and to confirm this fear,
The traitor *Perez* and the captive *Moor*,
Are thro' a postern fled, and joyn the foe.

Gonz. Wou'd all were false as that; for whom you call
The *Moor*, is dead. That *Osmyn* was *Alphonso*;
In whose heart's blood this ponyard yet is warm.

Gar. Impossible; for *Osmyn* was, while flying,
Pronounc'd aloud by *Perez* for *Alphonso*.

Gonz. Enter that chamber, and convince your eyes,
How much report has wrong'd your easie faith.

[*Garcia goes in.*

Alon. my lord, for certain truth *Perez* is fled;
And has declar'd the cause of his revolt,
Was to revenge a blow the king had giv'n him.

[*Returning.*

Gar. Ruin and horror! O heart-wounding sight!

Gonz. What says my son? what ruin? ha? what horror?

Gar. Blasted my eyes, and speechless be my tongue,
Rather than or to see, or to relate
This deed——O dire mistake! O fatal blow!
The king.——

Gonz. Alon. The king!

Gar. Dead, weltring, drown'd in blood,
See, see, attir'd like *Osmyn*, where he lies, [*They looking.*
O whence, or how, or wherefore was this done?
But what imports the manner or the cause?
Nothing remains to do, or to require,
But that we all should turn our swords against
Our selves, and expiate with our own his blood.

Gonz. O wretch! O curs'd, and rash, deluded fool!
On me, on me, turn your avenging sword.
I who have spilt my royal master's blood,
Shou'd make atonement by a death as horid,
And fall beneath the hand of my own Son.

Gar.

340 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

Gar. Ha ! what ? atone this murder with a greater !
The horror of that thought has damp'd my rage.
The earth already groans to bear this deed ;
Oppress her not, nor think to stain her face
With more unnatural blood. Murder my father !
Better with this to rip my own bowels,
And bathe it to the hilt, in far less damnable
Self-murder.

Gonf. O my son ! from the blind dotage
Of a father's fondness these ills arose ;
For thee I've been ambitious, base and bloody :
For thee I've plung'd into this sea of sin ;
Stemming the tide with only one weak hand,
While t'other bore the crown, (to wreath thy brow)
Whose weight has sunk me e're I reach'd the shore.

Gar. Fatal ambition ! hark ! the foe is enter'd : [*Shout.*
The shrillness of that shout speak's 'em at hand.
We have no time to search into the cause
Of this surprizing and most fatal error,
What's to be done ? the king's death known, will strike
And make 'em yield to mercy of the conqueror

Alon. My lord, I've thought how to conceal the body ;
Require me not to tell the means, till done,
Lest you forbid what then you may approve.

[*Goes in. Shout.*

Gonf. They shout again ! what e're he means to do,
'Twere fit the soldiers were amus'd with hopes ?
And in the mean time fed with expectation
To see the king in person at their head.

Gar. Were it a truth, I fear 'tis now too late.
But I'll omit no care, nor haste ; to try,
Or to repel their force, or bravely die.

S C E N E VII.

GONSALEZ, ALONZO.

Gonf. What hast thou done, *Alonzo* ?

Alon. Such a deed
As but an hour ago I'd not have done,
Tho' for the crown of universal empire.
But what are kings reduc'd to common clay ?

Or

The MOURNING BRIDE. 341

Or who can wound the dead ?——I've from the body
Sever'd the head, and in an obscure corner
Dispos'd it, muffled in the mute's attire,
Leaving to view of them that enter next,
Alone the undistinguish'd trunk,
Which may be still mistaken by the guards
For *Osmyn*, it in seeking for the king
They chance to find it.

Gonf. 'Twas an act of horror ;
And of a piece with this day's dire misdeeds.
But 'tis no time to ponder or repent.
Haste thee, *Alonzo*, haste thee hence with speed,
To aid my son. I'll follow with the last
Reserve, to re-inforce his arms, at least,
I shall make good, and shelter his retreat.

S C E N E VIII.

*ZARA, followed by SELIM, and two mutes bearing the
Bowls.*

Zara. Silence and solitude are ev'ry where ;
Thro' all the gloomy ways and iron doors
That hither lead, nor human face nor voice
Is seen or heard. A dreadful din was wont.
To grate the sense, when enter'd here ; from groans
And howls of slaves condemn'd, from clink of chains,
And crash of rusty bars and creaking hinges :
And ever and anon the sight was dash'd
With frightful faces, and the meagre looks
Of grim and ghastly executioners.
Yet more this stilness terrifies my soul,
Than did that scene of complicated horrors.
It may be, that the cause of this my errand
And purpose, being chang'd from life to death,
Has also wrought this chilling change of temper.
Or does my heart bode more ? what can it more
Than death ?——
Let 'em set down the bowls, and warn *Asphonso*
That I am here—so. You return and find [*Mutes going in.*
The King ; tell him, what he requir'd, I've done,
And wait his coming to approve the deed.

S C E N E

SCENE IX.

ZARA, and MUTES.

Zara. What have you seen? ha! wherefore stare you
 thus [The mutes return and look affrighted.
 With haggard eyes? why are your arms a-cross?
 Your heavy and desponding heads hung down?
 Why is't you more than speak in these sad signs?
 Give me more ample knowledge of this mourning.

[They go to the scene, which opening she perceives the body.
 Ha! prostrate! bloody! headless! O—— I'm lost.
 O Osmyn! O Alphonso! cruel fate!
 Cruel, cruel, O more than killing object!
 I came prepar'd to die, and see thee die——
 Nay came prepar'd my self to give thee death——
 But cannot bear to find thee thus, my Osmyn——
 O this accurs'd, this base, this treach'rous king!

SCENE X.

ZARA, SELIM.

Sel. I've fought in vain, for no where can the king
 Be found——

Zara. Get thee to hell, and seek him there. [Stabs him.
 His hellish rage had wanted means to act,
 But for thy fatal and pernicious counsel.

Sel. You thought it better then—— but I'm rewarded.
 The mute you sent, by some mischance was seen,
 And forc'd to yield your letter with his life:
 I found the dead and bloody body stripp'd——
 My tongue falters and my voice fails—— I sink ——
 Drink not the poison—— for Alphonso is—— [Dies.

Zara. As thou art now—— And I shall quickly be.
 'Tis not that he is dead; for 'twas decreed
 We both should die. Nor is't that I survive;
 I have a certain remedy for that.
 But oh, he dy'd unknowing in my heart.
 He knew I lov'd, but knew not to what height;
 Nor that I meant to fall before his eyes,
 A martyr and a victim to my vows:

Insenfible

The MOURNING BRIDE. 343

Insensible of this last proof he's gone.
 Yet fate alone can rob his mortal part
 Of sense: his soul still sees, and knows each purpose,
 And fix'd event of my persisting faith.
 Then, wherefore do I pause? — give me the bowl.

[A mute kneels and gives one of the bowls.]

Hover a moment, yet, thou gentle spirit,
 Soul of my love, and I will wait thy flight.
 This to our mutual bliss when joyn'd above. *[Drinks.]*
 O friendly draught, already in my heart.
 Cold, cold; my veins are icicles and frost.
 I'll creep into his bosom, lay me there;
 Cover us close — or I shall chill his breast,
 And fright him from my arms — see, see, he slides
 Still further from me; look, he hides his face,
 I cannot feel it — quite beyond my reach.
 O now he's gone, and all is dark. *[Dies.]*

[The Mutes kneel and mourn over her.]

S C E N E. XI.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, MUTES, &c.

Alm. O let me seek him in this horrid cell;
 For in the tomb, or prison I alone
 Must hope to find him.

Leo. Heav'ns! what dismal scene
 Of death is this? the eunuch *Selim* slain!

Alm. Shew me, for I am come in search of death;
 But want a guide; for tears have dim'd my sight.

Leo. Alas, a little further, and behold
Zara all pale and dead! two frightful men,
 Who seem the murderers, kneel weeping by;
 Feeling remorse too late for what they've done,
 But O forbear — lift up your eyes no more;
 But haste away, fly from this fatal place,
 Where miseries are multiply'd; return,
 Return and look not on; for there's a dagger
 Ready to stab the sight, and make your eyes
 Rain blood —

Alm. O I foreknow, foresee that object.
 Is it at last then so; is he then dead?

What

344 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

What dead at last, quite, quite, for ever dead ?
 There, there I see him ; there he lies, the blood
 Yet bubbling from his wounds——O more than savage !
 Had they, or hearts, or eyes, that did this deed ?
 Could eyes endure to guide such cruel hands ?
 Are not my eyes guilty alike with theirs,
 That thus can gaze, and yet not turn to stone ?
 ——I do not weep ! the springs of tears are dry'd ;
 And of a sudden I am calm, as if
 All things were well ; and yet my husband's murder'd !
 Yes, yes, I know to mourn ! I'll sluice this heart,
 The source of woe, and let the torrent loose,
 ——Those men have left to weep ! they look on me !
 I hope they murder all on whom they look.
 Behold me well ; your bloody hands have err'd,
 And wrongfully have slain those innocents :
 I am the sacrifice design'd to bleed ;
 And come prepar'd to yield my throat——they shake
 Their heads, in sign of grief and innocence !

[They point at the Bowl on the ground.]

And point ! what mean they ? ha ! a cup. O well.
 I understand what med'cine has been here.
 O noble thirst ! yet greedy, to drink all——
 ——Oh for another draught of death——What mean
 they ? *[They point at the other cup.]*
 Ha ! point again ? 'tis there, and full, I hope.
 Thanks to the liberal hand that fill'd thee thus ;
 I'll drink my glad acknowledgment——

Leo. O hold

For mercy's sake ; upon my knee I beg——

Alm. With thee the kneeling world should beg in vain.
 Seest thou not there ? behold who prostrate lies,
 And pleads against thee ; who shall then prevail ?
 Yet I will take a cold and parting leave,
 From his pale lips ; I'll kiss him, e're I drink,
 Lest the rank juice should blister on my mouth,
 And stain the colour of my last adieu.

Horror ! a headless trunk ! nor lips nor face,

[Coming nearer the body, starts, and lets fall the cup.]
 But spouting veins, and mangled flesh ! O, ho !

S C E N E

SCENE *The last.*

ALMELIA, LEONORA, ALPHONSO, HELI, PEREZ,
with GARCIA prisoner, guards and attendants.

Alph. Away, stand off, where is she? let me fly,
Save her from death; and snatch her to my heart.

Alm. Oh! ———

Alph. Forbear, my arms alone shall hold her up,
Warm her to life, and wake her into gladness.
O let me talk to thy reviving sense,
The words of joy and peace; warm thy cold beauties,
With a new flushing ardour of my cheek;
Into thy lips pour the soft trickling balm
Of cordial sighs; and re-inspire thy bosom
With the breath of love. Shine, awake, *Almeria*,
Give a new birth to thy long-shaded eyes,
Then double on the day reflected light,

Alm. Where am I? heav'n! what does this dream in-
tend?

Alph. O may'st thou never dream of less delight,
Nor ever wake to less substantial joys.

Alm. Given me again from death! O all ye pow'rs,
Confirm this miracle! can I believe
My sight against my sight? and shall I trust
That sense, which in one instant shews him dead
And living? Yes, I will; I've been abus'd
With apparitions, and affrighting fancies:
This is my lord, my life, my only husband;
I have him now, and we no more will part.
My father too shall have compassion. ———

Alph. O my heart's comfort; 'tis not given to this
Frail life, to be entirely blest'd. Even now,
In this extreamest joy my soul can taste,
Yet am I dash'd to think that thou must weep;
Thy father fell, where he design'd my death.
Gonzalez and Alonzo, both of wounds
Expiring have with their last breath confess'd
The just decrees of heav'n, which on themselves
Has turn'd their own most bloody purposes.

Let

346 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

Nay, I must grant, 'tis fit you shou'd be thus——

(She weeps.)

Let 'em remove the body from her sight.
 Ill-fated *Zara* ! ha ! a cup ? alas !
 Thy error then is plain ; but I were flint
 Not to o'erflow in tribute to thy memory.
 O *Garcia* !——

Whose virtue has renounc'd thy father's crimes,
 Seest thou, how just the hand of heav'n has been ?
 Let us who through our innocence, survive,
 Still in the paths of honour persevere,
 And not, from past or present ills despair :
 For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds ;
 And tho' a late, a sure reward succeeds.

(Exeunt omnes.)



EPI.



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs Bracegirdle.

THE Tragedy thus done, I am, you know,
No more a Princess, but in statu quo:
And now as unconcern'd this Mourning wear,
As if indeed a Widow, or an Heir.
I've Leisure, now, to mark your several Faces,
And know each Critick by his sour Grimaces.
To poison Plays, I see them where they sit,
Scatter'd, like Rats-bane up and down the pit:
While others watch like Parish-Searchers, hir'd
To tell of what Disease the Play expir'd,
O with what Joy they run, to spread the News
Of a damn'd Poet, and departed Muse!
But if he 'scape, with what Regret they're seiz'd!
And how they're disappointed, when they're pleas'd!
Criticks to Plays for the same End resort,
That Surgeons wait on Tryals in a court;
For Innocence condemn'd they've no Respect,
Provided they've a Body to dissect.
As Suffex Men, that dwell upon the Shoar,
Look out when Storms arise, and Billows roar,
Devoutly praying, with uplifted Hands,
That some well-laden Ship may Strike the Sands;
To whose rich Cargo they may make Pretence,
And fatten on the Spoils of Providence:
So Criticks throng to see a New Play split,
And thrive and prosper on the Wrecks of Wit.
Small Hope our Poet from these Prospects draws;
And therefore to the Fair commends his Cause.
Your tender Hearts to Mercy are inclin'd,
With whom, he hopes, this Play will Favour find,
Which was an Off'ring to the Sex design'd.

The End of the First Volume.

PLAYS Printed for, and sold by, G. RISK,
G. EWING, and W. SMITH, Booksellers
in Dame's-street.

COMEDIES.

	Gamester
T HE Funeral, or Grief	Wonder a Woman keeps a Secret
Ala-mode	By Mrs. Centlivre.
The Tender Husband	Volphone; or the Fox
The Lying Lovers	Catiline his Conspiracy
The Conscious Lovers	Bartholomew Fair
By Sir Richard Steel.	Sejanus his Fall
Love and a Bottle	Epiccœne; or the Silent
Constant Couple or a Trip	Woman
to the Jubilee	Every Man in his Humour
Sir Harry Wildair	Every Man out of his Hu-
Inconstant, or the Way to	mour
Win him	The Alchemift
The Twin Rivals	By the celebrated Ben.
The Recruiting Officer	Johnson
The Beaux Stratagem	The Authors Farce
By George Farquhar	Ignoramus or the English
Provok'd Husband, or a	Lawyers
Journey to London	Wifes Relief or the Huf-
Provok'd Wife	bands Cure
Relapse	London Cuckolds
Esop, two Parts	Love in several Masques
The Mistake	Boarding School
By Sir John Vanbrugh	Chit-Chat
Loves last Shift, or the Fool	Fortune Hunters
in Passion	Artful Husband
Love makes a Man or the	Modish Couple
Fop's Fortune	Northern Lads
Double Gallant, or Sick	Don Quixote, two Parts
Lady's Cure	Temple Beau
She wou'd and She wou'd	Pilgrim
not	Rover or Banish'd Cavaliers
Non Juror	Woman is a Riddle
The Lover	Love in a Riddle
By C. Cibber.	Rival Modes
The Busy Body	Modern Husband
Beaus Duel or a Soldier for	Amorous Widow or Wan-
the Ladies	ton Wife

s

a

e.

nt

ur
u-

n.

sh

af-

ers

an-